

ALEXANDERPLATZ

BERLIN

ALFRED DÖBLIN

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BERLIN
THE STORY OF FRANZ BIBERKOPF

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ALFRED DÖBLIN

TRANSLATED INTO THE AMERICAN BY
EUGENE JOLAS

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THIS book reports the story of Franz Biberkopf, an erstwhile cement- and transport-worker in Berlin. He has just been discharged from prison where he has been doing time because of former incidents, and is now back in Berlin, determined to lead a decent life.

And, at first, he succeeds. But then, though economically things go rather well with him, he gets involved in a regular combat with something that comes from the outside, with something unaccountable, that looks like fate.

Three times this thing crashes against our man, disturbing his scheme of life. It rushes at him with cheating and fraud. The man is able to scramble up again; he is still firm on his feet.

It drives and beats him with foul play. He finds it a bit hard to get up, they almost count him out.

Finally it torpedoes him with huge and monstrous savagery.

Thus our good man, who has held his own till the end, is laid low. He gives the game up for lost; he does not know how to go on and appears to be done for.

But, before he puts a definite end to himself, his eyes are forcibly opened in a way which I do not describe here. He is most distinctly given to understand how it all came about. To wit, through himself, that's obvious, through his scheme of life, which looked like nothing on earth, but now suddenly looks entirely different, not simple and almost self-evident, but prideful and impudent, cowardly withal, and full of weakness.

This awful thing which was his life acquires a meaning. Franz Biberkopf has been given a radical cure. At last we see our man back on Alexanderplatz, greatly changed and battered, but, nevertheless, bent straight again.

To listen to this, and to meditate on it, will be of benefit to many who, like Franz Biberkopf, live in a human skin, and, like this Franz Biberkopf, ask more of life than a piece of bread and butter.

FIRST BOOK

Here in the beginning, Franz Biberkopf leaves Tegel Prison into which a former foolish life had led him. It is difficult to gain a foothold in Berlin again, but he finally does. This makes him happy, and now he vows to lead a decent life.

On Car 41 into Town

He stood in front of the Tegel Prison gate and was free now. Yesterday in convict's garb he had been raking potatoes with the others in the fields back of the building, now he was walking in a tan summer topcoat; they were still raking back there, he was free. He let one street-car after another go by, pressed his back against the red wall, and did not move. The gateman walked past him several times, showed him his car-line; he did not move. The terrible moment had come (terrible, Franze, why terrible?), the four years were over. The black iron gates, which he had been watching with growing disgust for a year (disgust, why disgust?), were shut behind him. They had let him out again. Inside, the others sat at their carpentry, varnishing, sorting, gluing, had still two years, five years to do. He was standing at the car-stop.

The punishment begins.

He shook himself and gulped. He stepped on his own foot. Then, with a run, took a seat in the car. Right among people. Go ahead. At first it was like being at the dentist's, when he has grabbed a root with a pair of forceps, and pulls; the pain grows, your head threatens to burst. He turned his head back towards the red wall, but the car raced on with him along the tracks, and only his head was left in the direction of the prison. The car took a

bend; trees and houses intervened. Busy streets emerged, Seestrasse, people got on and off. Something inside him screamed in terror: Look out, look out, it's going to start now. The tip of his nose turned to ice; something was whirring over his cheek. *Zwölf Uhr Mittagszeitung, B. Z., Berliner Illustrierte, Die Funkstunde.* "Anybody else got on?" The coppers have blue uniforms now. He got off the car, without being noticed, and was back among people again. What happened? Nothing. Chest out, you starved sucker, you, pull yourself together, or I'll give you a crack in the jaw! Crowds, what a swarm of people! How they hustle and bustle! My brain needs oiling, it's probably dried up. What was all this? Shoe stores, hat stores, incandescent lamps, saloons. People got to have shoes to run around so much; didn't we have a cobbler's shop out there, let's bear that in mind! Hundreds of polished window-panes, let 'em blaze away, are they going to make you afraid or something, why, you can smash 'em up, can't you, what's the matter with 'em, they're polished clean, that's all. The pavement on Rosenthaler Platz was being torn up; he walked on the wooden planks along with the others. Just go ahead and mix in with people, then everything's going to clear up, and you won't notice anything, you fool. Wax figures stood in the show-windows, in suits, overcoats, with skirts, with shoes and stockings. Outside everything was moving, but —back of it—there was nothing! It—did not—live! It had happy faces, it laughed, waited in twos and threes on the traffic islands opposite Aschinger's, smoked cigarettes, turned the pages of newspapers. Thus it stood

there like the street-lamps—and—became more and more rigid. They belonged with the houses, everything white, everything wooden.

Terror struck him as he walked down Rosenthaler Strasse and saw a man and a woman sitting in a little beer-shop right at the window: they poured beer down their gullets out of mugs, yes, what about it, they were drinking, they had forks and stuck pieces of meat into their mouths, then they pulled the forks out again and were not bleeding. Oh, how cramped his body felt, I can't get rid of it, where shall I go? The answer came: Punishment.

He could not turn back, he had come this far on the car, he had been discharged from prison and had to go into this thing, deeper and deeper into it.

I know, he sighed to himself, that I have to go into this thing and that I was discharged from prison. They had to discharge me, the punishment was over, that's as it should be, the bureaucrat does his duty. I'll go into it, too, but I'd rather not, my God, I can't do it.

He wandered down Rosenthaler Strasse past Wertheim's department store, at the right he turned into the narrow Sophienstrasse. He thought, this street is darker, it's probably better where it's darker. The prisoners are put in isolation cells, solitary confinement and general confinement. In isolation cells the prisoner is kept apart from the others night and day. In solitary confinement the prisoner is placed in a cell, but during his walks in the open air, during instruction or religious service, he is

put in company with the others. The cars roared and jangled on, house-fronts were rolling along one after the other without stopping. And there were roofs on the houses, they soared atop the houses, his eyes wandered straight upward: if only the roofs don't slide off, but the houses stood upright. Where shall I go, poor devil that I am, he shuffled alongside the walls of the houses, there was no end to it. I'm really a big duffer, a fellow ought to be able to traipse his way through hereabouts, five minutes, ten minutes, then drink a cognac and sit down. When the given signal rings, work must begin immediately. It can only be interrupted at the time set aside for eating, walking, and instruction. During the walk the prisoners must hold their arms stiff and swing them back and forth.

A house appeared, he took his glance away from the pavement, he pushed open the door of a house, and a sad growling oh, oh, came from his chest. He thrashed his arms about, well, old boy, you won't freeze here. The door of the courtyard opened, someone shuffled past him, stood behind him. Now he groaned, it did him good to groan. In the first days of his solitary confinement he had always groaned like this, and had been happy to hear his own voice, there you have at least something, everything is not lost yet. Many did that in the cells, some in the beginning, others later on, when they felt lonely. Then they started it, it was something human, it consoled them. Thus our man stood in the hallway, did not hear the terrible noise from the street,

those mad houses were not there. With pursed lips he grunted to give himself courage, his hands clenched in his pockets. His shoulders in the tan summer topcoat were hunched for defense.

A stranger had stopped beside the discharged prisoner and was watching him. He asked: "What's the matter, anything wrong, are you in pain?" until the man noticed him and stopped his grunting at once. "Are you sick, do you live here in this house?" It was a Jew with a full red beard, a little man in an overcoat, with a black plush felt hat, a cane in his hand. "No, I don't live here." He had to get out of the hallway, the hallway had been all right. And now the street started once more, the house-fronts, the show-windows, the hurrying figures with trousers or light socks, all so quick, so smart, each moment another. And making up his mind, he stepped again into an entrance-way, but just here the gates opened to let a wagon pass. Then quickly into the next-door house, into a narrow hallway next to the staircase. No wagon could get in here. He clung to the banister-post. And while he held on to it, he knew he wanted to escape punishment (oh, Franz, what do you want to do? You'll not be able to do it), he would certainly do it, he knew now where there was an escape. And softly he started his music again, the grunting and grumbling, and I won't go back to the street either. The red Jew stepped back into the house, did not at first notice the man by the banister. He heard him humming. "Say, tell me, what are you doing here? Are you sick?" He moved away

from the post, walked towards the courtyard. As he grasped the gate, he saw it was the Jew from the other house. "Leave me alone, what do you want anyway?" "Well, well, nothing. You moan and groan so, can't a body ask how you are?" And through the crack in the door across the way he saw the blamed old houses again, the swarming people, the sliding roofs. The discharged prisoner opened the courtyard gate, the Jew behind him: "What could happen? Now, now, it's not going to be as bad as all that. You're not going to go under. Berlin is big. Where a thousand live, one more can also live."

He was in a deep dark courtyard. He stood beside the dustbin. And suddenly he started singing in a resonant voice, singing towards the walls. He took his hat off, like an organ-grinder. The echo resounded from the walls. That was fine. His voice filled his ears. He sang in such a very loud voice, he would never have been allowed to sing like that in prison. And what did he sing, that it should echo from the walls? "There comes a call like thunder's peal." Martially hard and pithy. And then: "Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la," a bit from a song. Nobody paid any attention to him. The Jew received him at the gate: "You sang beautifully. You really sang beautifully. You could earn gold with a voice like you've got." The Jew followed him to the street, took him by the arm, pushed him farther along, talking endlessly all the way, until they turned into Gormannstrasse, the Jew and the raw-boned, big fellow in the summer topcoat with his lips pressed tight together, as if he wanted to spit gall.

He led him into a room, where an iron stove was burning, and sat him down on the sofa: "Well, here you are. Make yourself at home. Can leave your hat on or take it off, just as you please. I just want to get somebody you'll like. As a matter of fact, I don't live here. Am just a guest like yourself. Well, that's the way it is, one guest brings another, if only the room is warm."

The discharged convict was sitting alone. There comes a call like thunder's peal, like billows' roar and clash of steel. He was riding in the car, looking out the window, the red walls were visible between the trees, many-colored leaves were raining down. The walls stood before his eyes, he looked at them from the sofa, kept on looking at them. A fellow's very lucky to live within these walls, he knows at least how the day starts and how it goes on. (Franz, you wouldn't hide, I hope, four years you've been hidden, courage, look around, this hiding will have to stop some time.) All singing, whistling, and noise is prohibited. The prisoners must immediately rise in the morning at the signal to get up, they must put their bunks in order, wash, comb their hair, clean their clothes, and dress. Soap should be issued in adequate quantities. Boom, a bell, get up, boom five-thirty, boom six-thirty, doors unlocked, boom boom, we go outside, distribution of breakfast, working hours, recreation hour, boom boom boom, noon, don't make such a wry face, old boy, you're not going to be fattened up here, singers should step forward, they are to appear at five-forty, I'll report myself

hoarse, at six the doors are locked, good evening, that's that. A fellow's lucky to live within these walls, they dragged me down in the dirt, I almost committed murder, but it was only manslaughter, bodily injury with fatal consequences, wasn't as bad as all that, I had become a great reprobate, a hooligan—almost a real bum.

A big, long-haired old Jew, a little black skull-cap on the back of his head, had been sitting opposite him for a long time. Now in Shushan there was a certain Jew, whose name was Mordecai and he brought up Esther, his uncle's daughter, and the maid was fair and beautiful. The old man looked away from him and turned his head back to the redbeard: "Where did you pick this one up?" "He was running around from house to house. He stood in a courtyard and he sang." "Sang?" "War songs." "He must be freezing." "Maybe." The old man looked at him. Jews must not handle a corpse on the first feastday, nor shall Israelites do this on the second feastday; and this applies to both New Years days, as well. And who is the author of the following rabbinic teaching: If a man eats from the carcass of a clean bird, he is not unclean; if, however, he eats of the intestines or of the craw, he is unclean? With his long yellow hand the old man groped for the hand of the discharged prisoner lying on the topcoat. "Heh, don't you want to take your coat off? It's warm here. We're old people, we freeze all the year round, maybe it will be too much for you."

He sat on the sofa, he squinted down at his hand, he had walked from courtyard to courtyard through the streets, gotta look and see where something can be found

in this world. And he wanted to get up, walk out of the door, his eyes looked for the door in the dark room. And the old fellow pushed him back to the sofa: "Why don't you stay, what do you want?" He wanted to get outside. The old man, however, held his wrist and squeezed and squeezed: "Just want to see who is stronger, you or I. Now are you going to remain seated, or not? You are going to listen to what I am saying, young fellow. Pull yourself together, rascal." And turning to the red-haired chap who grasped the man by the shoulders: "Get out of here, you. Did I call you? I'll fix him up."

What did these people want with him? He wanted to get out, he tried to rise, but the old man pushed him down again. Then he shouted: "What are you doing with me?" "Go ahead and curse, you'll be cursing more than that." "You better lemme go. I've got to be off." "Into the street again, I suppose, or the courtyard, maybe?"

Then the old man got up from his chair, went rustling up and down the room: "Let him scream as much as he wants to. Let him do as he pleases. But not in my house. Open the door for him." "What's the matter, haven't you got noise here anyway?" "Don't bring people here who make a noise. The daughter's children are sick, they're back there in bed, I got enough noise already." "Eh, eh, what a shame, I didn't know, you must excuse me." The redbeard grasped the man by the hands: "Come along. The Rebbe's got his house full. The grandchildren are sick. We'll go somewhere else." But the other chap did not want to get up. "Come along." He had to get up.

Then he whispered: "Don't pull. Why don't you leave me here?" "His house is full up, I tell you, didn't you hear?" "Just lemme stay here."

With sparkling eyes the old man looked at the strange man who was now pleading. Thus spake Jeremiah, we would have healed Babylon, but she is not healed; forsake her, and let us go everyone into his own country. A sword is upon the Chaldeans and upon the inhabitants of Babylon.

"If he doesn't keep still, send him away." "All right, all right, we won't make any noise. I'll sit with him, you can depend on me." Without a word the old man rustled towards the door.

Instruction through the Example of Zannovich

And so the discharged prisoner in the tan summer topcoat was sitting on the sofa again. Sighing and shaking his head, the redbeard walked through the room: "Now don't be angry because the old man was so excited. Are you from out of town?" "Yes, I am—I was—" The red walls, the beautiful walls, cells, he couldn't help looking at them with longing, his back seemed glued to the red wall, it was a clever man had built it, he did not leave. And the man, like a doll, rolled from the sofa down to the carpet. In falling, he knocked the table to one side. "What's that?" cried the red chap. The discharged convict stooped over the carpet, his hat rolled down beside his hands, he thrust his head downward, moaned: "Down into the ground, into the earth, where it's dark!" The

red-haired man tugged at him: "For God's sake. You're among strangers. Suppose the old man should come in. Get up." But the other one did not let himself be pulled up, he held fast to the carpet, continued moaning. "Just keep quiet, for God's sake, suppose the old man should hear you. We'll get along all right." "Nobody'll get me away from here." Like a mole.

And as he could not get him up, the redbeard rubbed the curls on his temples, locked the door, and resolutely sat down on the floor beside him. He drew up his knees and looked at the table-legs in front of him: "It's O. K. with me. Just stay where you are. I'll sit down, too. Of course, it's not comfortable, but what of it? You won't tell me what's wrong with you, so I'm going to tell you a story." The discharged prisoner groaned, his head on the carpet. (Why's he groaning and moaning? He's gotta make a decision, that's why, he's gotta walk down some road—and, Franze, you don't know of any road? You're through with that bunk from the old days, and in the cell, too, all you did was groan and hide away, and you didn't think about anything, Franze.) The red-haired fellow said fiercely: "You shouldn't bother so much about your own person. You should listen to others. Who told you there's such a lot the matter with you? God won't let any man drop out of his hands, but then there are also other people, don't forget. Didn't you read what Noah put into his ark, into his ship, when the great flood came? A pair of each. God didn't forget any of them. Not even the lice on our heads did he forget. All of them were near and dear to him." The other man

was whimpering on the floor. (Whimpering doesn't cost anything, a sick mouse can whimper, too.)

The red chap let him go on whimpering and scratched his cheeks: "There's a lot on earth—a man could tell a lot of stories about it, when he's young and when he's old. You see, I'm going to tell you the story of Zannovich, Stefan Zannovich. You never heard it. When you feel better, just sit up a bit. The blood goes to your head, it's not good for you. My late father—God bless him—told us a good deal, he traveled a lot like the people of our race do, he lived to be over seventy, died after our dear mother, knew a lot, a clever man. We were seven hungry mouths, and whenever there was nothing to eat, he told us stories. It don't fill your stomach, but you forget things." The muffled groaning below continued. (A sick jackass can groan, too.) "Well, well, we know that in this world there ain't only gold, beauty, and happiness. Now, who was Zannovich, who was his father, who were his parents? Beggars like most of us, hawkers, peddlers, tradespeople. Old Zannovich came from Albania, and went to Venice. He knew why he went to Venice. Some fellows go from the city to the country, others from the country to the city. In the country it's quieter, people turn everything around and around, you can talk for hours, and if you're lucky, you've earned a couple of pfennigs. Now, in town, too, it's hard, but the people live closer together, and they have no time. If it's not one thing, it's the other. Got no oxen, but fast horses with cabs. You lose and you win. Old Zannovich knew that. First sold what he had with him and then he took to cards and

played with the folks. He wasn't straight. He made a bizniz out of it, he did, knowing that folks in the city have got no time and want to be amused. He entertained 'em all right! It cost 'em hard cash. A swindler, a card-sharp—that was old Zannovich, but he had a head on him. The peasants made things hard for him, here he made a softer living. Things went well with him. Till one of them suddenly imagined he had been done a wrong. Noo, old Zannovich hadn't exactly counted on that. It came to blows, the police mixed in, and finally old Zannovich had to scoot with his children. The law of Venice was after him, the old man thought he'd rather have no dealings with the law, they don't understand me, they couldn't catch him either. He had horses and money with him and settled again in Albania and bought himself an estate, a whole village, he did, and his children he sent to college. And when he became very old, he died peacefully and respected. That was old Zannovich's life. The peasants wept over him, but he never could bear them, because he always thought of the time when he had stood before them with his trinkets, rings, bracelets, and coral chains, while they turned them around and around, fiddling with them, and finally went away and left him standing there.

"Y'know, when the father's a li'l plant, he wants his son to be a tree. When the father's a stone, he wants his son to be a mountain. Old Zannovich said to his sons: 'I was nothing here in Albania, as long as I went peddling for twenty years, and why not? Because I didn't take my head where it belonged. I send you to the big school, to

Padua, get horses and wagons, and when you're through studying, think of me, who had many cares together with your mother and you and who slept at night with you in the forest, like a boar: it was my own fault. The peasants had drained me dry like a bad year, and I would have gone to pieces. But I went among people and I didn't go under."

The red-haired chap laughed to himself, wagged his head, rocked his body. They were sitting on the carpet. "If anybody should come in now, he might think we're both *meschugge*, we've got a sofa and we sit on the floor. Noo, if we want to, why not? If we only get some fun out of it. Young Zannovich Stefan was already a great orator as a young man of twenty. He could scrape and bow, make himself popular, he could make goo-goo eyes at the women and act noble with the men. In Padua the nobles learn from the professors, Stefan learnt from the nobles. They were all nice to him. And when he came home to Albania, his father was still living, how happy he was about him and he liked him, too, and said: 'Look at him, there's a man of the world for you, he won't trade with the peasants for twenty years as I did, he's twenty years ahead of his father.' And the youngster stroked his silk sleeve, brushed his beautiful curls from his brow and kissed his happy old father: 'But you, father, you spared me those bad twenty years.' 'May they be the best of your life,' said the old man, and patted and petted his youngster.

"And then things went like a miracle with young Zannovich, and yet it was no miracle. Everywhere people

rushed to him. He had the key to all hearts. He went to Montenegro on an excursion as a cavalier with coaches and horses and servants, his father was overjoyed at seeing his son a big man—the father a little plant, the son a tree—and in Montenegro they called him count and prince. They wouldn't have believed him, if he had said: My father's name is Zannovich, we live in Pastrovich in a village and my father's proud of it! They wouldn't have believed him, he appeared on the scene so like a nobleman from Padua, and he looked like one, too, and knew them all. Then Stefan laughed and said: 'You shall have your way.' And pretended to the people he was a wealthy Pole, which they really believed, a Baron Warta, and then they were happy about it, and he was happy about it, too."

The discharged prisoner had sat up with a sudden lurch. He was crouching on his knees and slyly watching the other from above. Now he said with an icy look: "Monkey!" The redhead replied contemptuously: "Well, then, I am a monkey. But monkeys know really more than many a man." The other was forced down to the floor again. (Repent thou shalt; know what has happened; know what is needed.)

"So we can go on talking. A lot can still be learned from other people. Young Zannovich was on this road, and so it went. I didn't experience it, nor did my father experience it, but you can imagine it, can't you? If I ask you, you, who call me a monkey—you should not despise any animal on God's earth, they give us meat, and they show us many a kindness, think of a horse, a dog, sing-

ing birds; monkeys I only know from the county fair, they have to do tricks, on a chain, a hard lot, sure, no man has such a hard lot—now I'm going to ask you, I can't call you by your name, because you won't tell me your name: how did Zannovich get that far, both the young and the old man? You think because they had brains, they were clever. Other people were clever, too, and hadn't got as far at eighty as Stefan was at twenty. But the main things about a man are his eyes and his feet. He should be able to see the world and go after it.

"Now listen to what Stefan Zannovich did, he who had seen men and who knew how little we should be afraid of them. Just look how they smooth your way, how they almost show the blind man his road. They wanted this from him: You're Baron Warta. That's nize, says he, then I'm Baron Warta. Later on that wasn't enough for him, or not for them. If he was a Baron, why not be more? There's a celebrity in Albania, who had been dead a long time, but they honor him like people honor heroes, his name was Skanderbeg. If Zannovich could have done it, he would have said: he himself is Skanderbeg. After Skanderbeg was dead, he said, so he did, I'm a descendant of Skanderbeg's, and threw out his chest, he was called Prince Castriota of Albania, and he's going to make Albania great again; his followers are waiting for him. They gave him money, so that he could live like a descendant of Skanderbeg's should live. He did the people a lot of good. They go to the theater and hear a lot of cooked-up things that are agreeable to them, and they pay for it. They could pay for it, too, couldn't they, if

the agreeable things happened to them in the afternoon, or in the morning, and they themselves could play a part in them."

And again the man in the tan summer topcoat sat up, his face wrinkled and gloomy; he looked down at the red-haired man, coughed, his voice was changed: "Say, listen, young feller, you're cuckoo, heh? You're off your noodle, ain't you?" "Cuckoo, maybe. First I'm a monkey, then I'm *meschugge*." "Say, listen here, you, what do you mean sitting here and giving me a lot of your bunk?" "Who's sitting on the floor and don't want to get up? Me? When there's a sofa standing right behind me? Well, if it bothers you, I'll stop talking."

Then the other man, who had been looking around the room at the same time, drew his legs from under him and sat down with his back to the sofa, resting his hands on the carpet. "That's right, you can sit more comfortably this way." "Well, you might stop your blathering now." "If you like. I've often told the story before, I don't care, if you don't care." But after a moment of silence the other turned to him again: "Just go on with your story." "Noo, you see, a man tells stories and talks with another man, time passes better that way. I only wanted to open your eyes. Stefan Zannovich, who you heard about, got money, a lot of it, and he traveled to Germany with it. They didn't unmask him in Montenegro. What's to be learnt from Stefan Zannovich is that he knew about himself and about people. He was innocent like a little bird that twitters. Look here, he was so little afraid of the world, the greatest and most powerful men of his time,

men to be properly afraid of, were his friends: the Elector of Saxony, the Crown Prince of Prussia, who later became a great war hero, and before whom the Austrian Empress Theresa trembled on her throne. Zannovich didn't tremble before them. And once when Stefan came to Vienna and got in with people who were prying around him, the Empress herself raised her hand and said: Leave the youngster alone."

Completion of the Story in an unexpected Manner and the tonic Effect it has on the discharged Prisoner

The other chap sitting on the sofa began to laugh, he fairly neighed: "You're a card. You should join the circus as a clown." The redhead sniggered, too: "So you see how it was. But keep quiet, the old man's grandchildren. Maybe we'd better sit down on the sofa, after all. What do you say?" The other laughed, crept up and raised himself slowly, sat down in one corner of the sofa, while the red-haired man sat in the other corner: "You sit softer that way, you don't rumple your coat, either." The man in the summer topcoat stared at the redhead from his corner: "You certainly are a funny bird —I haven't seen the likes of you in ages." The redhead, quietly: "Maybe you didn't take a good look, there are some. You got your coat dirty, they don't clean their shoes here." The discharged prisoner, a man of about thirty, had merry eyes, his face was fresher: "Say, tell me, what are you selling anyway? You must be living on

the moon." "Well, that's fine, let's talk about the moon, now."

A man with a curly, brown beard had been standing at the door for about five minutes. He went to the table, sat down in a chair. He was young, wore a black plush hat like the other. He described a circle in the air with his hand, then began in his shrill voice: "Who's that? What are you doing with him?" "And what are you doing here, Eliser? I don't know him, he won't tell his name." "You've been telling him stories." "Well, what's it to you?" The brownbeard to the convict: "Did he tell you stories, that one?" "He don't talk. He just walks around and sings in the courtyards." "Then let him go." "It's none of your business what I'm doing." "But I overheard what happened at the door. You told him about Zannovich. What else would you do but tell stories and stories?" Then the stranger, who had been staring at the brownbeard, grumbled: "Who are you and how'd you get in here, anyway? What do you want to mix in his affair for?" "Did he tell you about Zannovich, or not? He's been tellin' you stories. Nachum, my brother-in-law, goes around everywhere telling stories and stories and can't do anything for himself." "Did I ever ask you to help me? Don't you see he's feeling bad, you low-life?" "What of it, if he's not feeling well? You didn't get an order from God, just look at him, God waited till he came along. Alone God wasn't able to help." "Low-life." "Keep away from that man, I tell you. He probably told you how Zannovich or some other feller got up in the world." "You better get out o' here soon!" "Just listen

to the swindler, the charity hound. Wants to talk to me. Is it his house? Noo, what did you tell him again about your Zannovich, and how a man can learn from him? You should o' become one of our Rebbes. We would o' fattened you up, sure enough." "I don't need your charity." The brownbeard shouted again: "And we don't need any sponges around here always hanging on to a man's coat-tails. Did he also tell you what happened to his Zannovich finally, in the end?" "You rascal, you low-life." "Did he tell you that?" The prisoner blinked wearily at the red-haired chap who shook his fist and walked towards the door, he growled after the red-haired man: "Hey, there, don't run away; don't get excited, let him shoot his bull."

The brown-bearded fellow was already talking violently to him, fidgeting with his hands, shifting back and forth, clucking, and jerking his head, with a different expression every moment, turning now to the stranger, now to the redhead: "He makes people *meschugge*. Let him tell you what kind of an end his Stefan Zannovich came to. He don't tell it, why don't he tell it, why, I ask you?" "Because you are a low-life, Eliser." "A better man than you are. They" (the brownbeard lifted both hands disgustedly, making terrible goggle-eyes) "chased his Zannovich out of Florence like a thief. Why? Because they found him out." The red-haired fellow placed himself menacingly before him, the brownbeard brushed him aside: "It's my turn to talk now. He wrote letters to princes, a prince gets lots of letters, you can't tell

from the handwriting what a man is. Then he stuck out his chest and went to Brussels as a Prince of Albania and mixed up in high politics. It was his bad angel told him to do that. He goes to the government, just imagine Stefan Zannovich, the youngster, and promises to give them a hundred thousand men or two hundred, it don't matter, for a war, with somebody or other. The government writes a little letter, thank you very much, they're not interested in uncertain enterprises. Then his bad angel told Stefan Zannovich, take the letter and get a loan on it. Didn't you have the letter from the minister with the address, To His Royal Highness the Prince of Albania on it? They loaned him money, and that was the end of the swindler. How old did he get to be? Thirty years, he didn't get to be any older than that as a punishment for his evil-doing. He couldn't pay the money back, they reported him to the authorities in Brussels and that's how everything came out. Your hero, Nachum! Did you tell about his black end in prison where he opened his veins? And after he was dead—a fine life, a fine end, go on and tell it—the executioner came, then the knacker with a wagon for dead dogs and horses and cats, and loaded him on the wagon, Stefan Zannovich himself, yes, sir, and chucked him out by the gallows and dumped garbage from the town all over him."

The man in the summer topcoat was standing with his mouth open: "That's true?" (A sick mouse can groan, too.) The red-haired fellow had counted every word his brother-in-law had been shouting. He waited with his

index finger lifted in the face of the brownbeard as though for a cue, then touched him lightly on the chest and spat before him on the ground, peh, peh: "That's for you. So you are one of those fellows. My brother-in-law." The brownbeard sprawled towards the window: "Now you go ahead and talk, and say it isn't true."

The walls no longer existed. A small room with a hanging lamp, two Jews running around, one with brown hair and one with red hair, both wearing black plush hats, quarreling with each other. He pursued his red-haired friend: "Say, listen to me, is that true, what he told about the man, how he went to pieces and how they killed him?" The brownbeard yelled: "Killed, did I say killed? He killed himself." The redbeard: "Well, then, he killed himself." The ex-convict: "And what did they do, the others?" The redbeard: "Who, who?" "Well, there probably were others like him, like Stefan. Most likely they weren't all ministers and knackers and bankers." The red and the brown fellow exchanged glances. The redhead: "Well, what could they do? They looked on."

The discharged prisoner in the tan summer topcoat, the big fellow, stepped from behind the sofa, took up his hat, brushed it, and put it on the table; then he threw his coat back, and without saying a word, unbuttoned his waistcoat. "Here, take a look at my pants. I was that stout and now they stand out, two thick fists, one on top of the other, that's from short victuals. All gone. The whole caboodle gone to the devil. That's how you go to pieces, because you weren't always the way you should

have been. I don't know as the others are much better. Nope. Don't believe it. They just try to drive a man crazy."

The brownbeard whispered to the redbeard: "There you got it." "What have I got?" "Well, a convict." "What of it?" The discharged prisoner: "Then they say: you are discharged and back you go, right back into the dirt, and it's the same dirt as before. It's no laughing matter." He buttoned his waistcoat again: "You can see from that, the way they do. They take the dead man out of his hole, the lousy fool with the dog wagon comes and dumps a dead man, who killed himself, on the wagon, the damned stinking swine—why didn't they knock his brains out? Sinning against a human being like that, and it don't matter who it is." The red-haired man sadly: "What can you do about it?" "Yes, sir, are we nothing, just because we did something once? Everybody who has been in jail can get back on his feet again and it don't matter what he did." (To repent! A fellow's got to have air! Hit out! Then everything will lie behind us, then everything'll be over, fear and everything.) "I just wanted to show you: Don't you listen to everything my brother-in-law tells you. You can't always do everything you want to, sometimes it works just as well another way." "That's no justice to throw a fellow on the dung-heap like a cur and then dump garbage on top of him, and that's the justice they give a dead man. Ough, hell. But now I've got to leave you. Give me your paw. You mean well and you, too, (he pressed the red-haired fellow's hand). My name's Biberkopf, Franz. Was nice of you to

take me in. My dicky-bird has already sung its bit in the courtyard. Well, here's how, merry business, it'll soon be over." The two Jews shook hands with him and smiled. The redhead held his hand for a long time, beamed: "Now you're all right. And I'll be glad if you have time and can come around one day." "Thanks, we'll fix that up, we'll find time all right, only no money. And give the old gentleman who was there my regards. That boy's got strength in that hand of his, say, he musta been a butcher once. Ow, we'll have to put the rug straight, it's all crumpled up. No, let's do it all ourselves, and the table, like this." He worked on the floor, laughed over his shoulder to the redhead: "Well, here we sat and told each other a lot. A good place to sit down, askin' your pardon."

They accompanied him to the door, the red-haired fellow was still worried: "Will you be able to walk alone?" The brownbeard nudged him: "Don't call him back." The ex-convict, walking erect, shook his head, pushed the air from him with both arms (we must get air, air, air, and that's all). "Don't bother about it. You can let me run along. Didn't you talk about feet and eyes? I've still got them all right. Nobody's chopped 'em off for me yet. Bye-bye, gents."

And across the narrow, obstructed courtyard he went; the two men looked down the stairs after him. He had his stiff hat down over his face, mumbled, as he stepped over a puddle of gasoline: "Lotta poison. Now for a cognac. The first man who comes along gets one in the jaw. Let's see, where can I get a cognac?"

Market dull, later Bears very active, Hamburg depressed, London weaker

It was raining. To the left in Münzstrasse signs sparkled in front of the movies. At the corner he was unable to pass, the people were standing in front of a fence, then it got very steep, the street-car tracks ran on planks laid across the space, a car was just riding slowly over them. Look here, they are building a subway station, must be work to be had in Berlin. Another movie. Children under seventeen not allowed. On the huge poster a beet-red gentleman was standing on a staircase, while a peach of a young girl embraced his legs, she lay on the stairs, and he stood up above with a leering expression on his face. Underneath was written: No Parents, Fate of an Orphaned Child, in Six Reels. Yes, sir, I'll take a look at that. The orchestrion was banging away. Price sixty pfennigs.

A man to the woman cashier: "Say, Fräulein, is it any cheaper for an old territorial without a belly?" "Nope, only for children under five months with a sucking nipple." "Sure. That's our age. New-born babies on the instutterment plan." "All right, make it fifty then, get along in." Behind him there meandered a young chap, slim of build, with a muffler on: "Hey, lady, I'd like to git in free." "How do you get that way? Tell your Mommer to put you on the pottie." "Well, kin I get in?" "In where?" "The movie." "There ain't no movie here." "You really mean it, there ain't no movie here?" She called through the window of the ticket-office to the

watchman at the door: "Say, Max, come here a minute. Here's a fellow wants to know if there's a movie here. He's got no money. Go ahead show him what we got here." "What we got here, young fellow? You ain't noticed it yet? This is the poor-box, Münzstrasse division." He pushed the slim fellow out of the ticket-office, showed him his fist: "If ye want me to, I'll give ye what's comin' to you right off the bat."

Franz pushed on in. It just happened to be an intermission. The long room was packed full, 90 per cent men with work-caps on, they don't take them off. The three lamps on the ceiling are covered with red. In front, a yellow piano with packages on top of it. The orchestrion makes a continuous racket. Then it gets dark and the film starts. A goose-girl is to be given culture, just why, is not made so clear, at least not right in the middle. She wiped her nose with her hand, she scratched her behind on the staircase, everybody in the movie laughed. Franz thought it was quite wonderful, when the tittering started up around him. Just folks, free folks, amusing themselves, nobody has a right to say anything to them, simply lovely, and I right here among 'em! It went on. The high-toned Baron had a sweetheart who lay in a hammock and stretched her legs vertically in the air. The girl had drawers on. That's something. Wonder why people get so excited about that dirty goose-girl and her licking the platters clean? Again the girl with the slim legs flashed by. The Baron had left her alone, now she toppled out of the hammock, and flopped onto the grass, lay there a long time. Franz stared at the screen, there was already

another picture, he still saw her toppling out and lying there for a long while. He gnawed his tongue, hell's bells, what was that? But when finally the one who had been the goose-girl's lover embraced this fine lady, the skin of his chest felt hot as if he had been embracing her himself. It went all over him and made him weak.

A jane. (There's something else besides anger and fear. What about all this bunk? Air, m'boy, and a jane!) Queer he shouldn't have thought of that. You stand at the window of the cell and look into the courtyard through the bars. Sometimes women pass by, visitors or children or house-cleaning up at the old man's. How they all stand at the windows, the convicts, and look, every window occupied, devouring every woman. A guard once had a two weeks' visit from his wife from Eberswalde, formerly he used to drive over to see her once every two weeks, now she made good use of the time, every moment of it, at work his head hangs with fatigue, he can hardly walk any longer.

Franz was now outside on the street in the rain. What'll we do? I'm a free man. I've got to have a woman! A woman I've got to have! Gee, how great, life is nice outside. But I must hold on to myself so I can walk. He was walking on springs, not on solid earth. Then, at the corner of Kaiser-Wilhelm Strasse, behind the market-wagons, he came upon a woman; he posted himself beside her, any old gal will do. The devil, how did I suddenly git such cold feet. He went off with her, bit his under-lip, he was so excited, if you live far, I won't come along. It was

just across the Bülowplatz, past the fences, through a hallway, to the courtyard, down six steps. She turned back, laughed: "Don't be so dithery, sweetie, why, you'll knock me down." She had hardly shut the door behind him, when he grabbed her. "Boy, just give me time to put my umbrella down first." He pressed her, hugged her, pinched her, rubbed his hands across her coat, he still had his hat on, angrily she let the umbrella drop. "Let me go, won't you." He groaned, and smiled an awkward, dizzy smile: "Whazze matter?" "You're going to ruin all my get-up. Are you going to shell out for it afterwards? All right then, we never get anything for nothing either." He did not let her go. "Say, you fool, I can't breathe. You must be loony." She was stout and slow, small, he first had to give her the three marks, which she put carefully into the chest of drawers. The key she put in her pocket. He couldn't keep his eyes off her. "It's because I've been behind the bars a coupla years, fat gal. Out there in Tegel, you can imagine it." "Where?" "Tegel, you know."

The flabby wench guffawed. She unbuttoned her blouse at the top. There were once two royal children, who held each other so dear. And the cow jumped over the moon. She grabbed him, pressed him to her. Putt, putt, putt, my little chick, putt, putt, putt, my rooster.

He soon had beads of sweat on his face, he groaned. "Well, whatcha groaning for?" "Who's that bird running around next door?" "It's not a bird, it's my landlady." "What's she doing there?" "What do you think

she's doing? She's got her kitchen there." "Well, she ought to stop running around like that. What does she want to run around for now? I can't stand it." "Oh Lordylordy, I'll go and tell her." What a sweaty fellow he is, I'll be glad to get rid of him, the old bum! I'll soon put him out. She knocked next door: "Frau Priese, won't you be quiet for just a few minutes? I've got to talk to a gentleman here, something important." Well, that's done, dear fatherland, be comfort thine, come to my heart, but you're going to be ditched soon.

She thought to herself, her head on the pillow: those tan oxfords need soling, Kitty's new boy-friend does that for two marks, if she don't mind, I ain't goin' to swipe him away from her, he can also dye 'em brown to go with my brown blouse, it's an old rag anyway, just good enough to be made into a coffee-cozy: them ribbons'll have to be pressed, I'll ask Frau Priese right away, she's probably still got a fire going, what's she cooking today anyway? She sniffed. Green herring.

Incomprehensible verses keep running through his head in a circle. When you cook soup, Fräulein Stein, I'll get a spoon, Fräulein Stein. If you cook noodles, Fräulein Stein, give me some noodles, Fräulein Stein. Tumbling down, tumbling up. He groaned aloud: "Maybe you don't like me?" "Why not, come on, I'm a lovin' gal, I am." He fell back into bed, grunted and moaned. She rubbed her neck. "I have to laugh myself sick. Just keep quiet there. You don't bother me." She laughed, raised her fat arms, stuck her stockinged feet out from under the cover. "I can't help it."

Lets get out of this. Air. Still raining. What's the matter? I'll have to get myself another gal. First let's get some sleep, Franz, what'se matter with you, anyway?

Sexual potency depends upon the concentered action of 1. the internal secretory system, 2. the nervous system, and 3. the sexual apparatus. The glands participating in this potency are: the pituitary gland, the thyroid gland, the suprarenal gland, the prostate gland, the seminal vesicle, and the epididymis. In this system the spermatic gland preponderates. Through the matter prepared by it, the entire sexual apparatus is charged from the cerebral cortex to the genitals. The erotic impression releases the erotic tension of the cerebral cortex, the current flows as an erotic stimulus from the cerebral cortex to the switch center in the interbrain. The stimulus then rolls down the spine. Not unimpeded, however, for, before leaving the brain, it has to pass the brakes of the inhibitions, those predominantly psychic inhibitions which play a large rôle in the form of moral scruples, lack of self-confidence, fear of humiliation, fear of infection and impregnation, and things of this order.

In the evening there he is, shambling down Elsasser Strasse. Don't be afraid, m'boy, don't pretend you're tired. "How much for the pleasure, kid?" The black gal is fine, got hips, a toothsome piece. When a gal's got a man, that she loves, ain't it gran'? "My you're a gay one, sweetie. Did you just come into a fortune?" "And how! You'll get some change out of it." "Why not." But, nevertheless, he is afraid.

And afterwards in the room, flowers behind the cur-

tain, a clean little room, a nice little room, why, the girl even has a phonograph, she sings for him, artificial silk stockings, rayon, no blouse, pitch-black eyes: "I'm a cabaret singer, I am. You know where? Anywhere I like. Just now I got no engagement, you know. I go into nice-looking joints and I ask. Then I do my stunt. It's a wow. Hey, quit tickling." "Aw, come on." "Nope, hands off, that knocks hell out of my business. My act—be nice now, sweetie—you see, I hold an auction in the place, no plate collection either; whoever gives me something, can kiss me. Crazy, ain't it! In a public place, too. Nobody under fifty pfennigs. Say, I get everything. Here on my shoulder. There, go ahead, it's all right." She puts on a man's top hat, croaks into his face, shakes her hips, her arms akimbo: "Theodore, what did you mean last night, when you smiled at me so gay and bright? Theodore, what was it you hoped to gain, when you stood me to pig's knuckles and fine champagne?"

While sitting on his lap, she pulls a cigarette out of his waistcoat and sticks it into her mouth; she looks yearningly into his eyes, tenderly rubs her ear on his and chirps: "Do you know what homesickness is? When your heart is torn by homesickness? Everything seems so cold and dreary." She hums a tune, stretches herself on the sofa. She puffs, strokes his hair, trills, laughs.

Sweat on his brow. Again that fear. And suddenly his head slithers off. Boom, the bell rings, get up, five-thirty, six o'clock, cells opened, boom, boom, brush your coat quickly, suppose the old man makes inspection, no, not today. I'll get discharged soon. Psst, say, one of the boys

got out last night, pard, the rope's still dangling out there over the wall, they got the police after him. He groans, he lifts his head, he sees the girl, her chin, her neck. If I only knew how to get out of prison. They ain't going to discharge me. I'm not out yet. She puffs blue rings from the side at him, sniggers: "You're sweet, come on, I'll pour you a glass of Mampe brandy, thirty pfennigs." He lies there, stretched out at full length. "What do I care for Mampe? They knocked hell out of me. I did time at Tegel, I did, what for, I'd really like to know. First with the Prussians in the trenches, and then in Tegel. I ain't a human being any more." "Well, but you're not going to cry here. Come on, open your li'l beakie, big mans gotta drink. We're a jolly lot, we are, we're as happy as can be, we laugh and sing with delight from morning until night." And the dump heap for that. Why, they might have chopped off the fellow's head at once, and be done with it, the lousy dogs. Could have dumped me on the garbage heap, why not. "Come on, big man, take another glass. I'd walk a mile for Mampe's brandy, it makes you feel so hale and dandy."

"To think the girls ran after me like a bunch of sheep and I didn't even spit at 'em, and there I was, flat on my nose." She picks up another one of his cigarettes which have fallen to the floor. "Yes, you ought to go to the policeman sometime and tell him." "I'm going." He is looking for his suspenders. And says nothing more and doesn't look at the girl with her slobbery mouth, she smokes and smiles and looks at him, shoves a few cigarettes quickly under the sofa with her foot. And he grabs

his hat and hurries down the stairs, takes the 68 car to Alexanderplatz, and sits brooding in a café over a glass of light beer.

Testifortan, authorized patent No. 365695, sexual therapeutic agent approved by Sanitary Councillor Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld and Dr. Bernard Schapiro, Institute of Sexual Science, Berlin. The main causes of impotence are: A. insufficient charging through functional disorder of the internal secretory glands, B. too strong resistance through extreme psychic inhibitions, exhaustion of the erective center. At what moment the impotent patient will be able to resume his functions can be determined only through the progress of each individual case. A period of abstention is often effective.

And gluttonously he eats and sleeps his fill, and the next day on the street he thinks: I'd like to have this gal, and that gal I'd like to have, but doesn't go near any of them. And the one in the show-window, what a plump little morsel. She could suit me, but I won't go near any of 'em. And he hangs around the café again and doesn't look at any of the girls and guzzles and boozes. Now I won't do anything the whole livelong day but eat my fill and booze and sleep and life is over for me. Over. Over.

Victory all along the Line! Franz Biberkopf buys a Veal Cutlet

As Wednesday rolls around, the third day, he puts on his coat.

Whose fault is it all? Ida's of course. Who else's? I

knocked that tart's ribs to pieces, that's why I had to go to the jug. Now she's got what she wanted, the wench is dead, and here I am. And he snivels to himself and races along the streets in the cold. Where to? Where she had lived with him, at her sister's. Through the Invalidenstrasse, into Ackerstrasse, right into the house like a whirlwind, second courtyard. Prison had never existed, nor the conversation with the Jews in the Dragonerstrasse. Where is the wench, it's her fault. Seen nothing in the street but found my way. A little twitching of the face, a little twitching in the fingers, then we'll go there, bumbledy, bumbledy, bumbledy, bee, tumbledy, rumbledy, tumbledy, bee, rumbledy, bumbledy.

Ring-a-ling. "Who is it?" "Me." "Who?" "Open that door, old girl." "Lordy, you, Franz." "Open that door." Rumbledy, bumbledy, bumbledy, bee. Rumbledy. A piece of twine on my tongue; got to spit it out. He is standing in the hallway, she shuts the door behind him. "Whatche want here? Suppose somebody seen you on the stairs." "Too bad, eh. Let 'em see me. Howdy." He walks along to the left, swings into the room. Rumbledy, bumbledy. That piece of twine on my tongue won't come off. He scrapes it with his fingers. But it's nothing, just a lousy feeling on the tip of my tongue. So that's the room, the stiff-backed sofa, the Kaiser hanging on the wall, a Frenchman in red trousers giving him his sword. I have surrendered. "What do you want here, Franz? Are you crazy, or what?" "I'll sit down." I have surrendered, the Kaiser presents his sword, the Kaiser must return the sword to him, that's the way the world runs. "If you don't

go, I'll call for help, I'll yell murder." "What for?" Rumbledy, bumbledy, I have run this far, I'm here, I'll stay. "Have they let you out already?" "Yes, it's all over."

He stares at her and gets up: "Because they let me out, that's why I'm here. They let me out all right, but how?" How, he wants to tell it, but chews on his twine, the trumpet is broken, it's all over, and he trembles, and can't cry, and looks at her hand. "What do you want now? Is anything wrong?"

There are mountains that have been standing for centuries, that have always been standing, and armies with guns have gone over them, there are islands, people on them, chock-full, all strong, solid business houses, banks, industry, dancing, dives, import, export, social questions, and one day there starts a rrrrrrrr, rrrr, not from the warship, the rumpus starts all by itself—from down below. The earth gives a jump, nightingale, nightingale, how beautifully you sang, the ships fly to the skies, the birds fall to the earth. "Franz, I'll yell, let me go. Karl will soon be here. Karl will be here any minute. You started the same way with Ida."

What is a woman worth among friends? The London divorce courts, in the suit of Captain Bacon, pronounced a dissolution of his marriage on the ground of his wife's adultery with Captain Furber, a fellow-officer, and granted him £750 damages. The captain does not seem to have put too high a value on his faithless wife, who is soon going to get married to her lover.

Oh, there are mountains that have been lying quiet for

myriads of years, and armies with guns and elephants have gone over them, what is one to do, when they suddenly start to caper, because down below there's a noise that goes: rrrr, rumm. Don't let's say anything about that, let's leave it alone. Minna cannot get her hand away from him, and his eyes look into hers. The face of a man like that is laid with rails, a train passes over it, see the smoke, it passes along, Berlin-Hamburg-Altona express, 6.05 till 9.35, three hours and thirty-five minutes, can't do anything about it, the arms of a man like that are made of iron, iron. I'll call for help. She screamed. She was lying on the carpet now. His stubby cheek against hers, his mouth greedily fumbles up towards hers, she turns away. "Franz, Oh God, have pity, Franz." And—she saw it all right.

Now she knows, she is Ida's sister, that's the way he looked at Ida sometimes. He has Ida in his arms, it's she, that's why he has his eyes closed and looks happy now. And there is no longer the terrible fighting and this moping about, it's no longer prison! It's Treptow, Paradiesgarten, with a display of fireworks, where he met her and brought her home, the little seamstress, she had won a vase at dice shooting; in the hallway, with her key in her hand, he had kissed her for the first time, she stood on tiptoe, she had canvas shoes on, he dropped the key, after that he could not tear himself away from her. That's good old Franz Biberkopf.

And now he smells her again, at the throat, it's the same skin, the same odor, it makes him dizzy, what will it lead to? And she, the sister, what strange thing is happening to her? She feels from his face, from his lying still

on her, that she has to give in, she defends herself, but a sort of transformation comes over her, her face loses its tension, her arms can no longer push him off, her mouth grows helpless. The man says nothing, she lets lets lets him have her mouth, she grows soft as in a bath, do with me whatever you please, she dissolves like water, it's all right, just come, I know it all, I love you, too.

Magic, quivering. The goldfish gleams in the bowl. The room sparkles, it is not Ackerstrasse, no house, no gravitation, no centrifugal force. It has disappeared, it has sunk away, extinguished is the red deflection of radiations in the sun's dynamic field, the kinetic theory of gases, transformation of heat into energy, electric vibrations, induction phenomena, the density of metals, of liquids, of non-metallic solids.

She was lying on the floor, tossing herself about. He laughed and stretched himself: "Well, go ahead and choke me. I'll keep still, if you can do it." "You deserve it, all right." He clambered up, laughed, and spun around with joy, delight, beatitude. The trumpets are blowing, hussars ride forth, hallelujah. Franz Biberkopf is back again! Franz is discharged! Franz Biberkopf is free! He had pulled up his trousers, hobbling from one leg to the other. She sat on a chair, was on the point of bursting into tears: "I'll tell my husband about it, I'll tell Karl, they oughta've kept you there another four years." "Tell him right away, Minna!" "So I will, I'll get a copper right away, too." "Minna, my li'l Minnakin, pull yourself together, I'm so happy, I'm a human being again, li'l Minna." "You're crazy, you are, they must have turned

your head around in Tegel." "You haven't got anything to drink, a pot of coffee or something?" "And who's going to pay for my apron, just look at it, all in shreds." "Leave it to Franz, leave it to Franz! Franz is alive again, Franz is back again!" "Take your hat and beat it. If he meets you, and me with a black eye! And don't let me see you again." "Bye-bye, Minna."

But next morning he came back again with a little package. She did not want to open the door, he wedged his foot in between. She whispered through the crack: "You oughta go about your business. I've told you that before." "Minna, it's only the aprons." "What aprons?" "You can pick out a couple." "You can keep that stuff you pinched for yourself." "Didn't pinch it. Go ahead, open that door, Minna." "The neighbors'll see you. Go away." "Open that door, Minna."

And so she opened the door, he threw the package in, and as she did not want to come in with the broomstick in her hand, he hopped around the room alone. "I'm so happy, Minna. I'm so happy all day long. Dreamt about you last night."

Then he opened the package on the table; she came nearer, touched the material, chose three aprons, but wouldn't yield when he grabbed her hand. He wrapped up his package again, she still stood there with the broom, insisted: "Now quick, get out of here." He waved to her from the door. "So long Minnakin." She pushed the door shut with the broomstick.

A week later he came to her door again: "Just want to ask about your eye." "Everything's fine, you got no busi-

ness here." He appeared stronger, had on a blue winter overcoat and a brown derby: "I just wanted to show you how I'm making out, how I look." "Makes no difference to me." "But just let me drink a cup of coffee." At that moment steps were heard coming down the stairs, a child's ball rolled along the steps; scared, the woman opened the door, pulled him in. "Stay there, that's the Lumkes, now you can go again." "Just want to drink a cup of coffee. Surely you got a little pot of coffee for me?" "You don't need me for that. You probably got another girl already, from the way you look." "Just a cup of coffee." "You do make a body miserable."

And as she stood by the coat-rack in the hall, and he looked beseechingly at her from the kitchen door, she picked up the nice new apron, shook her head and wept: "You make me miserable, you sure do." "But what's the matter?" "Karl didn't believe me about that black eye. How could I have bumped into the press like that? I had to show him how. But a person really can get a black eye on that press, if the door's open. Let him try it. Say, I don't know why he don't believe me." "I don't understand it either, Minna." "Because I've got some marks here too, on my neck. I hadn't noticed them at all. What can I say, when he shows 'em to me, and I look in the mirror and don't know where they came from?" "Humph, can't a person scratch himself, suppose something is itching you. Don't let Karl razz you like that. I certainly would knock that into his head." "And you keep on coming up here. And the Lumkes probably saw you." "Well, they don't have to get all ruffled up about that."

"But if you'd only go away, Franz, and don't come back again. You make me miserable." "Did he ask about the aprons, too?" "I've been wanting to get some aprons for a long time." "All right, then, I'll go, Minna."

He grabbed her around the neck, she let him do it. After a while, when he didn't let go, without pressing her to him, she noticed that he was stroking her, and looked up, astonished: "But you must go now, Franz." He drew her gently towards the room, she resisted, but followed step by step. "Franz, is it going to start all over again?" "Why, no, I just want to sit by you, in the room."

They sat quietly talking next to each other on the sofa for a while. Then he left of his own accord. She accompanied him to the door. "Don't come again, Franz." She wept and laid her head on his shoulder. "It's certainly queer, Minna, what you can do to a fellow. Why shouldn't I come back again? Well, then, I won't come again." She clung to his hand: "No, Franz, don't come back." Then he opened the door, she still held his hand tight and pressed it hard. She still held his hand while he stood outside. Then she dropped it and gently, quickly, shut the door. From the street he sent her up two big slices of veal cutlet.

And now Franz swears to all the World and to himself to stay Respectable in Berlin with Money or Without

He was already quite well on his feet in Berlin—he had turned his old furniture into cash, he had a few pennies

from Tegel, his landlady and his friend Meck gave him a small loan—then he got another terrible blow. But it turned out later on to be only a slap. One morning, which otherwise wasn't so bad, he found on his table an official yellow paper with printing and typewriting on it.

Police commissioner, division 5, reference number, you are requested in case of possible claims in the above affair to mention the above reference number. According to documents in my possession, you have been convicted of assault and battery with fatal consequences, as a result of which you are to be regarded as dangerous to public safety and morality. Accordingly I have decided on the authority granted me in paragraph 2 of the Law of Dec. 31, 1842, and paragraph 3 of the Prisoner Restriction Act of Nov. 1, 1867, as well as the Laws of June 12, 1889 and June 13, 1900, to expell you through the constabulary from Berlin, Charlottenburg, Neukölln, Berlin-Schöneberg, Wilmersdorf, Lichtenberg, Stralau, as well as from the districts of Berlin-Friedenau, Schmargendorf, Tempelhof, Britz, Treptow, Reinickendorf, Weissensee, Pankow, and Berlin-Tegel, and therefore instruct you to leave the districts specified above within a period of 14 days, with the warning that, should you be found after that period within the said area, or should you return therein, you will be fined, under Paragraph 132, Clause 2, of the General Administration Act of July 30, Q 11 E 1883, the sum of 100 marks, or, in default of payment, be sentenced to 10 days' imprisonment. I also direct your attention to the fact that, in the event of your being found in any of the following places adjacent to Berlin: Pots-

dam, Spandau, Friedrichsfelde, Karlshorst, Friedrichshagen, Oberschöneweide and Wuhlheide, Fichtenau, Rahnsdorf, Carow, Buch, Frohnau, Cöpenick, Lankwitz, Steglitz, Zehlendorf, Teltow, Dahlem, Wannsee, Klein-Glienicke, Nowawes, Neuendorf, Eiche, Bornim, and Bornstedt, you are liable to expulsion from these places. I. Ve. Copy No. 986a.

A staggering blow, that. There was a fine house alongside the city car-line, Grunerstrasse 1, on the Alex, Prisoners' Aid. There they take a look at Franz, ask him this and that, sign: Herr Franz Biberkopf has sought our protective supervision, we will make inquiries whether you are working, and you will have to report here every month. O. K., full stop, everything, everything going slick.

Forgotten all fear, forgotten Tegel and the red walls, and the groaning and all that sort of thing—to hell with it. A new life's about to begin, the old life's all in, Franz Biberkopf is back to stay and the Prussians are happy and shout hurray.

Then for four weeks he filled his belly with meat, potatoes, and beer, and went once more to see the Jews in Dragonerstrasse to express his thanks. Nachum and Eliser were going after each other again. They did not recognize him when he entered, all dolled up, stout and smelling of brandy as he was, and asked in a whisper, his hat respectfully before his mouth, whether the old gentleman's grandchildren were still sick. In the saloon at the corner where he stood up the drinks, they asked him,

what kind of business he was in. "Me and business. I ain't got any business. With me things just go along any old way." "And where do you get your money from?" "From the old days, savings, I guess a man can save something, can't he?" He nudged Nachum in the ribs, puffed up his nose, looked at him with canny, mysterious eyes: "You still know that story about Zannovich? A crazy hound. Was a fine chap. Afterwards they killed him. Funny how you know everything. I'd like to be a prince, too, and study. No, I ain't goin' to study. Maybe I'll get married, instead." "Good luck." "You must come around and see me then, we'll put on the feed-bag and soak it up."

Nachum, red-haired Nachum, looked at him, rubbed his chin: "You'll listen to another story, mebbe. A man once had a ball, you know, the kind children have, but not made out of rubber, of celluloid, transparent, and inside there are little lead shots. Children can rattle it and throw it. Then the man took the ball and threw it and he thought: there are lead shots in it, so I can throw it, and the ball won't run any farther, it'll stand still right on the spot I intend it to. But when he threw the ball, it didn't go the way he had intended, it made one more jump, and then it rolled a bit, about two hands sideways." "Leave him alone with your stories, Nachum. The man don't need you, does he?" The stout chap: "What about that ball, and why are you scrapping again? Say, boss, look at them two here, they been scrapping ever since I know 'em." "You gotta let people be the way they are. Scrapping is good for the liver." The red-haired man: "I'll tell

you, I saw you in the street, in the courtyard, and heard you sing. You sing very nice. You're a good man. But don't get so excited. Just hold your horses. Be patient in this world. What do I know about how it looks inside you and what God intends to do with you? You see, the ball don't go the way you throw it and the way you want it to, it goes about this way, you see, but it goes a li'l bit sideways, too."

The stout fellow threw his head back and laughed, stretched out his arms, fell around the red-haired man's neck: "You sure can tell stories, that man can tell stories. Franz has had his own experiences. Franz knows life. Franz knows who he is." "I just wanted to tell you, you sang very sadly there for a while." "For a while, for a while. Well, let bygones be bygones. Now my vest's filled out again. Folks, everything's goin' fine! Ain't nobody can come near me. Bye-bye, and when I get married, you'll be there."

Thus Franz Biberkopf, the concrete-worker, and later furniture-mover, that rough, uncouth man of repulsive aspect, returned to Berlin and to the street, the man at whose head a pretty girl from a locksmith's family had thrown herself, a girl whom he then made into a whore, and at last mortally injured in a scuffle. He has sworn to all the world and to himself to remain respectable. And as long as he had money, he remained respectable. Later, however, his money gave out: and that was the moment he had been waiting for, to show everybody, once and for all, what a real fellow is like.

SECOND BOOK

And thus we have brought our man safely to Berlin. He has made his vow, and the question is: Hadn't we better simply stop here? The end seems amiable and without artifice, almost a fitting end, and the whole has the great advantage of brevity.

But this is no ordinary man, this Franz Biberkopf. I did not call him here for sport, but to share his hard, true, and enlightening existence.

Franz Biberkopf is badly burnt. He now stands safe and sound contentedly on Berlin ground, and if he says he wants to be good, we can believe him, he will be good.

You're going to see how he stayed decent for many a week, but it's only a respite, so to speak.

Once upon a time there lived in Paradise two human beings, Adam and Eve. They had been put there by the Lord, who had also created the beasts and plants and heaven and earth. And Paradise was the wonderful garden of Eden. Flowers and trees were growing there, animals were playing about, and none oppressed the other. The sun rose and set, the moon did the same, there was abiding joy the whole day long in Paradise.

Thus let us start off merrily. We want to sing and move about: with our little hands going clap, clap, clap, our little feet going tap, tap, tap, moving to, moving fro, roundabout, and away we go.

Franz Biberkopf Enters

BERLIN



Trade and Commerce



Street Cleaning and Transport



Health Department



Underground Construction



Art and Culture



Traffic



Municipal Savings Bank



Gas Works



Fire Department



Finance and Tax Office

Notice of a scheme regarding the building lot situate An der Spandauer Brücke No. 10.

The scheme for the permanent restriction of the building lot situate in the Communal District of Berlin Center due to the addition of an ornamental rosette to the street wall of No. 10 An der Spandauer Brücke is hereby published, together with a sketch plan, for public inspection. During this time all parties concerned may file any objections to the scheme, within the extent of their interests. The municipal authorities of the communal district are also authorized to state their objections, if any. Such objections should be made in writing to the District Office Center, Berlin C 2, Klosterstrasse 68, Room 76, or be made orally before the Registrar.

—I have granted to Herr Bottich, hunting lessee, with the consent of the Police President, authority, liable to cancellation at any time, for the shooting of wild rabbits and other vermin in the area of the Faule Seepark on the following days in the year 1928: Shooting must cease in summer, from April 1st to September 30th, by 7 p. m., in winter, from October 1st to March 31st, by 8 p. m. The public are hereby notified of this permit, and are warned against entering the said area during the shooting time fixed hereby. The Chief Burgomaster, Controller of Hunting Licenses.

—Albert Pangel, master furrier, who may look back upon an activity of almost three years as honorary official, has resigned his honorary office because of age and removal from the district in question. During this long

period he was uninterruptedly active as president of the charity commission, or rather as charity guardian. The district office has expressed recognition of his merits in a note of thanks to Mr. Pangel.

The Rosenthaler Platz is busily active.

Weather changing, more agreeable, a degree below freezing. For Germany, a low-pressure region is extending, which in its entire range has ended the weather prevailing up to now. The few pressure changes now going on indicate a slow extension of the low-pressure area towards the south, so that the weather will remain under its influence. During the day the temperature will probably be lower. Weather forecast for Berlin and surrounding country.

Car No. 68 runs across Rosenthaler Platz, Wittenau, Nordbahnhof, Heilanstalt, Weddingplatz, Stettiner Station, Rosenthaler Platz, Alexanderplatz, Straussberger Platz, Frankfurter Allee Station, Lichtenberg, Herzberge Insane Asylum. The three Berlin transport companies—street-car, elevated and underground, omnibus —form a tariff-union. Fares for adults are 20 pfennigs, for schoolchildren 10 pfennigs, reduced fares allowed for children up to the age of 14, apprentices and pupils, poor students, war cripples, persons physically unfit for walking as certified by the district charity offices. Get to know about the lines. During the winter months the front entrance shall not be opened for passengers entering or leaving, 39 seating capacity, 5918, to alight from the car,

warn the motorman in time, the motorman is forbidden to converse with passengers, getting off or on while the car is in motion may lead to fatal accidents.

In the middle of the Rosenthaler Platz a man with two yellow packages jumps off from the 41, an empty taxi glides just past him, the copper looks at him, a streetcar inspector appears, cop and inspector shake hands: damned lucky, that fellow with his packages.

Various fruit brandies at wholesale prices, Dr. Bergell, notary and attorney-at-law, Lukutate, the Indian rejuvenation treatment for elephants, Fromms Akt, the best rubber sponge, what's the use of so many rubber sponges, anyway?

The wide Brunnenstrasse runs north from this square, the A. E. G. runs along its left side in front of the Humboldthain. The A. E. G. is an immense enterprise, which embraces, according to the 1928 telephone directory: Electric Light and Power Works, Central Administration, NW 40, Friedrich-Karl-Ufer 2–4, Local Call and Long Distance Call Office, North 4488, General Management, Janitor, Electric Securities Bank Inc., Division for Lighting Fixtures, Division for Russia, Oberspree Metal Division, Treptow Apparatus Plant, Brunnenstrasse Plant, Henningsdorf Plant, Plant for Insulators, Rheinstrasse Plant, Oberspree Cable Works, Wilhelminenhofstrasse Plant, Rummelsburger Chaussee, Turbine Plant NW 87, Huttenstrasse 12–16.

The Invalidenstrasse trails off to the left. It goes towards the Stettin Station where the trains from the Baltic Sea arrive: Why, you're all covered with soot—yes,

there is a lot of dust here.—How do you do? So long.—Has the gentleman anything to carry, 50 pfennigs.—Your vacation certainly did you a lot of good.—Oh, that tan will come off soon.—Wonder where people get all the money from to travel around like that.—In a little hotel over there in that dark street two lovers shot themselves early yesterday morning, a waiter from Dresden and a married woman, both of whom, however, had registered under false names.

From the south the Rosenthaler Strasse runs into the square. Across the way Aschinger provides food as well as beer to drink, music, and wholesale bakery. Fish are nutritious, some are happy when they have fish, and others are unable to eat it, eat more fish, the healthy slenderizing dish. Ladies stockings, genuine artificial silk, here you have a fountain pen with a 14-carat gold point.

On the Elsasser Strasse they have fenced in the whole street leaving only a narrow gangway. A power engine puffs behind the billboards. Becker-Fiebig, Building Contractor Inc., Berlin W 38. There is a constant din, dump carts are lined up as far as the corner, on which stands the Commercial and Savings Bank, Deposit Branch L, Custody of Securities, Payment of Savings Bank Deposits. Five men, workmen, kneel in front of the bank driving small stones into the ground.

Four persons have just gotten on No. 4 at Lothringer Strasse, two elderly women, a plain man with a worried look, and a boy with a cap and ear-muffs. The two women are together, they are Frau Plück and Frau Hoppe. They want to get an abdominal bandage for Frau Hoppe, the

older woman, because she has a tendency to navel hernia. They have been to the truss-maker's in the Brunnenstrasse, and now they both want to call by to fetch their husbands for lunch. The man is a coachman named Hasebrück, who is having a lot of trouble with an electric iron which he bought for his boss second-hand and cheap. They had given him a defective one, the boss tried it for a few days, then it failed to work properly, so he is supposed to exchange it, the people refuse to do so, this is the third time he has gone there, today he has been told he has to pay something on it. The boy, Max Rüst, will later on become a tinker, father of seven more Rüsts, he will go to work for the firm of Hallis & Co., Plumbing and Roofing, in Grünau. At the age of 52 he will win a quarter of a prize in the Prussian Class Lottery, then he will retire from business and die during an adjustment suit which he has started against the firm of Hallis & Co., at the age of 55. His obituary will read as follows: On September 2, suddenly, from heart-disease, my beloved husband, our dear father, son, brother, brother-in-law, and uncle, Paul Rüst, in his 55th year. This announcement is made with deep grief on behalf of his sorrowing family by Marie Rüst. The notice of thanks after the funeral will read as follows: Acknowledgment. Being unable to acknowledge individually all tokens of sympathy in our bereavement, we hereby express our profound gratitude to all relatives, friends, as well as to the tenants of No. 4 Kleiststrasse and to all our acquaintances. Especially do we thank Herr Deinen for his kind words of sympathy. At present this Max Rüst is 14 years old,

has just finished public school, is supposed to call by on his way there at the clinic for the defective in speech, the hard of hearing, the weak-visioned, the weak-minded, the incorrigible, he has been there at frequent intervals, because he stutters, but he is getting better now.

Small café on Rosenthaler Platz.

In front they are playing billiards, in the back, in a corner, two men sit puffing and smoking and drinking tea. One of them has a flabby face and gray hair, he is sitting with his raglan on: "Well, shoot. But keep still, don't fidget around like that."

"You won't get me to play billiards today. My hand's shaky."

He chews a dry Vienna roll, does not touch the tea.

"But you needn't. We're all right here."

"It's always the same old story. Now it's come to a head."

"Who's come to a head?"

The other man, young, very blond, firm face, firm figure: "Me, too, of course; you thought maybe it was only them? Now everything's cleared up."

"In other words, you've been let out."

"I talked some real German with the boss, then he started to jump on me. That evening I had my notice for the first."

"It's best never to talk German in certain situations. If you had talked French with the man, he wouldn't have understood you, and you'd still be there."

"I'm still there, what do you mean? Very much there!

Maybe they think I'm going to make their lives easy! Every day, at two o'clock sharp, I'll be on the spot, and I'll make life a hell for 'em, you can bet your boots on it."

"Why, sonny, I thought you were married."

The other holds his head. "That's the mean thing about it, I haven't told her yet, I can't tell her."

"Maybe it'll all blow over."

"She is expecting."

"The second?"

"Yes."

The man in the raglan pulls his overcoat tighter round him, smiles mockingly at the other, then nods: "That's all right, children give a fellow courage. You'll need it now."

The other jerks forward: "I won't need it. What for? I'm in debt up to here. Those eternal installments. I can't tell her. And then to ditch a fellow like that. I'm used to order, and that damned business is rotten from top to bottom. The boss has his furniture factory, and whether I get orders for the shoe department or not, is something he doesn't worry about. That's the way it is. You're the fifth wheel on the wagon. You stand around the office and ask and ask: Did those estimates go out? Which estimates? Six times I told them, what's the use then of calling on the customers? You make yourself ridiculous. Either he lets the department go to hell, or he don't."

"Well, take a swallow of tea. Right now he's letting you go to hell."

A man in shirt-sleeves comes up from the billiard table, taps the younger man on the shoulders: "A game?"

The elder answers for him: "He's just been socked pretty bad."

"Billiards is good for bad socks." Then he walks away. The man in the raglan swallows some hot tea, it's good to drink hot tea with sugar and rum, and listen to somebody else yapping. It's cozy here in this place. "You're not going home today, Georg?"

"Haven't got the nerve, haven't got the nerve. What'll I tell her? I can't look her in the face."

"Onward, brother, keep the pace, look them calmly in the face."

"What do you know about it?"

The other sprawls over the table, the lapels of his raglan between his fingers: "Drink, Georg, or eat, and don't talk. I know something about it. I know the whole shooting-match, yes, sir. When you were that high, I had already been through the mill."

"Just put yourself in my place. A good position, and then they go and mess things up for a fellow."

"I was a high school teacher. Before the war. When the war broke out, I was already the way I am now. The café was like it is today. They didn't take me. They got no use for people like me, people who take dope. Or rather, they did take me. I thought I'd get a stroke. The needle, of course, they took that away, and the morphine, too. And into the mess I went. I stood it two days, as long as I still had some reserves, drops, and then goodbye, Prussians, and me for the insane asylum. Then they let me go. Well, what was I saying, then I was fired by the school, morphine, of course, a fellow is sometimes

fuddled when he starts taking the stuff; now that don't happen to me anymore; worse luck. Well, and the wife? And the child? Good-bye, my dear old fatherland. Georg, old bird, I could tell you some romantic stories." The gray-haired man drinks, both hands around his glass, drinks slowly, earnestly, peering into the tea. "A wife, a child, it looks as if that were the whole world. I have no regrets. I don't feel any guilt about it, we have to take facts, like ourselves, the way they come. We shouldn't brag about our fate. I'm an enemy of Destiny, I'm not a Greek, I'm a Berliner. Why do you let that nice tea get cold? Put some rum in it." The young man holds his hand over his glass, but the other shoves it aside, pours something into it from a small tin flask which he pulls out of his pocket. "I have to go. Thanks. I'll have to walk off my bad temper." "Just stay here and keep quiet. Georg, drink a bit, then play some billiards. At any rate, don't get yourself all muddled up. That's the beginning of the end. When I didn't find my wife and child at home and there was only a letter, gone to mother in West Prussia and so on, life a failure, a man like me, and the scandal and so on and so forth, I slit myself here, here on the left arm, looks like attempted suicide, eh? We should never neglect the opportunity to learn something, Georg, I knew Provençal all right but anatomy—I mistook the tendon for the pulse. I don't know much more about it today, but that doesn't matter now, that's all over. In a word: pain and regrets were nonsense, I went on living, the woman also went on living, the child, too. In fact, more kids came on the scene in West Prussia, a brace I

think, seems I operated at a distance; we're all alive and healthy. I enjoy the Rosenthaler Platz, I enjoy the cop at the Elsasser corner, I like my game of billiards, I'd like anyone to come and tell me that his life is better than mine and that I don't understand women."

The blond fellow eyes him with disgust: "Why, you're a wreck, Krause, and you know it, too. A fine sort of example you are. You make no bones about your bad luck, Krause. Didn't you tell me yourself how you often go hungry with your private lessons? I wouldn't be caught dead like that." The gray-haired man has emptied his glass, he leans back in his iron chair in his raglan, blinks at the youngster for a moment in a hostile way; then snorts and laughs convulsively: "Nope, I'm no example, you're right, I never claimed to be. Not for you, anyway. The fly, let's see, it's all in the point of view. A fly stands under the microscope and thinks it's a horse. Just let the fly get in front of my telescope some time! Who are you anyway, sir, Herr Georg? Go ahead and introduce yourself: The Honorable City Sales Representative of the firm of XY, shoe department. Nope, stop that nonsense. Always telling me about your troubles; your troubles—spelled t for tripe, r for rotter, a damned rotter, eh?—and o for oaf. And you got the wrong number, the wrong number, my dear sir, absolutely the wrong number."

A young girl gets out of the 99, Mariendorf, Lichtenrader Chaussee, Tempelhof, Hallesches Tor, Hedwigskirche, Rosenthaler Platz, Badstrasse, Seestrasse corner Togostrasse, during the night of Saturday to Sunday con-

tinuous service between the Uferstrasse and Tempelhof, Friedrich-Karl Strasse, at intervals of 15 minutes. It is 8 p. m., she has a music-case under her arm, she has pulled her lambskin collar high about her face, she paces to and fro at the corner of Brunnenstrasse and Weinbergsweg. A man in a fur coat speaks to her, she starts back, crosses quickly to the other side. She stands underneath the high street-lamp, watches the opposite corner. A small elderly man with horn-rimmed spectacles appears on the other side, and she goes up to him at once. She walks beside him, giggling. They turn up the Brunnenstrasse.

"I mustn't come home too late, really I mustn't. As a matter of fact I shouldn't have come at all. But I can't call you up, can I?" "No, only exceptionally, if it's urgent. They listen in at the office. It's for your sake, child." "Yes, I am afraid, suppose it should be known, you won't tell anybody, honest?" "Honest." "If Papa should hear anything about it, and Mama, Oh, my Lord." The elderly gentleman holds her delightedly by the arm. "Nothing's going to leak out. I won't tell anybody about it. Did you have a nice lesson?" "Chopin. I'm playing the Nocturnes. Are you musical?" "Yes, when it's necessary." "I'd like to play something for you some time, when I can. But I am afraid of you." "Well, well." "Yes, I am always afraid of you, a little, not very much. No, not very much. But I needn't be afraid of you, need I?" "Not at all. What a way to talk! Why, you've known me three months now." "Really it's Papa I'm afraid of. If he should find it out." "Girlie, surely you can go out a few steps alone at night. You're not a baby any more."

"That's what I always tell Mama. And I do go out, too." "We'll go where we please, sweetie." "Don't call me sweetie. I only told you that so—well, just in passing. Where shall we go today? I have to be home by nine." "Right up here. We're there already. Friend of mine lives here. We can go up without being bothered." "I'm afraid. Is anybody going to see us? You go ahead. I'll come up after you."

Upstairs they smile at each other. She stands in the corner. He has taken off his coat and hat, she lets him take her hat and music-case. Then she runs to the door, switches off the light: "But not long today, I have so little time, I must get home, I won't undress, you are not going to hurt me?"

Franz Biberkopf goes on the Quest, a Man must earn Money, Man cannot live without Money. Concerning the Frankfort Crockery Fair

Franz Biberkopf sat down with his friend Meck at a table where several loud-voiced men were sitting, and waited for the meeting to start. Meck declared: "You don't want to take the dole, Franz, and you don't want to go into a factory, and it's too cold for ditch-work. Business is the best thing. In Berlin or in the country. You can take your choice. But it keeps a fellow going." The waiter called out: "Mind your heads!" They drank their beer. At that moment steps were heard overhead, Herr Wünschel, the manager, up on the next floor, was running for help, his wife had fainted. Then Meck ex-

plained once more: "As sure as my name's Gottlieb, take a look at these people here! Aren't they well off! And tell me, do they look starved? Are they respectable people, or aren't they?" "You know, Gottlieb, I won't stand any joking about respectability. Honest now, is it a respectable profession or not?" "Well, look at these people! I'm not saying anything at all. Tip-top, I'm tellin' you, look at 'em!" "A steady kind of a life, that's what we need, yes, sir." "It's the steadiest you can find anywhere. Suspenders, socks, stockings, aprons. Maybe headshawls, too. The profit's in the buying."

On the stage a hunchback was talking about the Frankfort fair. People can't be warned enough against sending merchandise to the fair from other towns. The fair is badly situated. Especially the crockery fair. "Ladies and gentlemen, my esteemed colleagues, all who were present at the Frankfort crockery fair last Sunday can bear me out, it's asking too much of the public." Gottlieb nudged Franz: "He's talking about the Frankfort crockery fair. You're not goin' there anyway." "What's the odds, he's a good man, that one, he knows what he wants." "Anybody who's been to the Magazinplatz in Frankfort will never go there again. That's as sure as you're alive. It was nothing but a filthy morass. Also I should like to state further that the municipal authorities of Frankfort took no steps till three days before the opening of the fair. Then they said: Magazinplatz for us, not Marktplatz, as it always was before. Why? I'd like my colleagues here to take a sniff at that: because the weekly market is held on the market-place, and if we go there,

it would cause traffic congestion. It's an unheard-of thing for the Frankfort authorities to do, it's a smack in the face. Imagine giving an excuse like that. They now have market four half-days a week, and yet we are supposed to go? Why us, especially? Why not the vegetable-man and the butter-woman? Why doesn't Frankfort build a covered market? The fruit, vegetable, and food dealers are treated just as badly by the municipal authorities as we are. We all suffer from the blunders of the authorities. But it has got to stop. The receipts on the Magazinplatz were small, practically nothing, nothing at all, it didn't pay. Nobody came in all that filth and rain. Most of our colleagues who were there didn't even make enough dough to get away from the place with their wagons. Railroad fares, booth rent, parking charges, getting there, getting back. And then I would most distinctly submit and state to the entire public that the toilet conditions in Frankfort are indescribable. All those who were there can tell a tale or two about that. Such unhygienic conditions are unworthy of a big city, and the public should brand them, wherever it can. Such conditions will never attract visitors to Frankfort, and they do a lot of harm to the tradespeople. And then those narrow booths, like sardines in a can!"

After the discussion, in which the board of directors was also attacked for its inactivity up till now, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"The fair-merchants feel that the removal of the fair to the Magazinplatz is a slap in the face. The business results for the merchants fell considerably short of those

of former fairs. The Magazinplatz as a fair-site is absolutely unsuitable, because it cannot possibly hold all the fair-visitors, and because in regard to sanitation it is a perfect disgrace to the city of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, without taking into consideration that, if a fire had broken out, the merchants themselves, as well as their wares, would have perished. The members assembled here demand that the municipal authorities remove the fair back to the Marktplatz, because only in this event can a guarantee be given for the holding of the fair. At the same time the members assembled strongly urge a reduction of the booth rent, since they are not in a position to fulfill even approximately their obligations under the given conditions, and may well become a charge upon the city's charitable institutions."

But Biberkopf was irresistibly attracted by the speaker. "Meck, that's some orator, a man just made for the world." "Go ahead and step on his toes, maybe something will fall your way, too." "You can't tell about that, Gottlieb. But you know, them Jews did give me a lift. I went from one courtyard to another singing the Watch on the Rhine, that's how dizzy I was in my head. Then the two Jews fished me out and told me stories. Words are a good thing, too, Gottlieb, and what a man says." "That story about Stefan the Polak. Franz, you're still a little cracked." The latter shrugged his shoulders: "Gottlieb, cracked or not cracked, put yourself in my place and then talk. That man up there, the little hunchbacked fellow, he's all right. I tell you, he's first-class, first-class." "Well, have your way. You better begin to worry about business,

Franz." "We'll get around to that; one thing at a time. Why, I don't talk against business, do I?"

And he wended his way towards the hunchback. Respectfully he asked him for a piece of information. "What do you want?" "I should like to ask for some information." "The debate is over now. Finished, this is the end. We get sick of it, too, sometimes, up to here." The hunchback was venomous. "But what do you really want?" "Me?—They've been talking a lot about the Frankfort fair here, and you did your job wonderfully, first-class, sir. I wanted to tell you that, as coming from me. I'm entirely of your opinion." "Glad of that, comrade, if I may ask, what's your name?" "Franz Biberkopf. I saw with pleasure how you did your job and how you gave it to the Frankforters." "The municipal authorities." "First-class. That was a smooth ironing out. They won't say boo after that. They'll have to take a back seat now." The little fellow collected his papers, stepped from the stage into the smoke-filled hall. "Fine, comrade, that's great." And Franz beamed, bowing and scraping behind him. "But didn't you want some information? Are you a member of the association?" "No, sorry." "You can get it from me right away. Come along and sit down at the table." Thus Franz sat at the chairman's table below, among the flushed faces, drank, saluted, got a ticket in his hand. The fees he promised to pay the first of next month. Handshake.

From a distance he started signaling to Meck with the sheet of paper: "I'm a member now, yes, sir! I'm a member of the Berlin Local Group. There, read that, there

it is: Berlin Local Group, National Association, and what does it say here: of the Itinerant Tradesmen of Germany. Great, heh!" "And what are you, a dealer in textiles? Here it says textiles. But since when is that your line, Franz? What kind of textiles have you got?" "But I didn't say textiles, I said stockings and aprons. He just would have it that way, textiles. But it doesn't matter, I don't have to pay till the first of the month." "Well, old boy, first of all, suppose you should go in for china plates now, or kitchen pails, or let's say you trade in animals, like these gentlemen here: gentlemen, isn't it nonsense for a man to get himself a membership card for textiles when he might be going to deal in cattle?" "I advise you not to do anything in cattle. Cattle are low. You'd better go in for small live-stock." "But he isn't going in for anything at all, yet. That's a fact. Gentlemen, this fellow's only sitting around here and would like to do something. You might just as well tell him, yes, sir, Franz, go in for mouse-traps or plaster heads." "If it's necessary, Gottlieb, if you can make a living at it, why not? Not particularly mouse-traps, there's already a strong competition on the part of the drug-stores with their patent poisons, but plaster heads, why shouldn't a man take plaster heads into the small towns?" "You see, there you are: he gets himself a ticket for aprons and is going in for plaster heads."

"Gottlieb, that's not it; gentlemen, you're right, but you mustn't turn the thing around like that. You ought to explain a thing properly and show it in its proper light, like the hunchbacked chap did about that Frankfort busi-

ness, when you weren't listening." "Because I got nothing to do with Frankfort. And these gentlemen ain't either." "All right, Gottlieb, that's fine, gentlemen, don't wanta reproach you, only I, for my part, in my humble way, I was listening, and it was great, the way he illustrated everything, so calmly, but forcefully too, although he had a weak voice, and the man has a weak chest, too, and the way everything was arranged in order and the way he led up to the resolution, every point clean-cut, a fine thing, he's got a good head on him, and accurate even to mentioning the toilets they didn't like. Of course, I had that business with the Jews, you know, don't you? Once, gentlemen, when I felt very low, two Jews helped me by telling me stories. They spoke to me, decent people, who didn't know me, and then they told me about a Pole or somebody or other, and it was nothing but a story and still it was very good, a good lesson for me in the situation I was in. I thought: Cognac would have done the work, too. But who knows? Afterwards I was going good, and on my feet again." One of the live-stock dealers puffed and grinned: "Before that you must have got a pretty big wallop in the neck?" "No joking, gentlemen. Besides, you are right. It was some wallop! Might happen to you, too, in life, that things come plopping down on your head and make your knees wobble. Might happen to anybody, a dirty break like that. What are you going to do with your wobbly knees afterwards? You run around the streets, Brunnenstrasse, Rosenthaler Tor, Alex. You run around sometimes and can't even read the street signs. Clever people helped me then, they talked to me

and told me a lotta things, people with heads on 'em, and from that you learn this: You shouldn't swear by money or cognac or the lousy pennies you pay in dues. The main thing is, head high, and see that you use it and that you know what's goin' on around you, so you don't get knocked out before you know it. Then everything's not half bad. That's it, gentlemen. That's how it strikes me."

"And so, sir, I mean fellow-member, let's drink something. To our organization!" "To our organization, here's how, gentlemen. Here's how, Gottlieb!" The latter laughed and laughed: "Boy, the only question that's left now is how you're goin' to pay your dues the first of the month." "And then see to it, young colleague, now that you got a membership card and you are a member of our organization, that the organization helps you to make some real money." The live-stock dealers tried to outlaugh Gottlieb. One of the dealers: "You'd better go with that paper to Meiningen, next week is market week there. I'll take my stand on the right-hand side. You can go on the other side, to the left, and I'll watch how business goes with you. Let's imagine it; Albert, he has his card and is a member of the organization and is standing in his booth. Here on my side they're yelling: Hot dogs with real Meiningen crackers, and he yells opposite me: Right this way! First time here, member of the organization, the great sensation of the Zwick market of Meiningen. The people will come in droves. Say, Isaac, you make my eyes ache!" They beat on the table, Biberkopf along with them. Cautiously he shoved the paper into his breast-pocket: "If a man wants to walk, he simply buys

himself a pair of shoes. I haven't said anything yet about doing a fat lot of business. But I ain't looney, either." They got up.

Out in the street Meck got into a violent discussion with the two live-stock dealers. Both expressed their views about a lawsuit one of them was engaged in. He had been trading cattle in the Province of the Mark, but had a trade permit for Berlin only. A competitor had then met him in a village and reported him to the police. Whereupon the two dealers, who were traveling together, played a deep game: the defendant testifies in court that he was only the other's companion, and had acted according to his orders.

The cattle dealers were explaining: "We won't foot the bill. We'll take the oath. That is, we gotta take an oath in court. He'll swear he was only my companion and that he's done it often before, and we'll swear to that and that's all there is to it."

Then Meck got quite excited, holding the two cattle dealers by their overcoats: "There you are, you're crazy, why, you belong in Loonyville. Imagine taking an oath for a lousy thing like that, just to do that scoundrel a service, so that he can get you in trouble for good. It ought to be put in the papers that the law is giving its support to things like that, why, that's not straight, those gents with their monocles. But now we're talking justice."

The second live-stock dealer insists: "I'll swear, well, why not? Me—cough up, three appeals, and that crook getting a lot of fun out of it? No, sir. That guy's green

with envy. As far as I'm concerned, nothin' doin', I won't shell out."

Meck tapped his forehead with his fist: "You fat-head, you deserve to lie in the gutter where you are."

They took leave of the cattle dealers, Franz took Meck by the arm and they bowled along through the Brunnenstrasse. Meck hurled a threat after the cattle dealers: "Funny birds. Got something on their conscience. The whole country's got something on its conscience." "What did you say, Gottlieb?" "They're a lot o' jellyfish, instead of showing their fists to the court, nothin' but jellyfish, the whole country, business men, working men, the whole bunch of 'em."

Suddenly Meck stopped in his tracks and planted himself in front of Franz: "Franz, we gotta have a talk together. Otherwise I can't let you come with me, nohow." "Well, go ahead then." "Franz, I gotta know who you are. Look me in the face. Tell me honestly and on your word of honor, you got a taste of it out there in Tegel, you know what's right and just. And right is always right." "That's true, Gottlieb." "Well then, Franz, honest and true, what did they do to you out there?" "Don't you worry. You can believe me: if you got a fight to pick, just leave it outside. Out there they read books and learned shorthand and then they played chess, me, too." "You know how to play chess, too?" "Well, don't you worry, we'll go on shuffling our little game of skat, Gottlieb. So you sit around, you haven't got much gray matter to think with, with us transport workers it's more the muscles and bones that count, so you say one day: Damn it all, don't

get yourself mixed up with people, go your own way. Hands off people! Gottlieb, what's a man like us got to do with the law and police and politics? Out there we had a communist, he was bigger than me, he did his share in the '19 show in Berlin. They didn't get him then, but afterwards he got reasonable, got to know a widow and went right into her business. A clever boy, you see!" "Well, how did he get out there?" "Probably tried some shady deal. Out there we always stuck together, and if one of us squealed, he got what was coming to him. But it's better if you ain't got nothin' to do with the others. That's suicide. Just let 'em go their own way. Stay respectable and keep to yourself! That's my idea."

"Is that so?" said Meck and looked at him severely. "Why then we might as well all shut up shop, that's pretty wishy-washy of you, we'd all go to pieces that way." "Let 'em shut it, if they want to shut up shop, we're not worrying about it." "Franz, you're a sap, no doubt about that. You'll regret it some day, Franz."

Franz Biberkopf is walking down the Invalidenstrasse, his new girl-friend, Polish Lina, is walking along with him. At the corner of the Chausseestrasse there is a newsstand in the hallway, a few people are standing there, gabbling and chattering.

"Hey, don't stand around here." "Can't a man look at the pictures?" "Why don't you buy 'em? Don't block the passage-way." "Dumbbell."

Tourists' Supplement. When in our cold North there comes that disagreeable season which lies between snow-

glittering winter days and the first green of May, something draws us—an urge thousands of years old—to the sunny South beyond the Alps, to Italy. He who is so fortunate as to be able to follow this urge to roam. "Don't get so excited about people. Just look here, how barbarous they're getting; here's a fellow who attacks a girl in the street-car, and beats her half dead for fifty marks." "I'd do it too for that much." "What?" "Why, do you know what fifty marks is? You don't know anything about fifty marks. That's a pile o' money for a man in our position, a big pile, say. All right then, some day when you know what fifty marks is, I'll talk to you again."

Fatalistic speech made by Chancellor Marx: Whatever is to happen lies, in my opinion, in the hands of a Divine Providence, which has its special intentions for each people. Human accomplishment, on the other hand, will remain only fragmentary. All we can do is to continue to give our utmost effort, according to our convictions, and thus I shall have fulfilled, faithfully and honestly, the office I now hold. I conclude, gentlemen, with best wishes for a successful conclusion of your laborious and devoted activities in behalf of beautiful Bavaria. God speed your further efforts. So live, that when you die, hope you had a pleasant evening.

"Well, sir, are you through reading?" "Why?" "Shall I take the paper off the hook for you? There was a guy once, asked me for a chair so he could read in comfort." "Guess you only display your pictures so they—" "What I do with my pictures, that's my affair. You're not paying

for my stand. But fellows that simply sponge, I don't want 'em around my stand, they only drive customers away."

There he goes, he'd better have his shoes polished, probably camps out in that "Palme" flop-house on Fröbelstrasse, there he is taking the street-car, I bet he's riding on a fake ticket or has picked up an old one, and is trying it out. When they catch him, then it just happens he lost the right one. Those sponges, here come two more now. I'll have to put up a railing here, the next thing. Got to get some lunch now.

Franz Biberkopf comes marching along in a derby hat, plump Polish Lina on his arm. "Lina, eyes right, let's get into the hallway. The weather's not made for the unemployed. Let's look at the pictures. Nice pictures, but there's a draft here. Say, comrade, how's business? Why, a fellow could freeze to death here." "Well, it's not meant for a Turkish bath." "Lina, would you like to stay in a place like that?" "Come on, let's go, that fellow's got such a dirty grin." "Say, Fräulein, I bet it gives the boys a thrill, when you stand in the hallway and sell papers. Service from dainty hands."

Gusts of wind, the papers blow loose from the clamps. "Say, bo, you ought to put up an umbrella outside here." "So nobody could see anything?" "You could put a glass pane in front of it." "Come along, Franz." "Well, wait a minute. Jest a second. That man stands here for hours on end and isn't blown over. Don't be so fussy, Lina." "But what makes him keep on grinning like that?" "That's the

expression of my face, Fräulein, my features, I can't help that." "He's always grinning, I tell you, Lina, the poor guy."

Franz pushed his hat back, looked the newsvender in the face and burst out laughing, holding Lina's hand in his. "Why, he can't help it, Lina. He got it from his mother's breast. Do you know, bo, what kind of a face you make, when you grin? Nope, not like that, I mean, when you grin like you did before? You know, Lina. As if he was lying at his mother's breast and the milk had got sour." "That's where you're on the wrong track. They raised me on the bottle." "A lot of boloney." "Listen, bo, what does a man earn in this business?" "*Rote Fahne*, thanks. Let this man get by, please. Watch out, a box coming." "But you're sure in a nice mob here, all right."

Lina pulled him away, they floated down the Chausseestrasse as far as the Oranienburger Tor. "That'd be something for me, all right. I don't catch a cold so very easy. If it wasn't for all that hanging around in the hallway."

Two days later it is warmer. Franz, who has sold his overcoat, and is wearing thick underwear, which Lina got him somewhere, stands on the Rosenthaler Platz in front of Fabisch & Co., high-class men's tailoring to measure, excellent work and low prices are the characteristics of our products. Franz is hawking necktie-holders. He shouts his spiel:

"Why does the smart man in the West End wear a

bow tie when the proletarian doesn't? Ladies and gents, right up here, you too, Fräulein, with your husband, minors allowed, it costs no more for minors. Why doesn't the proletarian wear bow ties? Because he can't tie 'em. Then he has to buy a tie-holder, and after he's bought it, it's no good and he can't tie the tie with it. That's swindling, it makes the people bitter; it pushes Germany still deeper into poverty than she is already. Why, for instance, don't they wear those big tie-holders? Because nobody wants to put a dustpan around his neck. No man or woman wants that, not even the baby, if he could speak for himself. Please don't laugh at that, ladies and gents, don't laugh, we don't know what's going on in that dear little child brain. Oh, Lord, the dear little head, the little head and the little curls, it's pretty, ain't it, but when you got to pay alimony, it's not to be laughed at, that gets a man into trouble. Go buy yourself a tie like this at Tietz's or Wertheim's or, if you don't want to buy it from Jews, get it somewhere else. I'm a Nordic, I am." He raises his hat, blond hair, red ears standing out, merry bull's eyes. "The big department stores don't have to get me to advertise them, they can exist without me. Buy a tie like the one I have here, and then decide how you're going to tie it tomorrow.

"Ladies and gents, who has time nowadays to tie his tie in the morning, when he would rather take one more minute of sleep? We all need a lot of sleep, because we have to work so much to earn so little. A tie-holder like this helps you go to sleep. It competes with the drug stores, for whoever buys a tie-holder like the one I have

here don't need any sleeping powder and no night-cap or nothing. He sleeps without rocking, like a child at his mother's breast, because he knows there'll be no hurrying around in the morning; all he needs lies, ready for use, on his chest of drawers, and has only to be shoved into the collar. You spend your money for a lot of junk. Last year, for instance, you saw the crooks at the Krokodil bar, in the front they sold hot dogs, in the back Jolly was fasting in a glass case with sauerkraut growing around his mouth. Every one of you saw that—just come up a little closer, I wanta save my voice, I ain't insured my voice, I never had the money for the first premium—you saw Jolly lying in the glass box, didn't you? But how they smuggled chocolate to him, that you didn't see. Here you are buying honest goods, it's not celluloid, it's vulcanized rubber, twenty pfennigs a piece, fifty for three.

"Get away from the curb, young man, or you'll be run over by an auto, and who is going to sweep up the rubbish afterwards? Now I'll explain to you, how the tie is tied, or do I have to knock you on the head with a wooden hammer? You'll understand it at once. Here you take about twelve to thirteen inches from one side, then you fold the ends together, but not like this. That looks as if a flattened out bedbug was sticking to the wall, a wallpaper splotch, a man of the better class don't wear that. That's when you take my contraption. We gotta save time. Time is money. The romantic days are over and won't come back again, we all have to take that into consideration nowadays. You can't pull a rubber hose

slowly around your neck every day, you need a ready and efficient article like this here. Just look, that's your Christmas present, that suits your taste, ladies and gents, it's for your own good. If the Dawes Plan has left you anything at all, it's your head under your lid, and it ought to tell you that this is just what you want; buy it and take it home, it'll be a consolation to you.

"Ladies and gents, we need consolation, all of us together, and when we are foolish, we try to find it in the saloon. But if you're reasonable, don't do anything of the kind, for the pocketbook's sake anyway, because the kind of rotten liquor the bartender hands out nowadays cries to heaven, and the good kind is expensive. Therefore, take this contraption, put a small loop through here, you can also make a large loop, like the ones the fairies wear in their shoes, when they step out. You pull it through here and then take hold of one end. A German citizen buys only genuine goods, that's what you get here."

Lina gives it to the Pansies

But that isn't enough for Franz Biberkopf. He rolls his eyeballs. In the company of sloppy Lina he observes the street life between the Alex and Rosenthaler Platz and decides to sell newspapers. Why? They had told him all about it. Lina could lend a hand, and it's just the thing for him. Moving to, moving fro, roundabout and away we go.

"Lina, I can't make speeches, I'm not a popular orator.

When I'm selling something, they understand me, but it's not just right, either. Do you know what 'mind' is?" "Nope." Lina ogles him expectantly. "Look at the boys on the Alex and here, too, none of them has any mind. The fellows with the stalls and wagons, too, that ain't nothin' either. They're smart, clever boys, a lot of sap in 'em, needn't tell me anything about that. But just imagine a speaker in the Reichstag, Bismarck or Bebel, why, the ones we got now ain't nothing, take it from me, they got mind all right, mind, that means head, not just any old noodle. None of them can get anything out of me with their soft soap. A speaker that is a speaker." "Ain't you a speaker, Franz?" "You make me laugh—me a speaker! Know who's a speaker, well, you'll never believe it, your landlady." "That Schwenk woman?" "Nope, the other one, where I got the things, in the Karlstrasse." "The one near the circus? Don't talk to me about her."

Franz bends mysteriously forward: "She sure was a speaker, Lina, a real one, I tell you." "Not on your life. Comes into my room, and me lying in bed and wants to get my valise on account of one month." "All right Lina, now listen, it wasn't nice of her. But when I went upstairs and asked about the valise, she started off." "I know that bunk of hers. I didn't listen to her. Franz, you mustn't let a woman like that put the skids under you." "I tell you, Lina, she started off about criminal law, the civil code, and how she squeezed out a pension for her dead old man, when the old fool had an apoplectic fit, which didn't have anything to do with the

war. Since when has apoplexy got anything to do with the war? She said so herself, but she didn't give in, and she won her case. She's got mind, Fatty, no two ways about it. Whatever she wants she gets, that's more than earning a coupla pfennigs. That's where you show what you are. That's how you get air, baby. I'm still knocked flat." "You go up to see her once in a while?" Franz protests with both hands: "Suppose you go up there, Lina, you want to get a valise; you're there at eleven sharp, you got something to do at twelve, and about a quarter to one you're still standing there. She talks and talks to you, and you haven't got your valise yet, and maybe you trot off without it. She can talk, that one, take it from me."

He meditates across the table-top, and draws a design in a beer puddle with his finger: "I'm going to get a license somewhere and sell newspapers. That's a good thing."

She remains speechless, slightly insulted. Franz does what he pleases. One noon, he's on Rosenthaler Platz, she brings him sandwiches, then he lights out at twelve, plunks the box with the tripod and all the cardboard-boxes under her arms and goes out looking for information about newspapers.

To start with, an elderly man on the Hackesche Market in front of Oranienburger Strasse advises him to take an interest in sexual education. It's now being practiced on a big scale and doing quite well. "What's sexual education?" Franz asks, and hesitates. The white-haired man

points to his exhibit. "Better first take a look at this, then you won't ask questions about it." "Those are naked girls painted there." "That's the only kind I got." They puff silently side by side. Franz stands and gapes at the pictures from top to bottom, puffing into the air, the man looks past him. Franz looks him in the eye: "Listen here, comrade, do you get any fun out of this, these here girls and pictures like that? The *Gay Life*. Here they go and paint a nude girl with a little kitten. Wonder what she's after, on the stairs, with a li'l kitty. Suspicious bird. Am I disturbing you, pardner?" The latter, seated on his camp-chair, takes a deep breath and sinks into himself: there are jackasses in this world as big as mountains, the real thing in blockheads, who run around the Hackesche Market in broad daylight and stop in front of a fellow, if he's in bad luck, to talk a lot of tommyrot. As the white-haired man becomes silent, Franz takes a few magazines from the hook: "You mind, pardner? What's this? *Figaro*. And this one, *Marriage*. And this, *Ideal Marriage*. Now I s'pose that's different from marriage. *Woman's Love*. Everything to be had separately. Why a fellow can get all kinds of information here, if he's got any money, but it's mighty expensive. Beside there's a catch in it somewhere." "Well, I'd like to know what kind of a catch is in it. Everything goes. Nothing's forbidden. What I sell, I got authorization for, and there ain't no catch in it. Things like that I leave alone." "I can tell you one thing, I just want to tell you, looking at pictures is no good. I could tell you a thing or two about that. It does a man harm, yes, sir, that botches you up. You

start by looking at pictures and afterwards, when you want to, there you are, and it won't go naturally any more." "Don't know what you're talking about. And don't spit on my papers, they cost a lot o' money, and don't paw the covers like that. Here read this: *The Unmarried*. There's everything, even a special magazine for people like that." "Unmarried, well, well, why shouldn't there be people like that, why, I'm not married with Polish Lina either." "Well, here; look what's here, if that isn't true, it's only an example: To attempt to regulate the sexual life of the two parties by contract, or to decree conjugal duties in this respect, is the most loathsome and humiliating slavery we can possibly imagine. Well?" "How so?" "Is it true or not?" "That don't happen to me. A woman who would ask a thing like that from a man, is that really possible? Can it happen?" "Well, there you read it." "Well, that's going a bit strong. Just let 'em come and try anything like that on me."

Franz reads the sentence again in amazement, then he gives a start, and shows something to the old man: "Well, and look what it says *here:* I would like to give an example from the work of d'Annunzio, *Lust*, now watch out, d'Annunzio's the name of that super-swine, he's a Spaniard or Italian or from America, maybe. Here the thoughts of the man are so full of his distant sweetheart that, during a night of love with a woman who serves as substitute, the name of his true love escapes him against his will. That beats everything. No, sirree, I won't have anything to do with things like that." "Hold on, where's

that, lemme see it." "Here. Serves as substitute. Artificial rubber in place of rubber. Turnips instead of a real meal. Did you ever hear anything like it, a woman, a girl, for a substitute? He takes another one, just because he hasn't got his own, and the new one notices something, and that's the end, and I suppose she's not to peep? He gets that printed, the Spaniard! If I was a printer, I wouldn't print it." "Well, cut out that rot! Y' mustn't think you can understand everything with your little brain, what a fellow like that means, a real writer, and a Spaniard or Italian at that, right here in the crowd on the Hackesche Market."

Franz continues reading: "A great emptiness and silence then filled her soul. That's enough to make you climb trees. Nobody'll make me believe that. I don't care who he is. Since when, emptiness and silence? I can talk about that, too, just like that fellow, and the girls probably ain't any different there than anywhere else. Once I had one of 'em, and she noticed something, an address in my notebook, well, boy: she notices something, and then silence? Maybe you think so, heh, but then you don't know anything about women, old feller. You shoulda heard 'er. The whole house shook and roared. That's how loud she bawled. I couldn't tell 'er what it was all about. She kept on going, as if she was on a hot griddle. People came running. I was glad when I got outside." "Say, there's two things you don't seem to notice?" "Which are?" "When anybody takes a paper from me, he buys it and he keeps it. If there's any tripe in it, it don't matter either, he's only interested in the pictures,

anyway." Franz Biberkopf's left eye disapproved of that. "And then here we got: *Woman's Love* and *Friendship*, and they don't talk any bunk, I'm tellin' you, they fight. Yes, sir, they fight for human rights." "Why, what's the matter with 'em?" "Penal Code, Section 175, if you don't know it." There just happens to be a lecture in Landsberger Strasse, Alexanderpalais, tonight, Franz might hear something about the wrong done to a million people in Germany every day. It's enough to make your hair stand on end. The man pushed a bunch of old papers under Franz's arm, Franz sighed, looked at the package under his arm: all right, he'll probably be there. What'll I do there, anyway, shall I really go, wonder if it's worth while handling magazines like that? The pansies; he just gives me this stuff and expects me to carry it home and read it. A fellow might feel sorry for those boys, but they're none o' my business.

He left in a great pother, the whole thing seemed to him so far from kosher that he didn't say a word to Lina and got rid of her in the evening. The old news-vender pushed him into a little hall, where there were almost nothing but men, mostly very young, and a few women, who sat apart in couples. Franz didn't say a word for an hour, but grinned a lot behind his hat. After ten o'clock, he couldn't stand it any longer, he had to beat it, the whole thing, and those funny people, it was too ridiculous for words, so many fairies in a bunch, and he right among 'em, he got out quickly, and laughed until he came to Alexanderplatz. As he was leaving, he heard the lecturer talking about Chemnitz and the police ordinance of No-

vember 27. This forbids all inverts to go on the streets or use the comfort stations, and, if they are caught, it costs them 30 marks. Franz looked for Lina, but she had gone out with her landlady. He went to sleep. In his dream he laughed and swore a lot, he had a fight with a silly old driver who kept driving him around and around the Roland fountain in the Siegesallee. The traffic cop, too, was running after the car. At last Franz jumped out, and the auto drove like mad around the fountain and around him in a circle, and this went on and on without stopping, and Franz was always standing around with the copper while they consulted together: what are we going to do with him, he's crazy?

Next morning he waits for Lina in the café as usual, he has the mazagines with him. He wants to tell her what boys like that really have to suffer, Chemnitz and the article of the law with the 30 marks, at the same time it's not his business, and they can bother about their articles themselves. And then Meck might come too, trying to get him to do something for the cattle drivers. Nope, all he wants is peace, they can go soak their heads.

Lina sees right away that he has slept badly. Hesitantly he pushes the magazines towards her, the pictures on top. Frightened, Lina claps her hand over her mouth. Then he starts talking again about mind. Looks for yesterday's beer puddle on the table, but there isn't any. She moves away from him: Suppose there's something wrong with him like the kind here in the papers. She doesn't understand, up to now he certainly wasn't like that. He fiddles around, draws lines on the bare wood with his dry

finger, then she takes the whole package of papers from the table and throws it down on the bench. At first she stands there like a mænad, and they stare at each other, he looking up at her like a little boy, then she waltzes off. And there he sits with his papers, now he can think about the fairies.

A baldpate goes walking one evening in the Tiergarten, he meets a pretty boy, who hooks onto him at once; they have a lovely stroll together for an hour, then the baldpate has the notion—the instinct, oh the desire, immense at that moment—to be very nice to the youngster. He is a married man, he has often noticed these things before, but now it has to be, ah, it's really marvelous. "You're my sunshine, you're my darling."

And the lad is so gentle. To think that such things exist: "Come on, let's go to a little hotel. You can give me five marks, or ten. I'm quite broke." "Anything you want, my sunshine." He gave him his whole pocketbook. To think that such things exist. That's the nicest part of it all.

But in the room the door has peep-holes. The hotelkeeper sees something and calls his wife; she, too, sees something. And afterwards they say they won't allow such things in their hotel, they saw it all right and he can't deny it. And they would never permit such things, and he ought to be ashamed to seduce young boys like that, they are going to report him to the police. The porter and the chambermaid also come and grin. Next

day the baldpate buys himself two bottles of champagne: Asbach Uralt, and leaves on a business trip. He wants to go to Heligoland, to end it all by drowning while plastered. He gets drunk all right, and takes a boat, but comes back two days later to the old girl; at home nothing has happened.

Nothing at all happens throughout the month, the whole year. Just one thing: he inherits $3,000 from an American uncle and is able to treat himself a bit. Then one day, while he's off at the seashore, a court summons arrives which the old lady has to sign for him. She opens it, and everything's there about those peep-holes and that pocketbook and the dear little boy. And when baldpate gets back from his holiday, they're all weeping around him, the old lady and his two grown daughters. He reads the summons, why, that's all dead and buried, that's bureaucracy and a lot of red tape dating back to Charlemagne, and now it has got to him, but it's true, all right. "What have I done, Judge? Why, I didn't offend anybody's feelings. I went to a room, locked myself in. Is it my fault if they have those peep-holes? Nothing illegal really happened." The boy confirms his story. "Now what is it I've done?" Baldpate weeps into his fur coat: "Did I steal anything? Did I commit a burglary? I only broke into a dear boy's heart. I said to him: my sunshine. And so he was."

He is acquitted. At home the family all keep on crying.

"Magic Flute," dance-hall, with an American Dance-Hall on the ground floor. The Oriental Casino available for private entertainments. What Christmas gift shall I

give my best girl? Inverts: after many years of experiment I have at last found a radical antidote against the growth of the beard. Every part of the body can be depilated. Furthermore I have discovered the means of developing a truly feminine breast within an astonishingly short time. No medicines, absolutely safe and harmless. As proof: myself. Liberty for Love all along the front.—

A star-clear sky looked down upon the dark realms of mankind. The castle of Kerkauen lay in deep nocturnal quiet. But a fair-haired woman buried her head in the pillows and found no sleep. Tomorrow, tomorrow, her love, the dear love of her heart, would leave her. A whisper went (ran) through the sable, impenetrable (dark) night: Gisa, stay with me, stay with me (don't go away, don't go off on a voyage, don't fall down, take a seat please). Forsake me not. But the cheerless silence had neither ear nor heart (nor foot nor nose). And yonder, separated only by a few walls, there lay a pale slender woman with wide open eyes. Her dark, heavy hair lay in confusion on the silk of the bed (Castle Kerkauen is famous for its silk beds). A shiver of cold shook her. Her teeth chattered, as though she were deeply chilled, full stop. But she did not move, comma, she did not pull the coverlet closer over herself, full stop. Motionless her slender, ice-cold hands lay (as if deeply chilled, cold-shuddering, a slender woman with wide open eyes, famous silk bed) on it, full stop. Her luminous eyes roamed blazing through the darkness, and her lips trembled, colon, quotation marks, Eleanore, dash, Eleanore, dash,

quotation marks, quotation francs, quotation dollars—going, going, gone!

"Nope, nope, I won't go with you, Franz. You're off my calling list. You can make yourself scarce." "Come on, Lina, I'm going to hand him back his junk." And as Franz took his hat off and placed it on the chest of drawers—it was in her room—and made a few convincing gestures towards her, she first scratched his hand and wept, then she went off with him. They each took some of the magazines in question and approached the battle-front on the line Rosenthaler Strasse, Neue Schönhauser Strasse, Hackesche Market.

In the fighting zone, Lina, the hearty, sloppy, unwashed, weepy little girl, made an offensive of her own à la Prince of Homburg: My noble uncle Friedrich von der Mark! Natalie! Let be! Let be! Oh God, Oh God, he is undone, so be it, so be it! She dashed post-haste and fast-paced to whitehead's newsstand. Franz Biberkopf, noble sufferer, found it expedient to stay in the background. He stood backgrounded in front of the cigar-store of Schröder Import Export and from there observed, slightly impeded by fog, street-cars and passers-by, the progress of the action just engaged. The heroes had figuratively contacted each other. They skirmished for each other's weak and vulnerable points. And so Lina Przyballa of Czernowitz, the farmer Stanislaus Przyballa's only legitimate daughter—following two miscarriages which only half developed, both of which were to have been called Lina—pitched the package of papers down

with a peppery gesture. The rest got lost in the noise of the street traffic. "What a wench! What a wench!" Franz, the joyously impeded sufferer, groaned in admiration. He approached, in his capacity of reserves, the center of the fighting zone. Already in front of Ernst Kümmerlich's beer-shop, Miss Lina Przyballa, heroine and conqueror, threw a smile at him, and sloppy, but joyful, she shrieked: "I gave it to him, Franz."

Franz knew it. In the café she forthwith sank *pede stante* to that part of his anatomy below his woolen shirt which she took for his heart, but which was in more exact terms his sternum and the upper lobe of his left lung. She was triumphant as she poured down her first Gilka: "And now he can pick up his rubbish in the street."

Oh immortality, thou art my very own, beloved what sheen is now outspread, hail, all hail, to the Prince of Homburg, victor in the battle of Fehrbellin, all hail! (Court ladies, officers, and torches appear on the castle terrace.) "Waiter, how 'bout another Gilka."

Hasenheide, Neue Welt, Life's one damned Thing after Another, we shouldn't make Life harder than it is

And Franz sits with Miss Lina Przyballa in her room, laughing: "Lina, y'know what a stock-girl is?" He gives her a poke in the ribs. She gapes: "Well, that Fölsch girl, now, isn't she a stock-girl, she gets out the phonograph records at the music-store." "That's not what I mean. When I give you a shove and you're lying on the

sofa, and me next to you, then you're a stuck-girl and I'm a stock-man." "You're a nice one, all right." She squealed.

So once again, and once again lets umptidumtididdle-diddledee, roll along, roll along, merrily we roll along, tidumtididdledee, and once again merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along.

And they get up from the sofa—you're not sick, sir, are you? If so, you'd better visit Uncle Doctor—and merrily stroll towards the Hasenheide into Neue Welt, where the high-steppers go, where bonfires blaze, prizes for the slimmest calves. The musicians sat on the stage in Tyrolese costumes. Soft music: "Drink, drink, brother, let's drink, Leave all your worries at home, Shun all trouble and shun all pain, Then life's a happy refrain, Shun all trouble and shun all pain, Then life's a happy refrain."

It got into their bones, with every measure and between beer-mugs, they tittered and smirked, they hummed with the music, moved their arms in rhythm; Booze, booze, guzzle and booze, Leave all your trouble at home, Booze, booze, guzzle and booze, Leave all your trouble at home, Shun all trouble and shun all pain, Then life's a happy refrain.

Charlie Chaplin was there in person, he whispered in northeastern German dialect, waddled about up there on the balustrade in his wide pants with the giant shoes, pinched the leg of a not too young lady, and raced with her down the coaster. Numerous families gobbled up food around a table, leaving a lot of dirt. You may buy a long stick with a paper tuft on top for 50 pfennigs and establish any connection with it you want, the neck is

sensitive, so is the knee cap, afterwards you move your leg and turn around. Who is here anyway? Civilians of both sexes, then a handful of soldiers from the Reichswehr with feminine accompaniment: Drink, drink, brother, let's drink, Leave all your worries at home.

The air is thick, full of clouds from pipes, cigars, and cigarettes, the whole huge hall is enveloped in fog. The smoke, when it finds it is getting too smoky, tries to escape upwards because of its light weight, and, as a matter of fact, finds slits, holes, and ventilators ready to push it along. But outside, outside it is dark night and cold. Then the smoke repents of its levity, resists its constitution, but it can't find the way back, for the ventilators all turn to one side. Too late. It finds itself surrounded by physical laws. The smoke doesn't know what's happened, it grasps its brow, and has no brow, it wants to ponder—but in vain. The wind, the cold, the night have seized it; 'twas never seen again.

At a table sit two couples, looking at the passers-by. The gentleman in the salt-and-pepper suit, his mustache bent over the prominent bosom of a dark, stout woman. Their tender hearts tremble, their noses sniffle, he leans over her bosom, she over the pomade-covered back of his head.

Beside them, a woman in a yellow-checked dress sits laughing. Her gentleman friend puts his arm around her chair. She has prominent teeth, a monocle, her open left eye seems blind, she smiles, puffs, shakes her head: "What funny questions you ask." A young chicken with blond water-waves is sitting at the next table, or rather

she covers, with her powerfully developed, though concealed backside, the iron seat of a low garden chair. She hums happily through her nose to the music, the after-effect of a beefsteak and three glasses of light beer. She chatters and babbles, lays her head on his neck, on the neck of the second fitter of a firm in Neukölln, this chicken being his fourth affair this year, while, on the other hand, he is her tenth, or rather eleventh this year, if we figure among them also her first cousin, who, be it said, is her official fiancé. She opens her eyes suddenly, for Chaplin might fall down up there any moment. The fitter grabs with both hands after the coaster, where something seems to be happening sure enough. They order salted pretzels.

A gentleman, 36 years old, part-owner of a little provision business, buys himself six big balloons at 50 pfennigs each, lets one after another go up in the aisle in front of the band, by which means he succeeds, because of his lack of other charms, in attracting attention to himself from girls, women, virgins, widows, divorcees, adulteresses, and other unfaithful lassies, who are wandering about alone or in couples, and so he finds company without much difficulty. You pay 20 pfennigs in the adjoining gangway for weight-lifting. A glance into the future. You dab, with your finger well wetted, on the chemical preparation in the circle between the two hearts and then smear it a few times on the empty page above, whereupon the picture of the future sweetheart will appear. You have been on the right road since childhood. Your heart knows no deceit, but, nevertheless, with fine sensitiveness, you

scent every trap that envious friends would like to set for you. Continue to have confidence in your art of living, for the star under the light of which you stepped into this world, will be your constant guide and help you to find a life companion who will make your happiness perfect. This companion in whom you may have confidence has the same character as you yourself. He will not woo you impetuously, but your silent happiness at his side will be the more constant for that.

Near the cloak-room in another hall a band was playing on a balcony. The members of this band wore red waistcoats and kept yelling they had not enough to drink. Below them there stood a corpulent man of upright mien, in a frock-coat. He had on a curiously striped paper cap and wanted to put a paper carnation into his buttonhole while singing, an occupation in which, however, as a result of eight light beers, two punches, and four cognacs, he was not successful. In the tumult he sang up towards the band, then hopped, skipped, and jumped in a waltz with an old, tremendously bulbous person with whom he drew wide circles like a merry-go-round. While dancing, the person in question grew more and more diffuse, but she had enough instinct left to sit down on three chairs shortly before her explosion.

Franz Biberkopf and this man in the frock-coat met during an intermission, below the balcony, on which the band was still crying for beer. And a beaming blue eye stared at Franz, lovely moon thou roam'st so silently, his other eye was blind, they raised their white beer-mugs, this veteran croaked: "You're a traitor too, ain't you, the

others are sitting around the feedbin." He gulped: "Don't look at me so hard, tell me, where did you serve in the army?"

They drank each other's health, flourish of trumpets by the band, we have nothing to drink, we have nothing to drink. Hey there, cut that out, cheer up, perk up, three cheers for good old Gemütlichkeit. "Are you a German, are you German to the bone? What's your name?" "Franz Biberkopf. Say, Fatty, he don't know me." The veteran whispered, his hand before his mouth, he belched: "Are you a German, honest and true? If you run with the Reds, you're a traitor. He who is a traitor isn't my friend." He embraced Franz: "The Poles, the French, the fatherland for which we bled, that's the nation's gratitude." Then he pulled himself together, danced again with that expansive person whom he had collected once more, the same old waltz, no matter what the tune. He staggered, seemed to be looking for something. Franz shouted: "Over here." Lina went and got him, then he danced with Lina, arm in arm they appeared before Franz at the bar: "Excuse me, with whom have I the pleasure, the honor? Your name, if I may ask." Drink, drink, brother, let's drink, Leave all your worries at home. Shun all trouble and shun all pain, Then life's a happy refrain.

Two pig's knuckles, one corned-beef, the lady had horse-radish, yes, where did you leave your things, there are two cloak-rooms here, by the way, are prisoners held for examination allowed to wear their wedding rings? I

say, no. The boat-club affair lasted until four o'clock. The automobile roads there, why, they're something awful, a man bumps right against the roof of the car, might as well be diving.

Arm in arm the cripple and Franz sit at the bar: "Say, lemme tell you, they reduced my pension, they did, I'm gonna join the Reds. The fellow who drives us out of Paradise with a flaming sword is the archangel, and so we won't go back there. And there we are sitting up on the Hartmannsweilerkopf, says I to my captain, he's from Stargard like me." "Storkow?" "No, Stargard. Now I've lost my carnation no, there she is." He who has kissed by the beautiful sea, while the billows listened and rippled with mirth, knows surely what life's greatest charm can be, he has chatted with love upon this earth.

Franz now peddles racist, pro-Nordic papers. He is not against the Jews, but he is for law and order. For law and order must reign in Paradise; which everyone should recognize. And the *Steel Helmet*, he's seen those boys, and their leaders, too, that's a great thing. He stands by the subway exit, at Potsdamer Platz, in the Friedrich-strasse arcade, under the Alexanderplatz station. He shares the opinion of the cripple out there in the Neue Welt, the fellow with the one eye, the man with that fat madam.

To the German people on the First Sunday in Advent: Destroy your illusions once and for all and punish those who lull you to sleep with their juggling wiles! For the

day will come when truth will rise from the battle-field with her sword of right and her unstained shield to conquer every foeman's guiles.

"While these lines are being written, there is in progress the trial of the Knights of the Reichsbanner, the Knights who, thanks to a superiority of about from 15 to 20 times, were able to express their programatic pacifism as well as the courage of their convictions by attacking a handful of National-Socialists, knocking them down and killing our party member Hirschmann, in a most bestial manner. Even from the testimony of the accused, who have the legal right, and, we suspect, their party's command, to lie, it is obvious with what premeditated brutality, so characteristic of their party principles, they acted."

"True federalism is anti-semitism, the struggle against Jewry is also the struggle for the autonomy of Bavaria. Long before the time set for the opening, the big Mathäser banquet hall was crowded, and the public continued to pour in. Up to the time of the opening of the meeting, our crack S.A. band entertained us with a smart rendition of sprightly marches and melodies. At half-past eight, our party member, Oberlehrer, opened the meeting with cordial greetings and then our party member, Walter Ammer, began his speech."

In the Elsasser Strasse the boys laugh themselves sick when he makes his appearance in the café at noon, his arm-band discreetly tucked in his pocket; they pull it out. Franz talks them down.

Turning to the jobless young locksmith, who puts down his big mug in amazement, he says: "So you're laughing

at me, Richard, what for, I'd like to know? Because you're married? You're twenty-one and your wife is eighteen, and what do you know about life? Zero minus three. I tell ye, Richard, while we're at it, talking about the girls, seeing you got a little boy, I'll let you have your way on account of that bawling brat. But what else? Heh?"

Georg Dreske, the polisher, 39 years old, locked-out at present, plays with Franz's arm-band. "Take a peep at it, Georgie, there's nothing on that band I can't account for. I skidooed out there, old man, the way you did, I'll tell the world, but what came out of it afterwards? Whether a fellow has a red belly-band on his cigar or a gold band or a black-white-red band, the cigar won't taste any better for it. It depends on the tobacco, old fellow, wrapper, filler, and properly rolled and dried, and where it comes from. That's what I say. What did we do anyhow, Georgie, tell me that." 44068

The latter quietly lays the band on the bar-counter in front of him and gulps down his beer, talking very hesitatingly with an occasional stutter and wetting his gullet frequently: "I'm only looking at you, Franz, and I'm only telling you, haven't I known you for ages—since Arras and Kovno—yes, they certainly did put one over on you." "On account of the band, you mean?" "Oh everything. Leave that stuff alone. You needn't do that, running around in the crowd that way."

Now Franz gets up, pushing aside young Richard Werner, the locksmith with the big Schiller collar, just as the latter is about to ask him something: "Nope, nope, Dick, you're a nice enough kid, but this is a man's job.

Simply because you got the vote, don't think you can join in the talk between Georgie and me any time you want to." He stands for a while meditatively beside the polisher at the bar, while the proprietor in the big blue apron waits attentively inside, in front of the liqueur-shelf opposite them, his fat hands in the sink: "Well, Georgie, what was that about Arras?" "What do you mean? Don't you know that yourself? And the reason you skidooed. And about the band. Listen, Franz, old man, I'd rather hang myself with that. They certainly have soft-soaped you."

Franz stares with a very steady gaze at the polisher, who begins to stutter, throws his head back, and gazes straight into his eyes: "I want to hear about Arras. We'll find out if you were in Arras." "You must be having pipe-dreams, Franz, I didn't say anything. You must be tight." Franz waits and thinks to himself. I'll make him eat his words, he acts as if he didn't understand anything, he's playing the fool. "Why, of course, Georgie, we were certainly together at Arras, with Arthur Böse and Bluhm and the little non-com., what was his name, he had a funny name." "I forget." Let him talk, he's tight, the others notice it, too. "Wait a minute what was his name, Bistra or Birska, or something like that, that little fellow." Let him talk, I won't say anything, he'll get himself all tangled up, then he won't say anything more. "Yes, we know 'em all. But I don't mean that. Where we stayed afterwards, at Arras, after it was all over, after '18, when that other junk started, here in Berlin and in Halle and Kiel and . . ."

Georg Dreske declined with determination, that's too silly for me, I'm not going to stand around a saloon for such a lot of bunk. "Nope, cut it out, I'll be going. Tell it to little Richard. Here, Richard." "He's trying to act big in front of me, the Baron. He only goes with Barons now. I'm surprised he still hangs around with us in the café, this gentleman." Clear eyes bore into Dreske's unsteady eyes: "Well, that's what I mean, that's it exactly, Georgie, when we were stationed at Arras after '18, Field Artillery, or Infantry or the Signal Corps or the Labor Battalion or whatever you call it. And when peace came afterwards, you know?" Now I getcha, wait a minute, m'boy, you shouldn't touch on that subject, now should you? "Well, now, I'm just going to empty my mug, and you, Franz, old kid, you might look that up in your papers, if you happen to have any—I mean look up where you were later on, where you hung around or didn't hang around, also where you stood or where you sat, yes, sir. A peddler ought always to have his papers about him." Well, did you get me that time, the bull-pen, remember that. Calm eyes into Dreske's cunning ones: "Four years after '18 I was in Berlin. The whole war didn't last any longer than that, now did it? I was going around and you were going around, Richard here was still at his mother's apron-strings. Well, did we notice anything here like Arras, or did you maybe? We had inflation, paper bills, millions and billions of them, no meat, no butter, worse than before, we saw all that, and you too, Georgie, and where Arras was, you can just figure that out on your own fingers. There was nothing there, was

there? All we did was to bum around and swipe the farmers' potatoes."

Revolution? Unscrew the flag-staff, wrap the bunting in the oil covers, and put the thing in the clothes-chest. Let the old lady bring you your house-slippers and untie your fiery red necktie. You always make revolutions with your mugs, your republic—nothing but an industrial accident.

Dreske thinks to himself: He's going to turn out to be a dangerous fellow. Richard Werner, that young duffer, opens his mouth again: "Maybe you'd like it better, Franz, if we'd started a new war, maybe you'd like to shove it on our backs. Merrily we'll conquer France! But you'll tear a big hole in your pants with that." Franz is thinking: What a monkey, regular ape, nigger heaven. All he knows about war is through the movies, a whack on his head and down with him.

The proprietor dries his hands on his blue apron. A green prospectus lies in front of the polished glasses, he pants heavily as he reads: Hand Assorted Come-Back Roast Coffee is unrivaled. People's Coffee (second quality and roast coffee); Pure Unground Bean Coffee, 2.29; Santos, guaranteed pure; first-class Santos Household Mixture, strong and economical; Van Campina's Strong Mixture, pure flavored; Mexico Mixture, exquisite, best value in Plantation coffee, 3.75; assortment of merchandise by railroad, 36 pounds minimum. A bee, a wasp, a bumblebee circles up there on the ceiling near the stovepipe, in winter a perfect miracle of nature. Its tribal companions, companions of its own species, sentiment, and gender are dead and gone or else not yet born; this is the

Ice Age which the lonely bumblebee endures without knowing how it came about or why this particular bee. But that sunlight which spreads silently over the table in front and on the floor, divided into two masses of light by the sign: Löwenbräu Patzenhofer, is age-old and makes all else seem perishable and unimportant, when you see it. It comes from over *x* miles away, it shot past the star *y*, the sun has been shining for millions of years, since long before Nebuchadnezzar, before Adam and Eve, before the ichthyosaurus, and now it shines into the little beer-shop through the window-pane, divided into two masses by a tin sign: Löwenbräu Patzenhofer, spreads out over the table and on the floor, imperceptibly gaining ground. It spreads over them, and they know it. It is winged, light, over-light, light-light, from heaven high I come to you.

Two big grown-up animals in clothes, two human beings, two men, Franz Biberkopf and Georg Dreske, a newsvender and a locked-out polisher, however, stand at the bar, hold themselves perpendicular on their pants-covered lower extremities, lean on the wood with their arms stuck in thick tubes of overcoats. Each of them thinks, observes, and feels, each something different.

"Then you might as well know this and remember it, there never was any Arras, Georgie, we simply didn't do anything, might as well confess, not us. Neither you or the ones who were there. There wasn't any discipline, wasn't anybody in command, always one against the other. I beat it out of the trenches and you, too, and Öse, too. Well, and here at home, when it started, who was it

skidooed? The whole lot of 'em. Wasn't anybody to stick around, you saw that, didn't you, a handful, maybe, a thousand. You can have 'em." So that's his game and him such a bonehead, and he lets 'em fool him. "Because they betrayed us, the big guys, in '18 and '19, Franz, and they killed Rosa and Karl Liebknecht too. How can people stick together that way and do anything? Take a look at Russia, Lenin, there they stick together, like putty. But just wait and see." Blood must bubble, blood must bubble, in muggy currents thick. "I don't care. The world's going to the dogs and you, too, while you wait. I won't bother about bunk like that. Here's my proof: they couldn't accomplish anything and that's enough for me. Not the slightest thing was done, like on that Hartmannsweilerkopf, which a fellow is always preaching to me about, the veteran, he was up there, you don't know him, well, not a thing. And so—"

Here Franz gets up, takes his band from the table, stuffs it into his overcoat, waves back and forth horizontally with his left arm, slowly walking back to his table: "And then I say what I always said, you understand, Krause, you might remember this, too, Richard: there ain't nothing can come out of that business of yours. Not that way. Don't know if there's anything going to come out of the fellows with this band here. And I didn't say it either, but it's something else. Peace on earth, as they say, that's all right, and whoever wants to work, let him work and we're too good for that bunk."

And he sits on the window-sill and wipes his cheek, squints into the bright room and plucks a hair from his

ear. The car grinds around the corner, No. 9, Ostring, Hermannplatz, Wildenbruchplatz, Treptow Depot, Warschauer Brücke, Baltenplatz, Kniprodestrasse, Schönhauser Allee, Stettiner Bahnhof, Hedwigkirche, Hallesches Tor, Hermannplatz. The proprietor leans on the metal beer-tap, sucks and lolls his tongue over the new filling in his lower jaw, tastes like a drug-store, little Emilie has got to go to the country again this summer or to Zinnowitz with the vacation colony, the child's ailing again, his eyes fall on the green prospectus, it's lying crooked, he straightens it out, a bit anxious about it, can't see anything lie around crooked. Marinated bismarck herring with first-class sauce, delicious boneless meats, rollmops in extra fine marinade sauce, delicious with pickle inside, herring in jelly, large chunks, delicious fish, roast herring.

Words, resounding waves, noise-waves, full of content, rock to and fro through the room, from the throat of Dreske, the stutterer, who smiles at the floor: "Well, Franz, good luck to you, as the sky-pilot says, on your new path of life. When we march out to Karl and Rosa in Friedrichsfelde next January, you're not going to be with us then, are you?" Let him stutter away, I'll sell my papers.

When they are alone, the proprietor gives Franz a smile. The latter stretches his legs comfortably under the table: "Why are they beating it, Henschke, that gang? On account of my arm-band? I suppose they're going to get reinforcements." That fellow won't let up. Some of these days they're going to kick him out of here. Blood

must bubble, blood must bubble, in currents muggy and thick.

The proprietor tastes his filling, I've got to push the goldfinch nearer the window, a wee little animal like that needs a little light. Franz helps him, drives a nail into the wall behind the bar, the proprietor carries the bird-cage with the fluttering little animal from the other wall: "It's certainly dark today. The houses are too high." Franz stands on the chair, hangs the cage up, steps down, whistles, raises his index finger and whispers again: "I hope nobody'll come near it now. It'll get used to it. It's a goldfinch, a she." Both are silent, nod to each other, look up and smile.

Franz is a Man of Form, he knows what he owes to himself

In the evening, sure enough, Franz is kicked out of Henschke's. He comes tripping along at nine, takes a look at the bird, it's got its head under its wings already and is sitting on the perch in the corner, funny, why is it a tiny animal like that doesn't fall off when it sleeps? Franz whispers to the proprietor: "What do ye say to that, the little animal sleeps right through all this racket, what do ye say to that, it's great, ain't it, it sure must be tired, wonder if all this smoke is good for it, for small lungs like that?" "It's never known anything else at my place, there's always smoke here, in the café, you know; at that, it's quite thin today."

Then Franz sits down: "Well, I'm not going to smoke

today, it may get too thick otherwise, and we'll open the window a bit afterwards, there won't be any draft." Georg Dreske, young Richard, and three others sit at a separate table opposite. Two of them Franz does not know. There is nobody else in the room. When Franz came in, there was a big row going on and a lot of loud talking and swearing. As soon as he opens the door, they lower their voices, the two new ones look frequently in Franz's direction, bend over the table, then lean back impudently in their seats and drink each other's health. When lovely eyes begin to wink, when full glasses gleam and clink, there comes once more, once more, the call to drink. Henschke, the bald-headed proprietor, busies himself with the tap and the dish-washing; contrary to his custom he does not leave the place but manages to keep bustling and fussing around.

Then all of a sudden the conversation at the next table grows very loud, one of the newcomers leads in the chorus. He wants to sing, it's too quiet for him here, and there's no piano-player here, either; Henschke calls over to him: "Why should I get one, my business wouldn't pay for it." Franz knows what they want to sing, either the "Internationale" or "Brother, to light and liberty," unless they've got something new. There they go. They're singing the Internationale.

Franz chews, thinks to himself; they mean me. All right with me, if only they wouldn't smoke so much. When they sing, they don't smoke, it's bad for the little bird. That old Georg Dreske should be sitting with such young oafs, and don't even come over to join him, well,

he never would have thought that possible. The old fool, married at that, an honest old fool, sitting with those kids and listening to them cackling away. One of the newcomers calls over to him: "Well, comrade, did you like the song?" "Me, fine, you got good voices." "Why don't you join in?" "I'd rather eat. When I get through eating, I'll sing with you, or else sing something myself." "All right."

They go on talking with each other, Franz eats and drinks at his ease, thinks of Lina, and that the little bird don't plump down while it's asleep, and looks across the room, who is that fellow smoking his pipe? Business was good today, but it was cold. There are always a couple of 'em over there watching him eat. Probably afraid I'm going to swallow the wrong way. Once there was a fellow ate a sausage sandwich and when it reached his stomach, it thought the thing over and came back up in his throat and said: you forgot the mustard; and then it went down the proper way. That's what a real sandwich of respectable parents does. And the moment Franz has finished and pours his beer down, rightaway that fellow calls across to him: "Well, how about it, comrade, are you going to sing us something now?" Maybe they're organizing a singing club over there, we might join 'em; if they sing they won't smoke. But I'm not in a hurry, when I promise anything, I keep my word. And he meditates, wiping his nose; it drips, when you get into a warm room, no use pulling it; he thinks, wonder where Lina's keeping herself, and I might as well treat myself to a coupla wienies, but I'm getting a bit stout, what'll I sing for 'em, they

don't understand nothing about life, anyway, but a promise is a promise. And suddenly through his head there strays a phrase, a line, a poem he had learned in prison, they often recited it, it went from cell to cell. He remains under the spell of the moment, his head is warm and flushed from the heat, it sinks on his chest, he grows serious and thoughtful. With his hand on his mug, he says: "I know a poem, from prison, it's by a prisoner, his name was, wait a minute, what was his name, Dohms, that's it."

Right. Now it's out, but it was a fine poem. He sits alone at his table. Henschke, from behind his sink, listens along with the others, nobody comes in, the tile stove crackles. Franz, his head resting on his hand, recites a poem which Dohms composed, and he sees the cell, the courtyard, he can stand it now, wonder what young fellows are there now: he himself is walking in the prison courtyard, that's more than these guys know, what do they know about life, anyway?

He says: "If on this earth you want to be, a creature, male and full of glee, be careful and weigh everything, before you let the midwife fling you towards the daylight, there to grow: Earth is a nest of grief and woe. Believe the poet of these verses, who often pines and often curses, while chewing on this iron crust—quotation pinched from Goethe's Faust: Man only relishes life's glow, in general, as an embryo! . . . There is the good old father State, he rags and irks you soon and late. He pricks and pesters you—you're bled—with laws and codes: 'Prohibited!' His first commandment: Man, shell out. His second:

Hold your dirty snout. And thus you live in adumbration, your state is that of offuscation. And if you seek to drown your queer, rough anger at some pub with beer, or with some wine, respectively, a headache promptly trails the spree. Meanwhile the years knock at the gate, the moths erode the hair, elate. Suspiciously the rafters creak, the limbs grow flabby, blighted, weak: gray matter sours in the brain, and thinner grows the good old strain. In short, you see fall coming nigh, you put the spoon down and you die. And now I ask you, friend, a-quiver: just what is man, what is life's river? Did not our great poet Schiller confess: 'It's not the highest men possess.' But I say: it's a chicken-ladder at best, up and down and all the rest."

They are all silent. Franz opines: "Yes, that's what he composed, came from Hannover, but I memorized it. Nice, heh, it's something for life, but bitter, too."

From across the way: "Well, you'd better keep it in mind, that stuff about the State, the good old father State, who rags and irks, the State. To memorize it, comrade, that's not all." Franz still has his head in his hand, the poem is still there: "Yes, they haven't got any oysters or caviar, and neither have we. To have to earn his bread, must be hard for a poor devil. Still a man should be glad he can walk about, and is out of it all." The men across the way start shooting again, the fool's going to wake up yet. "A man can earn his bread in many ways. Why, they used to have spies in Russia in the old days, they earned a lot of money with that." The other newcomer trumpets: "And there's other fellows here, too, who sit up there

by the feed trough; they betrayed the working man to the capitalist, and what's more, they're paid for it." "They're no better than whores." "Worse."

Franz thinks about his poem and wonders what those nice boys are doing out there, they probably got some new ones by now, patrol wagons come and go every day; but then they shout: "Let her go! What about our song? We got no music, you're a man of your word, ain't you?" Another song, well, I'll give it to 'em. I'll keep my promise. First I'll wet my whistle.

And Franz orders a fresh mug, takes a nip, what'll I sing? For the moment he sees himself standing in the courtyard, bellowing something at the walls, funny things a fellow thinks about, now what was it? And calmly and slowly he sings, it flows forth: "I once had a faithful comrade, Never better could there be, The trumpet echoed wihidely, He firmly marched besihide me, There step for step with me, There step for step with me." Rest. He sings the second stanza: "One ball wing'd by death came flying, Is it sent for me or thee? Torn away from life and dyhying, As at my feet he's lyhying, He seems a part of me, He seems a part of me." And loudly the last stanza: "His hand he strives to give to me, I meanwhile my gun must load, No time have I to grahasp it, Until again I clahasp it, In yon eternal abode, In yon eternal abode."

At the end he sings loudly, solemnly, leaning back; boldly he sings and with a sense of satiety. Towards the close the fellows across the way have conquered their amazement, they howl with him and beat on the table,

and scream and start acting the fool: "Until again I clahasp it." But while he was singing, Franz remembered what he really wanted to sing. He had been standing in the courtyard, he's satisfied now that he's found it, he doesn't care where he is; he's in the midst of singing now, out with it, he has got to sing the song, the Jews are there, they begin to quarrel, what was the Pole's name, what was that fine old gentleman's name; tenderness, gratitude; he blares it into the café: "There comes a call like thunder's peal, Like billow's roar and clash of steel, The Rhine, the German Rhine so free, Yes we will all thy guardians be, Dear Fatherland, be comfort thine, Dear Fatherland, be comfort thine, Firm stands and true the watch, the watch on the Rhine, Firm stands and true the watch, the watch on the Rhine." That's over with now, we know that, and here we sit, and life's nice, nice, everything's nice.

Then they grow quite silent, one of the newcomers calms them down, they let this pass; Dreske sits humped together and scratches his head, the proprietor steps up from behind the bar, sniffles and sits down at the table beside Franz. Franz at the end of his song salutes the whole of life, he swings his mug: "Cheerio," beats on the table, beams, everything's all right, he has eaten his fill, wonder where Lina's gone to, he pats his full face, he's a strong man, plenty of flesh with a touch of fat. Nobody answers. Silence.

One of the men across the way swings his leg over his chair, buttons his coat up, tightens his belt, a tall erect

fellow, one of the newcomers; the applecart's upset all right. He goose-steps towards Franz, who'll get a crack on the head, that is, if the newcomer can reach him. With a hop he straddles Franz's table. Franz looks on, waiting: "Look here, there must be other chairs in the place." But he points down at Franz's plate: "What you been eatin'?" "Didn't I tell you, there must be other chairs in the place, if you only use your eyes. Say, your mother musta given you a bath that was too hot for you when you were a kid, didn't she?" "That's not the point. I want to know what you been eating." "Cheese sandwiches, you jackass. Don't you see the rind, you numbskull. Now you get down from this table, if you got no manners." "They were cheese sandwiches all right, I can smell that for myself. Only where from?"

But Franz leaps up with flushed ears, the men at the other table do the same. Franz has grabbed his table, tipped it over, and the newcomer, with plate, mug, and mustard pot, falls plump down on the floor. The plate is broken. Henschke expected that, and stamps on the pieces: "Nothing doing, no brawls in my place, no scrapping here, if you don't keep quiet, you'll get thrown out." The long-legged chap is on his feet again, shoves the proprietor aside: "Just leave us alone here, Henschke, there ain't going to be any fight. We're settling accounts. If anybody breaks anything, he'll have to pay for it." With heart and with soul, thinks Franz, who has squeezed himself against the window in front of the blinds, here goes, if those fellows only don't touch me, boy, if they only

don't touch me: I feel kind towards everybody, but there's going to be trouble, if that fellow's silly enough to touch me.

The tall man pulls up his trousers, well, he's off. Franz sees there's something coming, what's Dreske going to do now, I wonder, he's just standing there and looking on. "Georgie, what kind of a cheap guy is this anyway, where did you pick up this louse you're dragging round here?" The tall man was fussing with his trousers, they're slipping down most likely, ought to get some new buttons sewed on. He gibes at the proprietor: "Just let 'em talk. We let Fascists talk, too. Whatever they say, they get freedom of speech from us." And Dreske signals towards the back with his left arm. "Nope, Franz, I didn't mix in this, the trouble you get yourself into with your songs, and everything, nope, I won't mix in it, we never had that kind of thing here before."

There comes a call like thunder's peal, aha! that song I sang in the courtyard, they want to razz me about that, they'd like to say something about that, too.

"Fascist, bloodhound." The tall fellow roars at Franz: "Gimme that arm-band! And be quick about it."

Now it's going to start, the four of 'em want to get at me, I'll stand with my back to the window, first of all let's get a chair. "Lemme have that arm-band. I'll pull it out of his pocket. I want to get that band from this guy." The others are with him. Franz has the chair in his hands. First get hold of him. Hold him first. Then I'll pull it out.

The proprietor holds onto the tall chap from behind, and pleads: "Now Biberkopf, you better go, right away,

just get out." He's worrying about his premises, probably hasn't had his panes insured, well, it's all right with me. "Henschke, of course, there's plenty other saloons in Berlin, I was only waiting for Lina. So you're going to help those fellows? Why do they want to push a man out, when I come here every day and those fellows are here for the first time?" The proprietor has pushed the tall chap back, the other, the newcomer, spits out: "Because you're a Fascist, you got that band in your pocket, you're a swastika man."

"So I am, I told Georgie Dreske all about it, too. And why? You don't understand and that's why you holler." "No, it was you who hollered, the Watch on the Rhine." "If you start a row, like you did just now, and one of you sits down on my table, you'll never get any peace in this world that way. Not that way. And there's got to be peace so we can work and live. Factory hands and tradespeople and everybody, and some kind of order, otherwise you can't work. And how do you want to make your living, you big-mouthed slobs? What you do is to get soused on talking. All you know is how to start a row and bait other people till they get mad and land you one. Are you going to let anybody step on your toes?"

Suddenly he begins to shout, what's come over him, something bubbles up in him, something's been released, his eyes become bloodshot: "You criminals, you, you lousy fools, why, you don't know what you're doing, somebody has got to beat hell out of you, you ruin the whole world, just watch out you don't get into trouble, you blood-spillers, you crooks, you."

He is bubbling over, he's done time in Tegel, life is awful, what kind of a life is this, the fellow who wrote that song is right, I mustn't think about what happened to me, Ida.

And he goes on shouting with a feeling of horror, what's going to happen there, he wards it off, he steps on it, he must bellow, bellow it down. The café roars, Henschke stands before him at the table, dares not come near him, standing there like that with that roaring coming out of his throat all topsy-turvy and foaming: "And none of you's got anything to say to me, not one of you can tell me anything, not a single one of you, I know all that better than you do, I didn't go to the front and lie in the trenches for this, so you could bait me, you agitators, we've gotta have order, order, I'm telling you, order—and put that in your pipes and smoke it, order and nothing else" (yes, that's it, here we are, that's just it), "and if anybody comes and starts a revolution now and don't give us order, they ought to be strung up all along the street" (black poles, telegraph poles, a whole row on the Tegel Road, I know all about that) "then they'll get theirs, when they swing, yes, sir. You might remember that whatever you do, you criminals." (Yes, then we'll have order, then they'll be quiet, that's the only thing to do, we'll find that out.)

A frenzy, a numbness comes over Franz Biberkopf. Blindly he croaks in his throat, his eyes are glassy, his face blue, bloated, he spits, his hands burn, the man's out of his mind. His fingers claw the chair, but he man-

ages to hold on to it. Soon he will take the chair and haul out.

Danger ahead, clear the streets, load, fire, fire, fire.

At the same time this roaring man hears his own voice, from far away, is looking at himself. The houses, the houses threaten to cave in again, the roofs to smash over him, this won't do, no, they can't get away with that, those criminals won't succeed, what we need is order.

Something buzzes inside him: it's going to start soon and I'm going to do something, grab a throat, no, no, I'm about to topple over, fall down, another moment, just one moment more. And me thinking the world is quiet, there is law and order. In his twilight state he is frightened: something is out of gear with the world, the others seem so terrible to him, he experiences it with a sort of clairvoyance.

But once in Paradise there lived two beings, Adam and Eve. Paradise was the wonderful garden of Eden. Birds and animals played about.

Well, if that fellow isn't crazy. They're not moving, the tall one, too, is puffing away back there through his nose and blinking at Dreske; we'd better sit down at the table, then we can talk about something else. Dreske stutters during the calm: "Well, Franz, you'd better be going, you might let go of that chair, too, you've talked enough now." Things are calming down inside Franz, the cloud is passing over. Passing over. Thank God, passing over. His face grows paler and paler, becomes less tense.

They stand at their table. The tall fellow is seated drinking. The wood-manufacturers boast about their receipts, Krupp lets his pensioners starve to death, a million and a half unemployed, an increase of 226,000 in two weeks.

The chair has fallen from Franz's hand, his hand has become soft, his voice sounds as usual, he still holds his head bowed, they don't excite him any more: "I'll go then. The pleasure is all mine. What's in your heads is none of my business."

They listen without replying. Let those contemptible scoundrels, belonging to a renegade clique, slander the Soviet constitution with the approval of the bourgeoisie and the social chauvinists. It but hastens and deepens the rupture of the revolutionary workers of Europe with the Scheidemen, and their likes. The masses of the oppressed classes are with us.

Franz picks up his cap: "I'm sorry, Georgie, for us to separate like this." He holds out his hand, Dreske does not take it, sits down on his chair. Blood must bubble, blood must bubble, in currents muggy and thick.

"All right then, I'll go. How much do I owe, Henschke, and don't forget the glass and the plate."

That's his kind of order. For 14 children a china cup. A charity edict by Hirtsiefer, the Centrist minister: Publication of this edict shall be omitted. But because of the paucity of the means put at my disposal only those cases can be considered where not only the number of children has reached a very high figure—let us say 12—but also where the careful education of the children with

respect to economic conditions involves a special sacrifice and is nevertheless carried out in an exemplary manner.

One of the fellows shouts after Franz: "Greet you in victory, hail—potatoes with a herring's tail." Ought to wipe the mustard off his backsides, the louse. Too bad I didn't get my claws on him. Franz has his cap on. He is thinking about the Hackesche Market, the fairies, the whitehead's stand with the magazines, and he didn't want to do it, he hesitates, he leaves.

He is outside in the cold. Lina, who happens to be just arriving, is standing directly in front of the café. He walks slowly. He'd give anything to go back and tell those fellows how crazy they are. They sure are crazy, they get all boozed up, they're not really all like that, not even the tall, nervy fellow who flopped down on the floor. Only they don't know what to do with all that blood, yes, sir, their blood's hot, if they were out in Tegel, or had something behind them, they'd find out a thing or two, maybe a hundred things.

He takes Lina's arm, looks around the dark street. It wouldn't hurt to have a few more street-lamps. What do those people want anyway, first the fairies, who don't concern me, and now the Reds? What have I got to do with all this, let 'em clean up their own dirt. Ought to leave a fellow be; you can't even finish your beer in peace. What I really would like to do would be to go back and smash Henschke's whole outfit into smithereens. Something flares and flickers again in Franz's eyes, his forehead and nose become thick. But that passes, he

sticks close to Lina, he scratches her wrist, she smiles: "That's all right, Franzeken, that's a nice li'l scratch you gave me."

"Let's go shake a foot, Lina; and not go into a pig-pen like that again. I've had enough of it, they smoke and smoke, and there's a little goldfinch in there and it could easily pass out, for all they care." And he explains to her how entirely right he had been just now, and she agrees. They take the street-car and ride down to the Jannowitz Brücke to Walterchen's dance-hall. He is going just as he is and Lina, even, is not to change her dress, she is nice enough like that. In the car stout Lina takes a little rumpled paper out of her pocket. She brought it along to show him, it's a Sunday paper, the *Peace Messenger*. Franz remarks he doesn't handle that paper, he squeezes her hand, admires the nice title and headline on the first page: "From Misfortune to Happiness."

With our little hands we go clap, clap, with our little feet we go tap, fish, fowl, all day long, paradise.

The car jolts along. With their heads together, they read by the dim light the poem on the first page which Lina had marked with a pencil: "Walking is best when we're two," by E. Fischer: "When we walk alone, it's a walk of woe, The foot oft stumbling, the heart bowed low: Walking is best when we're two. And if you fall, who'll take your arm, If weary, who'll ward off all harm? Walking is best when we're two. You silent rover through space and time, Take Jesus as your mate sublime. Walking is best when we're two. He knows the road, he knows the lane, with word and deed

he heals your pain, Walking is best when we're two."

At that I'm still thirsty, thinks Franz in the meantime, as he reads, two glasses wasn't enough, and talking so much dries your throat. And then he remembers his song, he feels at home, and presses Lina's arm.

She scents the morning air. On the way through Alexanderstrasse to Holzmarktstrasse she softly clings to him: How about getting properly engaged soon?

Dimensions of this Franz Biberkopf. He is a Match for old Heroes

This Franz Biberkopf, formerly a cement-worker, then a furniture-mover, and so on, and now a newsvender, weighs around two hundred pounds. He is strong as a cobra and has again joined an athletic club. He wears green putties, hobnail boots, and a leather jacket. As far as money is concerned, you won't find a great deal on him, his current income arrives always in small quantities, but just let anyone try to get near him.

Is he hounded by things in his past, Ida and so on, by conscientious scruples, nightmares, restless sleep, tortures, Furies from the day of our great-grandmothers? Nothing doing. Just consider the change in his situation. A criminal, an erstwhile God-accursed man (where did you get that, my child?), Orestes, killed at the altar Clytemnestra, hardly pronounceable that name, eh? anyhow, she was his own mother. (Which altar do you really mean? Nowadays you could run around a long time looking for a church that's open at night.) I say, times

are changed, up and at him, hey, terrible brutes, trollops with snakes, then dogs without muzzles, a whole repulsive menagerie, they snap at him, but don't get near him, because he stands at the altar, that's a Hellenic conception, and the whole pack of them dancing angrily around him, the dogs amongst them. Without harps, as the song says, the Furies dance, they wind themselves about the victim in a mad frenzy, a delusion of the senses, a preparation for the booby-hatch.

But they don't hound Franz Biberkopf. Let's admit it, here's how, with his arm-band in his pocket he drinks one mug after another at Henschke's or somewhere else, and in between a Doornkaat, and his heart grows warm. Thus our furniture-mover, newsvender, etc., Franz Biberkopf, of Berlin N. E., differs from the famous old Orestes in the end of 1927. Who would not rather be in whose skin?

Franz killed his fiancée, Ida, the family name does not matter, in the flower of her youth. This happened during an altercation between Franz and Ida, in the home of her sister Minna, where, first of all, the following organs of the woman were slightly damaged: the skin on the end of her nose and in the middle, the bone and the cartilage underneath, a fact, however, which was noticed only after her arrival at the hospital and later played a certain rôle in the court records, furthermore the right and left shoulder sustained slight bruises, with loss of blood. But then the discussion became lively. The expressions "son of a bitch" and "whore-chaser" were extremely upsetting to Franz Biberkopf who, albeit very dissipated

and at that time excited for other reasons, was nevertheless very sensitive about his honor. His muscles jiggered up and down. All he had taken in his hand was a small wooden cream-whipper, for he was in training then and had recently wrenched his hand. And with a twice repeated, terrible lunge, he had brought this cream-whipper with its wire spiral, in contact with the diaphragm of Ida, who was the second party to the dialogue. Up to that day Ida's diaphragm had been entirely intact, but that very small person, who was very nice to look at, was herself no longer quite intact—or rather: the man she was supporting, suspected, not without reason, that she was about to give him his walking papers in favor of a man recently arrived from Breslau. The diaphragm of this dainty little girl, at any rate, was not adapted to contact with cream-whippers. At the first blow she cried "ouch" and no longer called him "you dirty bum," but "oh, man," instead. The second encounter with the cream-whipper occurred with Franz holding an upright position after a quarter turn to the right on Ida's part. Whereupon Ida said nothing at all, but merely opened her mouth, pursing her lips curiously, and jerked both arms in the air.

What happened to the woman's diaphragm a second before, involves the laws of statics, elasticity, shock, and resistance. The thing is wholly incomprehensible without a knowledge of those laws. We shall therefore have recourse to the following formulæ:

Newton's first law which says: Every body perseveres in its state of rest or of moving uniformly in a straight

line, except so far as it is made to change that state by external force (this applies to Ida's ribs). Newton's second law of motion: Change of motion is proportional to the impressed force, and takes place in the direction in which the force is impressed (the impressed force is Franz, or his arm, and his fist, together with the contents thereof). The magnitude of the force is expressed by the following formula:

$$f = c \lim \frac{\overline{\Delta v}}{\Delta t} = cw.$$

The acceleration effected by the force, that is, the degree of the disturbance of rest thus effected, is expressed by the following formula:

$$\overline{\Delta v} = \frac{1}{c} f \Delta t.$$

The natural and actual result is as follows: the spiral of the cream-whipper is pressed together and the wooden part encounters something. On the other side, the side of inertia and resistance: fracture of the 7th and 8th ribs in line with the left shoulder-blade.

Thanks to such timely consideration, we can dispense entirely with Furies. We can follow, step by step, what Franz did and what Ida suffered. There is no unknown

quantity in the equation. There remains only to enumerate the continuation of the process which was thus inaugurated: We have the loss of the vertical position on Ida's part, a transition to the horizontal, this being the effect of the rude shock received, at the same time, respiratory impediment, violent pain, terror, and physiological disturbance of the equilibrium. Franz would nevertheless have killed this damaged person, whom he knew so well, like a roaring lion, if her sister had not come bouncing in from the next room. Before this woman's abusive talk he retreated, and in the evening they nabbed him during a police raid in the vicinity of his home.

"Up and at him, whoa," shriek the old Furies. Horror, oh, horror, to see a God-accursed man at the altar, his hands dripping with blood! How they snort: Dost thou sleep? Thrust slumber away. Up, up. Agamemnon, his father, had started many years ago from Troy. Troy had fallen, and thence shone the signal fires, from Ida over Athos, oil-torches constantly blazing towards the Cytherean forest.

How splendid, be it said in passing, this flaming message from Troy to Greece! Isn't that grand, this march of fire across the sea, this is light, heart, soul, happiness, rejoicing!

The dark-red fire, flaming red over the Gorgopis lake is seen by a watchman who shouts with joy, ah, that's life, and fresh fires are lighted to pass on the news, the excitement and joy, everything together, and with a leap over a gulf, in a stormy race to the heights of Arachneon, this outcry continues, this madness, which you see, flam-

ing red: Agamemnon is coming. We can't compare ourselves with this way of doing things. Here again we're inferior.

Let us use for purposes of information a few results from the experiments of Heinrich Hertz, who lived in Karlsruhe, died at an early age, and who, at least in the photo of the Munich Graphic Collection, wore a full beard. We telegraph by wireless. We produce high frequency alternating currents through transmitters in big stations. We produce electric waves by oscillations of a vibrating circle. The vibrations spread out spherically, as it were. And then there is also an electron-tube of glass and a microphone the disk of which vibrates in alternating degrees, thus reproducing tones, precisely as when they entered the machine, and that is astonishing, clever, tricky. It's hard to get enthusiastic about all this; it functions, and that's all.

Quite different the oil-torch with its message of Agamemnon's return.

It burns, it blazes, it speaks, it feels, at every moment, in each place, and the joy is general: Agamemnon is coming. A thousand men are aglow in each place: Agamemnon is coming, and now there are ten thousand, across the bay, a hundred thousand.

And then, to get to the point, he arrives home. Things change. Things change considerably. The disk turns. When the wife gets him home, she sticks him into the bath. She shows then and there that she is the worst bitch on record. She plunks a fish-net over him in the water, so that he can't do anything, and she has brought

an ax along, presumably to chop wood. He groans heavily: "Woe is me, I am undone!" Outside they ask: "Who is bemoaning himself?" "Woe is me, and again woe." The Hellenic beast finishes him off, without batting an eye, and outside she even has the nerve to yelp: "I have achieved it, I threw a fish-net over him, and struck twice, and with two sighs he was laid out. Then, with yet a third blow, I sent him to Hades." Whereupon the senators are grieved, but nevertheless they remark appropriately: "We bow before the boldness of your speech." It was this woman then, this Hellenic beast, who, as the result of conjugal amusement with Agamemnon, had become the mother of a boy who was called Orestes at his birth. She was subsequently killed by this fruit of her joys, after which he was tortured by the Furies.

Our Franz Biberkopf, however, is in a different position. Five weeks later his Ida, too, is dead in the Friedrichshain hospital, complicated fracture of the ribs, rupture of the pleura, small rupture of the lung, with the resultant empyema, pleurisy, pneumonia, the dickens the fever won't go down, how badly you look now, get a mirror, baby, you're done for, you're finished, you can pack up and go. They dissected her, put her in the earth in the Landsberger Allee, three yards under ground. She died with a feeling of hatred against Franz, he was stinkin' mad at her even after her death, her new friend, the one from Breslau, paid her a visit before she died. Now she lies below, five long years already, horizontally on her back, the planks are beginning to rot, she is dissolving in manure-juice, she who once danced in white can-

vas shoes with Franz in the Paradiesgarten of Treptow, who loved and gadded about, now she lies quite still, she is no more.

But he has done his four years. He who killed her is walking about, alive and flourishing, boozing, swilling, spilling his semen, continuing to disseminate life. Even Ida's sister did not escape him. He'll get it in the neck, too, some day. For didn't what's-his-name die? But that's a long time off. He knows that. In the meantime, he will go on breakfasting in the cafés and praising the sky over the Alexanderplatz in his own sweet way: Since when does Grandma play the trombone, and: My parrot don't eat hard-boiled eggs.

And where is now the red prison wall of Tegel, which had made him so afraid that he could hardly get his back away from it? The guardian stands at the black iron gate, which once excited such abhorrence in Franz, it is still hanging on its hinges, it does not bother anybody, there is always a good draft there, at night it is closed, as is the case with every good gate. Now in the morning the guardian stands in front, smoking his pipe. The sun shines, it is always the same sun; you can predict exactly when it will reach a given place in the sky. Whether it shines or not depends upon the cloud formation. A few persons are just leaving car No. 41, they are carrying flowers and small parcels, they are probably going to the sanatorium, straight ahead to the left, down the Chaussee, all of them well-nigh freezing. The trees stand in a black row. Inside, the convicts are still cowering in their cells, bustling about in the work-rooms, or marching in

goose-step on the promenade grounds. Strict orders to appear during recreation hour with shoes, cap, and muffler only. Inspection of cells by the old man: "How was the soup last night?" "It could have been better and a bit more wouldn't hurt." Doesn't want to hear that, pretends to be deaf: "How often do you get clean bedlinen?" As if he didn't know.

One of the convicts in solitary confinement has written: "Let sunlight in. This is the call that resounds throughout the world today. Only here, behind prison walls, it has not found an echo. Don't we deserve to have the sun shine on us? The penal institutions are so constructed that certain wings do not receive the rays of the sun during the entire year, on the northeast frontage. Not a ray of sun strays into these cells to bring greetings to their occupants. Year in, year out, these people have to work and wither without the vivifying light of the sun." A commission is about to inspect the building, the guardians run from cell to cell.

Another prisoner: "To the District Attorney. During my trial before the High Criminal Bench of the District Court, the President, Director of the District Court, Dr. X, informed me that an unknown person removed various articles from my home, 76 Elizabethstrasse, after my arrest. This fact has been established by court records. Since this has been established by court records, a perquisition must necessarily have been made by the police or the district attorney's office. I was not informed in any way about the theft of my articles after my arrest until I learned it at the trial. I beg the district attorney to inform

me about the result of the inquiry, or else to send me a copy of the report as recorded, in order that I may subsequently start a suit for damages, if my landlady has acted with negligence."

And as regards Frau Minna, Ida's sister, she is doing well, thank you for asking. It is now 11.20, she is just leaving the Ackerstrasse Market, a yellow municipal building, which has also an exit on the Invalidenstrasse. But she chooses the Ackerstrasse exit because it is nearer for her. She is carrying cauliflowers and pig's-head, also some celery. In front of the market she buys something else from a wagon: a big fat flounder and a bag of camomile tea, you never can tell, you may need it any day.

THIRD BOOK

Here Franz Biberkopf, who is a respectable, good-natured man, suffers his first blow. He is deceived. The blow carries.

Biberkopf has vowed to become respectable and you have seen how he stayed straight for many a week, but it was only a respite, so to speak. In the end life finds this going too far, and trips him up with a wily jar. To him, Franz Biberkopf, however, this doesn't seem a very sporting trick, and, for a considerable time, he finds this sordid, draggle-tailed existence, which contradicts his every good intention, a bit too thick.

Why life acts this way, he does not understand. He still has a long way to go before he will see it.

Yesterday upon proud Steeds we rode

With Christmas coming on, Franz makes a change, doing business in all kinds of occasional articles. He gives a few hours in the morning or the afternoon to shoe-laces, first by himself, then later with Otto Lüders. The latter has been out of work for two years, and his wife takes in washing. Stout Lina got them together, Otto being Fatty's uncle. In the summer he had worked for a few weeks as a Rüdersdorfer Peppermint Man with a plumed hat and a uniform. Franz and he do the streets together, enter houses, ring bells, then meet afterwards.

One day Franz Biberkopf arrives at the café. Fat Lina is also there. He is in an especially good humor. He gulps the fat girl's sandwiches down and while still chewing away, gives another order for pig's ears and peas for the three of them. He squeezes fat Lina so hard that she waddles off after the pig's ears with her face flaming red. "Good thing Fatty's going, Otto." "She's got a place of her own, hasn't she? Always traipsing around after you."

Franz leans over the table, looks up at Lüders: "Say, Otto, what do you think has happened?" "Well, what?" "Well, shoot." "Well, what is it?"

Two light beers and a lemonade. A new customer comes puffing into the place, wipes his nose on the back of his hand, coughs: "Cup of coffee." "With sugar?" The

proprietor rinses the glasses. "Nope, but make it quick."

A youngster with a brown sport cap walks through the place looking for somebody, warms himself at the big stove, looks around at Franz's table, then at the next one: "Have you seen a man with a black overcoat, brown collar, fur collar?" "Here often?" "Yep." The older man at the table turns his head to the pale man next to him: "Brown fur?" The latter gruffly: "Lots of 'em come here with brown fur on." The gray-haired man: "Where do you come from? Who sent you?" "What difference does that make? As long as you didn't see him." "Lots of men come here with brown fur coats. We have to know who sent you." "But I don't have to tell you my business." The pale man gets excited: "If you ask a man if somebody's been here, can't he ask you who sent you here?"

The customer is already standing at the next table: "If I ask him, it's none of his business who I am." "All right, if you ask him, he certainly can ask you back. You don't have to ask him, do you?" "I don't have to tell him what kind of business I'm in." "Then he don't have to tell you if anybody was here."

The customer goes to the door, turns around: "If you're that clever then just stay that way." He turns around, opens the door brusquely, is gone.

The two at the table: "Do you know him? I don't know him at all." "He never comes here. Who knows what he wants?" "A Bavarian." "That chap? A Rhinelander. From the Rhineland."

Franz grins at the wretched, shivering Lüders: "So

you can't guess. Well, supposing I had some money?" "Well, have you got any?"

Franz has his fist on the table, he opens it, grins proudly: "All right, how much?" Poor, wretched little Lüders is leaning forward, sucking a hollow tooth: "Two tens, the deuce you say." Franz plunks them on the table. "How about that? Did that in fifteen, in twenty minutes. No longer. Betcha." "Say, boy." "Nope, not what you think either, nothing underhanded, nothing shady, no, it ain't that. Honestly, Otto, I got it decent, in a proper way, you get me."

They start whispering, Otto Lüders moves closer to him. Franz had stopped in at a woman's house: Makko shoe-laces, do you need anything for yourself, for hubby, for your little kiddies, she looked at them, then she looked at me, she's a widow, still in good condition; we were talking in the hallway, then I asked her if I couldn't get a cup of coffee, terribly cold this year. I drank some coffee, she did too. And then a little bit more. Franz blows through his hand, laughs through his nose, scratches his cheeks, pushes his knee against Otto's. "I left my whole caboodle with her. Did she notice anything?" "Who?" "Well, the fat girl, of course, who else, because I didn't bring anything back with me." "What if she did notice anything, you sold everything, where was it?"

And Franz whistles: "I'll go there again, but not right away, it's behind Elsasser, she's a widow, twenty marks, that's business for you." They eat and drink till three,

Otto gets a fiver, but doesn't become any livelier for that.

Who is that slinking through the Rosenthaler Tor next morning with his shoe-laces? Otto Lüders. He waits at Fabisch's on the corner, till he sees Franz ambling down Brunnenstrasse. Then quickly he goes down Elsasser. Righto, that's the number. Maybe Franz has been upstairs already. How quietly people walk down the street! I'll stand in the hallway a bit first. If he comes, I'll say, what'll I say, I've got heart palpitations. People worry you all day long, and no profit, the doctor don't find anything the matter, but I've got something all right. A fellow gets down and out, in rags like this, always the same old outfit, from the war. Up the stairs he goes.

He rings: "Want some Makko shoe-laces, madam? Nope, just wanted to find out. Say, won't you listen to me a minute." She tries to push the door shut, he jams his foot between. "As a matter of fact, I didn't come for myself, my friend, you know, he was here yesterday, he left his stuff here." "Oh, Lord." She opens the door, once inside, Lüders quickly pulls the door to behind him. "Good Lord, what's the matter?" "Nothing at all, lady. What makes you so dithery?" He's dithery himself, he got in so suddenly, things are moving, whatever happens, it'll go all right. He ought to be tender, but his voice fails him, in front of his mouth and under his nose he has a wire netting, that spreads out over his forehead, and his cheeks. If my cheeks get stiff, it's the end of me.

"I just came to get the stuff." The nice little woman runs into the room, starts to get the package, but he is already in the doorway. She chews and stares: "Here's the package." "Thanks, thank you. What makes you so dithery, lady? Why, it's nice and warm here! It's real nice and warm here. Can't you lemme have a cup of coffee, too?" Just remain standing, keep on talking, mustn't get out, strong as an oak tree.

The woman, who is thin and neat, stands before him, her hands clasped over her abdomen: "Did he tell you anything else? What did he tell you?" "Who, my friend?" Keep on talking, talking all the time, the more you talk, the warmer you get, the netting only tickles now in front, under the nose. "Oh nothing else, nope, what else was there to tell? Why should he talk about the coffee? I got the goods anyway." "I'm just going into the kitchen." She's afraid, what do I care about her coffee, I can make it much better myself, I can get it quicker in the café, she's trying to back out, just wait, we're not gone yet. But it's a good thing I'm inside, I slipped in like lightning. But Lüders is afraid, nevertheless, and listens towards the door, the stairs, upstairs. He steps back into the room. Slept damned badly last night, the brat's always coughing, all night long, I believe I'll sit down. And he sits down on the red plush sofa.

Here's where she did it with Franz, now she's making coffee for me, I guess I'll take off my hat, my fingers are cold as ice. "Here's a cup for you." But still she's afraid, she's a pretty little person, really tempts a fellow to try something. "Why don't you take some, too? To keep me

company?" "No, no, my lodger will soon be here, this is his room." Wants to get rid of me, where does she keep her lodger, there ought to be a bed here. "Is that all? Forget that fellow. A lodger, he won't come back before noon, hasn't he got his work? Well, that's all my friend told me. I'm just supposed to get his stuff."—He leans forward and contentedly laps up the coffee.—"Nice and hot, it's cold today, what do you think he told me anyway? That you're a widow—that's true, ain't it?" "Yes." "What about your husband, dead? Killed in the war?" "I'm busy now, must get at my cooking." "Go ahead, and let me have another cup. Why be in a hurry like that? We'll be older the next time we see each other. Have you got any children?" "If you'd only go, you got your things, I got no time." "Now don't get nasty, I suppose you're going to get the police, you won't need 'em for me, I'll go, but can't I finish my coffee? You got no time all of a sudden. The other day you had lots of time, you know what I mean. All right, here's how, I'm not like that, I'm off."

He planks his hat on his head, gets up, shoves the little package under his arm, ambles slowly to the door, has already passed her, then he turns quickly around: "All right now, let's have the small change." His left hand stretched out, the index-finger coaxing. She holds her hand before her mouth, little Lüders is close upon her. "You better not yell. I suppose you only give something when you've had what you want out of a fellow, you see I know all about that. There's no secrets among friends." Damned swinishness, she's an old sow, with her black

dress, I'd really like to box her ears for her, she's no better than my old woman. The woman's face is flushed, but only on the right side, the left is snow-white. She has her purse in her hand, rummages in it, but looks at little Lüders with scared eyes. Her right hand offers him several pieces of money. Her expression is strained. His index-finger goes on coaxing. She pours the contents of her purse into his hand. But suddenly he goes back to her room, and snatches up the red embroidered cover from the table. She groans, but otherwise does not let out a sound; she can't get her mouth open any further and stands quite still in the doorway. He grabs two sofa cushions, then rushes into the kitchen, pulls open the cupboard, searches it. A lot of old junk, gotta run, otherwise she'll start yelling. There she's toppling over, let's get out o' here.

He crosses the hallway, pulls the door slowly to, down the stairs, into the neighboring house.

In my Breast today a Bullet's Load

Once there was a wonderful Paradise. The waters teemed with fish, out of the soil there sprouted trees, animals played about, beasts of the earth, of the sea, and birds.

A tree rustled. A serpent, serpent, serpent stuck out its head, a serpent dwelt in Paradise, more cunning than all the beasts of the field, and began to speak, to speak to Adam and Eve.

A week later as Franz Biberkopf slowly walks up the stairs with a bouquet wrapped in oiled paper, he thinks

of fat Lina and reproaches himself, but not very seriously, stops, she is true as gold, that girl, what are you worrying about, Franz, pshaw, it's business, business is business. He rings the bell, smiles in anticipation, smirks contentedly, warm coffee, a little doll. There's somebody walking in there, it's she. He throws out his chest, presents the bouquet at the wooden door, the chain is put back in place, his heart beats, how's my necktie, her voice asks: "Who's there?" He giggles: "The postman."

Small black door slit, her eyes, he leans tenderly down, smirks happily, wags the nosegay in her direction. Crash. The door is shut, slammed shut. RRRrrr, bolted. The devil! The door is shut. What a nerve! There you got it. That woman must be crazy. Wonder if she recognized me. Brown door, door-frame, here I stand on the staircase, my tie's all right. That's unbelievable. Shall I ring again, or not? He looks at his hands, a bouquet just bought at the corner, for a mark, with oil paper wrapping. He rings again, twice, very long. She's probably still standing at the door, just shut it, she doesn't move, holds her breath and let's me stand here. And then she still has my shoe-laces, the whole stock, maybe three marks' worth, I've gotta get 'em. There's someone walking inside, now she walks away, she's in the kitchen. What a——

I guess I'll go downstairs again. Then up again: I'll ring again, must find out about that, she couldn't 'a' seen me, or maybe she took me for someone else, for a beggar, lots of 'em come here. But when he stands in front of the door, he does not ring. He has no sensations. He only

waits, stands there. Well, she's not going to open the door, I just wanted to know. I won't sell anything in this house any more, what'll I do with my bouquet, it cost me a whole mark. I'll throw it into the gutter. Suddenly he rings once more, as if on command, waits calmly, all right, she don't even come to the door, she knows it's me. Suppose I leave a note with the neighbors, I must get my stuff again.

He rings next door, nobody there. All right, let's write a note. Franz goes to the window of the hallway, tears off the white corner of a newspaper and writes with a small pencil: "Since you don't open, I want my stuff back, to be left at Klaussen's, corner Elsasser."

Say, you bitch, if you knew who I am, what one of 'em got from me once, you wouldn't. Well, we'll fix that. I ought to take a hatchet and smash the door open. Softly he slips the note under the door.

Franz remains sullen all the following day. Next morning, before his meeting with Lüders, the saloon-keeper gives him a letter. That's her. "Anything else left with it?" "No, what else?" "A package, with stuff in it?" "No, a boy brought this last night." "Well, I'll be darned, maybe I'm supposed to fetch the stuff myself."

Two minutes later Franz walks over to the show-window, sinks down onto a wooden footstool, holds the letter in his slack left hand, pinches his lips together, stares across the table-top. Poor little Lüders comes in, sees Franz, notices how he's sitting, there's something wrong with him, and off he goes.

The proprietor steps up to the table: "What's Lüders

running away like that for, he hasn't got his stuff yet." Franz sits and sits. Did anybody ever see the like of it? My legs feel like they'd been hacked off. Did anybody ever see the like o' that? That never happened before. Can't get up. Let Lüders run, he's got legs, he can run. That's some fellow, unbelievable.

"Want a cognac, Biberkopf? Have you had a death in your family?" "No. No." What's he talking about, don't hear very well, cotton in my ears. The proprietor does not leave. "What's Lüders running away for? Nobody's goin' to hurt him. As if somebody was after him." "Lüders? Oh, he's probably got something to do. Yes, gimme a cognac." He pours it down, his thoughts become scattered again. The devil, that's funny about that letter. "Here, you dropped your envelope. Maybe you want to read the morning papers." "Thanks." He goes on brooding: Really I'd like to know what it's all about, this letter, writing things like that. Lüders is a sensible fellow, has got children. Franz puzzles how this could have happened till his head grows heavy and falls forward, as though he were asleep; the proprietor believes he is tired, but it's his pallor, space and emptiness, his legs slide from under him, he plops right into it and turns once to the left, now down, straight down.

Franz sprawls his chest and head over the table, he looks obliquely under his arm across the table-top, blows the dust off the table and holds his head: "Has Fatty Lina been here already?" "No, she never gets here till twelve." You're right, yes, it's only nine, haven't done anything yet, Lüders is gone, too.

What is a man to do? And then something surges through him, and he bites his mouth shut: That's the punishment, they let me out, the others are still peeling potatoes behind the prison by the big rubbish dump, and I have to take the street-car, damn it, it was pretty nice there after all. He rises, got to get out in the street, must get rid of this, only don't get scared, I'm standing straight on my legs, nobody's going to come near me, nobody. "When Fatty comes, tell her I have a death in my family. News of a death, uncle or something like that. I won't come at noon today, nope, she needn't wait for me. Well, how much?" "As usual." "Here you are." "And you'll leave the package here?" "Which package?" "Well, it certainly did hit you hard, Biberkopf. No nonsense now, hold onto yourself. I'll keep the package for you all right." "Which package?" "Well, you better go get some fresh air."

Biberkopf is outside. The proprietor watches him through the window-pane: "They'll probably bring him back right away. That's certainly queer. Such a strong man, too. Fatty sure will open her eyes wide."

A pale, small man stands in front of the house, he has his right arm in a bandage, his hand in a black leather glove. He's been standing there an hour in the sun and does not go upstairs. He has just left the hospital. He has two grown daughters, a boy came later, he was four years old, he died in the hospital yesterday. First it was only inflammation of the throat. The doctor said he'd be back right away, but he didn't come till night, and then he

says at once: Hospital, possible diphtheria. The boy lies there four weeks, he was quite all right again, then he gets scarlet fever, too. And two days later, yesterday, he's gone, weak heart, the medical director said.

The man stands in front of the door of his house, upstairs his wife will cry and moan as she did yesterday and all night long and reproach him for not taking the boy out three days ago, he was certainly all right then. But the nurses said, he still has germs in his throat and when there are other children at home, a thing like that is dangerous. The woman did not want to believe it right away, but it is really possible, that something might have happened to the other children. There he stands. Children shout and play in front of the house next door. Suddenly he remembers that they asked him in the hospital when he took the child there, if it had received the serum injection. No, it had not. He had waited all day for the doctor to come, not till night, and then he said: Must be moved at once.

And right away the war veteran starts out on the trot, across the street, along the street, up to the corner, to the doctor, who they say is not at home. But he shouts, it is morning, the doctor must be at home. The door of the consulting-room opens. The bald-headed, corpulent gentleman looks at him, pulls him into his office. The man stands there talking about the hospital, the child is dead, the doctor presses his hand.

"But you let us wait all day Wednesday, from morning till six o'clock in the evening. We sent for you twice. You did not come." "But I did come in the end." Again

the man starts shouting: "I am a cripple, we gave our blood at the front, and now they make us wait, anything is good enough for us." "Now just sit down, calm yourself, please. The child did not die of diphtheria. Such infections sometimes occur in hospitals." "Always trouble, always trouble," he keeps on shouting. "They keep us waiting, we're nothing better than coolies, our children can croak, the way we croaked."

Half an hour later he walks slowly down the stairs, takes a turn in the sun, goes upstairs. His wife is busy in the kitchen. "Well, Paul?" "Well, mother." They take each other's hands, they drop their heads. "You haven't eaten yet, Paul. I'll get something ready at once." "I went over to the doctor, told him he didn't come on Wednesday. I told him a thing or two." "But he didn't die of diphtheria, our little Paul." "Doesn't matter. That's what I told him. But if he had gotten a serum injection right away, he wouldn't have had to go to the hospital. Not at all. But he didn't come. I gave him a piece of my mind. One has to think of other people too when a thing like that happens again. That may happen every day, who knows?" "You'd better eat something now. What did the doctor say?" "He is a kind man. He's not a youngster any more, he's busy and has to hustle a lot. I know all that. But if something happens, it happens, that's all. He gave me a glass of cognac and told me to calm myself. And his wife came in, too." "I suppose you shouted a lot, Paul?" "No, not at all, only in the beginning, afterwards everything went quietly. He

admitted it himself: someone had to tell him. He's not a bad sort, but somebody has got to tell him."

He trembles violently as he eats. The woman is crying in the next room, then they drink their coffee together by the stove. "Real coffee, Paul." He sniffs over his cup: "Can smell it."

And at Dawn the cool, cool Grave, but we'll manage to control our Feelings

Franz Biberkopf has disappeared. On the afternoon of the day when he got the letter, Lina goes to his room. She wants to leave a brown knitted sweater which she has made as a surprise for him. Just imagine, there he is, sitting at home, when he usually goes peddling every day, particularly now it's Christmas. He's sitting on his bed, beside his table, monkeying around with his alarm clock which he has just taken apart. At first she's frightened, because he's there and may have seen the sweater, but he hardly looks at her, only looks at the table and his clock. She finds that quite all right, and manages to hide the sweater by the door. But then he talks so little, what's the matter with him anyhow, he's got a hang-over and what a face he's making, I don't recognize him like that, and there he is monkeying around with the old alarm clock, he acts like he's off his bat. "The alarm clock was all right, Franz." "No, no, it wasn't all right, let me alone, it's always making a funny noise, it don't ring right, I'll find out why." And he goes on monkeying with it and

leaves it lie around again and picks his teeth, he doesn't even look at her. She does a fade-out, she's feeling a bit anxious, he ought to take a good nap. And when she comes back in the evening, the man's gone. Paid up, packed his things, taken everything along and gone. The landlady knows only that he has paid up, and she is supposed to write on the police card: Traveling. Probably has to make himself scarce, what?

Then Lina passed twenty-four terrible hours, until finally she found Gottlieb Meck to help her. He, too, had moved, she ran around in the afternoon from saloon to saloon; finally she nabbed him. He knows nothing about it, what can have happened to Franz, the fellow has got muscles or hasn't he, and he's clever too, he can stay away a while if he wants to. Suppose he's in trouble for something or other? Out of the question with Franz. Maybe they had a row, Lina and Franz. But no, not at all, how could we, didn't I bring him a sweater? Next morning Meck goes to the landlady, Lina keeps after him. Yes, Biberkopf left helter-skelter like that, there was something wrong, he's always been in a good humor, and that morning, too, there must have been something in the wind, you can't convince me otherwise; he took everything along, he didn't leave a single one of his things, come and see. Meck then says to Lina, Lina must calm herself, he'll look into the matter. He reflects, and being an old peddler himself, he gets a hunch and goes to find Lüders. The latter is at home with his brats, where is Franz? Well, says he, obdurately, he gave me the slip, even left without paying what he owed me, Franz for-

got to settle with me. But Meck doesn't believe that at all, they talk together for over an hour, can't get anything out of the man. In the evening, Meck and Lina find him in the café opposite. And then things come to a head.

Lina talks and howls. But he must know where Franz is, weren't they together in the morning, Franz certainly did say something, a single word. "No, he didn't say anything." "Something must 'a' happened to him." "To him? He probably had to skedaddle off, what else would he do?" No, he hasn't pulled anything funny, Lina won't listen to anything like that, he didn't do anything, she'd put her hand in the fire for that, maybe it would be best to go and ask the police. "You think maybe he's got lost and they ought to send out a general alarm for him?" Lüders laughed. The grief of that little fat thing! "What are we going to do, what on earth are we going to do?" Until Meck, who has been sitting there, thinking his bit, has enough of all this and gives Lüders a sign with his head. He'd like to talk with Lüders alone, this is no good. Whereupon Lüders goes outside. They walk along Ramlerstrasse up to Grenzstrasse, talking hypocritically the while.

And there in the pitch darkness Meck jumped unexpectedly upon little Lüders. He gave him a terrible thrashing. While Lüders was lying on the ground yelling, Meck took a handkerchief from his pocket and plunked it over his mouth. Then he let him get up and showed the little fellow his open knife. They were both out of breath. Then Meck advised Lüders, who had not yet come to, to beat it and to look for Franz tomorrow.

"How you find him, bo, don't matter to me. If you don't find him, you'll see what you'll get. We'll find you all right. And your old woman, too, if we have to."

Pale and silent, little Lüders, at a wink from Meck stepped out of the café next evening and they went into the private room. It was some time before the proprietor lighted the gas. There they stood. Meck asked: "Well, didja go?" The other nodded. "You see? Well, and . . . ?" "There ain't no And." "What did he say, how can you prove you were there?" "You think, Meck, he'd have to beat holes into my head like you did? No, I was ready for that." "Well, what about it now?"

Lüders came nearer: "Look out, Meck, listen to me. Just you listen to me: I want to tell you, if Franz is your friend, you needn't have talked to me like that yesterday on his account."

Meck stared at him, he'll soon get another biff in the jaw, and then they can all come in, as far as he's concerned. "No, why he's crazy! Didn't you ever notice it, Meck? There's something's wrong in his upper story." "No, now cut out that nonsense. He's my friend, say, for God's sake, my legs are shaking." Then Lüders starts telling his story, Meck sits down.

He had met Franz yesterday between five and six: he was lodging right near his old home, three houses beyond, he was seen to go in with his cardboard box and a pair of shoes in his hand, and then they led him in right upstairs to a room in the courtyard building. When Lüders knocks and goes in, Franz is lying on the bed, his feet with his shoes on hanging over the side. He recog-

nizes Lüders, a light is burning overhead, that's Lüders, there he comes, the scoundrel, but what's the matter with him? Lüders keeps his hand on an open knife in his left pocket. In the other one he has money, a few marks, he puts them down on the table, talks about all sorts of things, turns round and round, his voice is hoarse, he shows the bumps on his head which Meck gave him, his swollen ears, he's about to bawl with anger and rage.

Biberkopf sits up, his face growing very hard at times, the little pouches of flesh in his face a-quiver. He points to the door and says softly: "Get out o' here." Lüders has put down his few marks, he is thinking of Meck and how they would be lying in wait for him, and asks for a note saying he was there, or if Meck could come up himself, or Lina. Then Biberkopf stands up and Lüders quickly slips towards the door, his hand on the latch. But Biberkopf edges away to the wash-stand, takes the basin and—whatcha think—with a single lunge he hurls the water across the room at Lüders' feet. Dust thou art, to dust returnest. Lüders opens his eyes, ducks to one side, presses the latch. Biberkopf takes hold of the water pitcher, there was still some water in it, we still have lots left, we're going to clean things up, dust thou art. He pours it over him at the door, it squirts against his throat and mouth, ice-cold water. Lüders slides out, he's gone, the door is shut.

In the café he whispers venomously: "He's crazy, don't you see, there you have it." Meck asked: "What number was it? Who does he live with?"

Afterwards Biberkopf threw load after load into the

room. He splashed water with his hand through the air: Everything's gotta be clean, everything must go; now let's open the window and get some air, we got nothing to do with all that. (No houses collapsing, no sliding of roofs, all that's behind me. Once and for all. Behind me.) It began to grow cold as he stood by the window staring at the floor. Ought to wipe it off, it's dripping on their heads down there, it's making stains. He shut the window and lay down flat on the bed. (Dead. Dust thou art, to dust returnest.)

Our little hands go clap clap clap, our little feet go tap tap tap.

That evening Biberkopf no longer lived in that room. Meck could not find out where he had moved to. He took little Lüders, who was malignantly determined, into his café with the cattle dealers. They were to question Lüders about what had happened and what about that letter which the saloon-keeper had received. Lüders remained obstinate, he looked so spiteful, that they let the poor devil go. Meck said himself: "He's got his all right."

Meck ruminated: Franz, well, maybe Lina had deceived him, or he had got mad at Lüders, or something else. The cattle dealers said: "That fellow Lüders is a sharper, whatever he tells you there isn't a word of truth in it. Maybe Biberkopf is crazy. Remember when he had those notions about that permit, when he didn't even have any goods to sell. That's the way they act when their dander's up." Meck insisted: "That might affect your gall but not your bean. Bean's entirely out of the question. Why, he's an athlete, a day-laborer, he was

a first-class furniture-mover, pianos and so on, a fellow like that wouldn't have any trouble with his head." "He's just the kind it does hit on the head. He's sensitive, that one. It's because his head works too little, and if it does work, off it goes." "Well, and what about you fellows and your law-suits? Everything going all right?" "A cattle dealer has a hard skull. Believe me. If they once start getting mad at things, they could all go to the Herzberge Asylum. We don't get mad at all. Ordering goods and then getting the slip or not getting paid, that happens to fellows like us every day. Folks simply never seem to have any money." "Or no ready cash." "That, too."

One of the cattle dealers looked at his dirty vest: "You know at home I drink coffee out of a saucer, tastes better, but it spills." "Ought to tie a napkin around you." "So my old woman could have a laugh. No, my hands get shaky, just look."

Meck and Lina can't find Franz Biberkopf. They run all around, through half of Berlin but they don't find him.

FOURTH BOOK

Franz Biberkopf has not really met with an accident. The ordinary reader will be astonished and ask: What happened then? But Franz Biberkopf is no ordinary reader. He feels that his principle, simple though it be, must be defective somewhere. He does not know where, but the feeling that this is so plunges him into uttermost gloom.

Here you are going to see our man boozing, almost giving himself up for lost. But it wasn't so bad after all, Franz Biberkopf is being spared for a harder fall.

A Handful of Men around the Alex

On the Alexanderplatz they are tearing up the road-bed for the subway. People walk on planks. The street-cars pass over the square up Alexanderstrasse through Münzstrasse to the Rosenthaler Tor. To the right and left are streets. House follows house along the streets. They are full of men and women from cellar to garret. On the ground floor are shops.

Liquor shops, restaurants, fruit and vegetable stores, groceries and delicatessen, moving business, painting and decorating, manufacture of ladies' wear, flour and mill materials, automobile garage, extinguisher company: The superiority of the small motor syringe lies in its simple construction, easy service, small weight, small size.—German fellow-citizens, never has a people been deceived more ignominiously, never has a nation been betrayed more ignominiously and more unjustly than the German people. Do you remember how Scheidemann promised us peace, liberty, and bread from the window of the Reichstag on November 9, 1918? And how has that promise been kept?—Drainage equipment, window-cleaning company, sleep is medicine, Steiner's Paradise Bed.—Book-shop, the library of the modern man, our collected works of leading poets and thinkers compose the library of the modern man. They are the great representatives of the intellectual life of Europe.—The Tenants'

Protection Law is a scrap of paper. Rents increase steadily. The professional middle-class is being put on the street and strangled, the sheriff has a rich harvest. We demand public credits up to 15,000 marks for the small tradesman, immediate prohibition of all public auctions in the case of small tradesmen.—To face her hour of travail well prepared is the desire and duty of every woman. Every thought and feeling of the expectant mother revolves around the unborn. Therefore the selection of the right drink for the mother-to-be is of especial importance. Genuine Engelhardt Stout and Ale possess, above all other drinks, the qualities of palatability, nutritiousness, digestibility, tonic vigor.—Provide for your child and your family by contracting a life insurance with a Swiss life insurance company, Life Annuities Office, Zürich.—Your heart is light! Your heart is light with joy, if you possess a home equipped with the famous Höffner furniture. Everything you have dreamed of with regard to pleasant comfort is surpassed by an undreamed-of reality. Although the years may pass, it will always look well and its durability and practical wear will make you enjoy it continuously.—

The Private Protective Agencies watch everything, they walk around buildings and through buildings, they look into buildings, control clocks, Automatic Alarms, Watch and Safeguard Service for Greater Berlin and environs, Germania Protective Agency, Greater Berlin Protective Agency, and former Watch and Ward Division of the Café Proprietors' Association of the Society of Berlin House-Owners and Landlords, Associated

Management, West Side Central Watchmen's Service, Watch and Protection Company, Sherlock Company, collected works on Sherlock Holmes by Conan Doyle, Watch and Protection Company for Berlin and adjacent towns, catch it in time, Watch on the Rhine, wash on the line, washing eliminated, Apollo Linen Renting Agency, Adler's Wet-Wash Service, handles all household and body linen, specialty of fine gents' and ladies' washing.

Above and in back of the shops, however, there are dwellings, behind which there are courtyards, side-wings, cross-buildings, out-houses, garden-houses. Linienstrasse, there is the house where Franz Biberkopf sneaked off after the trouble with Lüders.

In front there is a nice shoe-business with four brilliant show-windows, six girls serve the customers, that is, when there are any, they receive around 80 marks per head and nose, and at the most, after they become gray, they get 100. This nice big shoe-business belongs to an old woman, who married her business manager, and since that time sleeps in the back, and things are going badly for her. He is a dashing man, has made the shop flourish, but he is under forty and that's the trouble. When he comes home late, the old woman is still awake and unable to sleep for rage.—On the first floor, the gentleman of the law. Does the wild rabbit in the Duchy of Saxe-Altenburg fall under the heading of hunting-game? The defense contumaciously disputes the finding of the District Court that the wild rabbit in the Duchy of Saxe-Altenberg may be numbered among the game animals. The issue

concerning which animals are subject to the Game Laws and which may be hunted without permit has been decided differently in Germany in the various provinces. In the absence of special rulings the law of custom decides it. In the bill for the game-control law of Feb. 24, '54, the wild rabbit had not yet been mentioned.—At six at night a charwoman begins her work in the office, sweeps, scrubs the linoleum in the reception-room. The lawyer hasn't enough money for a vacuum-cleaner, the stingy old thing, particularly as he is not even married, and Frau Zieske, who rants about being the houselady ought to know that. The charwoman scrubs and cleans with might and main, she is grotesquely thin, but supple, she slaves for her two children. The importance of fats for nutrition: fat covers the bone promontories and protects the underlying tissue against pressure and shocks, highly emaciated persons complain therefore of a pain in the sole while walking. But this is not the case with this charwoman.

At seven o'clock in the evening, Herr Löwenhund, Attorney at Law, is seated at his writing-desk, working by two lighted table-lamps. It so happens that the telephone is not busy. In the criminal case Gross A 8 780–27, I assume authority to act on behalf of the accused, Frau Gross, under the circumstances. I request that I may be authorized to enter into personal communication with the said accused.—To Frau Eugenie Gross, Berlin. Dear Frau Gross: It had been my intention for a long time to pay you another visit. Pressure of work and my indisposition have, however, made this impossible. I have every

hope that I may be able to visit you next Wednesday and I beg you until then, to be patient. Faithfully yours. Letters, money-orders and parcel-post should bear the personal address as well as the prisoner's number. As destination give Berlin N.W. 52, Moabit 12a.

—To Herr Tollmann. In your daughter's affair, I feel obliged to ask for an additional fee, the sum of 200 marks, I leave you the choice of payment by installments. Secondly: resubmit.—My dear Attorney, as I desire to visit my unfortunate daughter in Moabit, but do not know to whom to apply, I ask you to be so kind as to arrange when I can go there. And also to arrange for me to send her a package of foodstuffs every fortnight. I await a reply by return mail, preferably at the end of this or the beginning of next week. Frau Tollmann (mother of Eugenie Gross).—Lawyer Löwenhund gets up. With a cigar in his mouth he looks through the curtain slit down upon the lighted Linienstrasse and thinks, shall I telephone her or not? Venereal diseases, a deserved misfortune, Superior District Court, Frankfurt 1, C. 5. One may think less severely of the moral delinquency of sexual intercourse on the part of unmarried men and yet admit that in a legal sense an offense is incurred, that extra-conjugal sexual intercourse, as Staub says, is a dangerous excess, and that he who indulges in such excesses must bear their consequences. And Plank, too, following this decision, regards a sickness caused by extra-conjugal sexual intercourse in the case of a man liable to military service as a malady due to gross negligence.—He takes off

the receiver, Neukölln Office, please, ah, the number is changed to Bärwald.

Second story: The manager and two stout couples, a brother with his wife and a sister with her husband, also a sick girl.

Third story: A man 64 years old, a furniture-polisher with a bald spot on his head. His daughter, a divorcee, keeps house for him. He crashes down the stairs every morning, his heart is bad, he will soon have himself put on the sick-list (*Coronarsclerosis, Nyodegeneratio cordis*). He was formerly a crack oarsman, what can he do now? Read papers in the evening, light his pipe, while the daughter, of course, stands gossiping in the hallway. His wife is not there, died at 45, she was alert and hot-blooded, could never get enough, you know what I mean, and so one day she went all to pieces, but said nothing; next year she probably would have had her change of life anyway, off she goes to one of them women, then to the hospital, and that's the last of her.

Next-door a turner, around thirty, he has a little boy, a room, and a kitchen; his wife, too, is dead, consumption, he also coughs, the boy is in a day-nursery during the day, at night the man fetches him. When the boy has gone to sleep, the man prepares his weak tea, potters till late at night with his radio, is foreman in the radio union, cannot fall asleep until his tinkering has succeeded.

Then a waiter with a woman, room and kitchen nicely arranged, gas-chandelier with glass pendants. The waiter is at home all day till two, he sleeps till then, and plays

the zither, while lawyer Löwenhund in a black gown dashes around the District Court 1, 2, 3, through the halls, from one lawyer's room to another, from one court to another, the case is postponed, I pray for a judgment for failure to appear against the defendant. The waiter's girl-friend is supervisor in a department store. So she says. This waiter, during his married life, was disgracefully deceived by his wife. But she was always able to console him until he finally walked out. He was nothing more than a bed-fellow, always running back to the woman, and was nevertheless finally declared the guilty party in the divorce trial, because he couldn't prove anything and had shamefully deserted his wife. Then he got to know the present one in Hoppegarten, where she was out man-hunting. The same brand of woman as the first, only a bit cleverer. He doesn't notice anything when his girl-friend goes off every few days on a so-called business trip, since when does a supervisor have to travel, well, it's a confidential post. But now he is sitting on the sofa, with a wet towel on his head; he is crying and she has to wait on him. He slipped in the street and couldn't get up. So he says. Somebody had pushed him. She doesn't go to her so-called business. If he noticed anything it would be too bad, he's certainly a nice, sweet boob. We'll fix him up all right.

At the very top a tripe butcher, where of course there's a bad smell and also the howling of children and alcohol. Next-door a baker's apprentice with his wife, an employee in a printing-shop, she has inflammation of the ovaries. Wonder what those two get out of life? Well,

first of all, they get each other, than last Sunday a vaudeville and a film, then this or that social meeting and a visit to his parents. Nothing else? Well now, don't drop dead, sir. Add to that nice weather, bad weather, country picnics, standing in front of the stove, eating breakfast and so on. And what more do you get, you, captain, general, jockey, whoever you are? Don't fool yourself.

Biberkopf in a Stupor. Franz sneaks off, Franz doesn't want to look at Anything

Franz Biberkopf, watch out, how's all this boozing going to end! Always lying around the dump, doing nothing but drinking and moping and moping!—

Whose business is it what I'm doing? If I want to mope, I'll mope in one spot till doomsday. He nibbles at his nails, groans, moves his head on the sweaty pillow, blows through his nose: I'll lie like this till doomsday, if I want to. If that woman would only heat the room a bit. She sure is lazy, thinks about nothing but herself.

He turns his head away from the wall, there's a mushy something on the floor, a puddle.—Puked. Must 'a' been me. The stuff a man carries around with him in his stomach. Phew! Spider webs in the gray corner, they can't catch any mice. I'd like a drink of water. Whose business is that? My spine hurts too. Just come in, Frau Schmidt. Between the spider webs up above (black dress, long teeth). Some slut that one (comes from the ceiling). Phew! A fool says to me, why do you stay at home? In the first place, says I, you fool, what right have you to

ask me that, and in the second place, if I stay here from 8–12. And then in that stinking dump. He says he was joking. Nope, that's no joke. Kaufmann also said, he can ask him, then. Maybe I can arrange it, so in February, in February or March I could, March is right—

—Did you lose your heart in nature? That's not where I lost my heart. To be sure, it seemed to me as if the essence of the primal spirit was about to carry me away while I was standing opposite the alpine giants or lying on the beach by the roaring sea. Yes, something also bubbled and boiled in my bones. My heart was shaken, but I did not lose it, neither where the eagle nests, nor where the miner digs for the hidden ore-veins of the deeps.—

—Then where?

Did you lose your heart in sport? In the roaring stream of the youth movement? In the turmoil of political struggle?—

—I did not lose it there.—

—Didn't you lose it anywhere?

Do you belong to those who lose their heart nowhere, but keep it for themselves, to conserve it nicely and mummify it?—

The road to the supernatural world, public lectures. All Souls Day: Does Death really end everything? November 21, 8 p. m.: Can we still believe today? Tuesday, November 22: Can man change? Wednesday, November 23: Who is just before God? We call your special

attention to the development of the Declamatorium, "St. Paul."

Sunday, quarter to eight.

Howdy, Preacher, why, my name's Franz Biberkopf, I'm a handy-man. Used to be a furniture-mover, now out of work. You see I wanted to ask you something. Why, what can a fellow do for stomach trouble? I've got that sour feeling. Ouch, there it is again. Phew! Poison gall. Of course, comes from drinking too much. If you please, beg pardon, for gassing at you like this right out in the street. It's interfering with your duties. But what on earth am I going to do for gall poison? One Christian man has got to help another. You're a good man. I won't get to heaven. Why? Just ask Frau Schmidt who always comes out of the ceiling up there. She comes and goes, and is always after me to get up. But nobody can tell me anything. If there are criminals though, then it's me who can talk about 'em. In honor true. We swore it to Karl Liebknecht, to Rosa Luxemburg we gave our hand. I'll go to Paradise when I'm dead, and they'll bow before me and say: That's Franz Biberkopf, in honor true, a true-blue German, a handy-man, in honor true, high waves the banner black-white-red, but he kept it for himself, he didn't become a criminal like the others, who want to be Germans and deceive their fellow-men. If I had a knife, I'd run it into his guts. Yes, I would. (Franz tosses about in bed, swings his arms in the air.) Now you want to run to the preacher, old kid. Little old kid, eh!

Go ahead, if you like it, if you can still squawk! In honor true, I'll keep my hands off o' that, Preacher, yes, it's too good for that, scoundrels shouldn't even be in prison; I was in prison, I know it like a book, first-class affair, first-class merchandise, no use talking, scoundrels don't belong there, especially when they're like the one who's not even ashamed before his wife, which he ought to be, and before the whole world, as well.

2 times 2 is 4, no use talking.

Here you see a man, excuse me, you're a busy man. I've got such awful stomach trouble. I'll know how to get hold of myself. A glass of water, Frau Schmidt. The bitch has got to stick her nose into everything.

Franz in Retreat. Franz blows a Farewell March to the Jews

Franz Biberkopf, strong as a cobra, but shaky on his legs, got up and went to the Jews in Münzstrasse. He didn't go there directly, he took a roundabout way to get there. The fellow wants to be done with everything. The fellow wants to get things straightened out. There we go again, Franz Biberkopf. Dry weather, cold, but crisp, who would want to stand in the hallway now, be a street-vender, and freeze his toes off? In honor true. Lucky a fellow's out of the room and can't hear the squealing of the dames any more. Here is Franz Biberkopf, he's walking along the street. All the bar-rooms empty. Why? The bums are still snoozing. The saloon-keepers can drink their manure-juice alone. Dividend juice. We're

not jus' in the mood for it. We drink rum, by gum.

Franz Biberkopf quietly shoved his body in the gray-green army coat through the crowd and watched the little women buying vegetables, cheese, and herring from the push-carts. Somebody was hawking onions.

People do what they can. Have children at home, hungry mouths, bird beaks, clap open, clap shut, clap open, clap shut, shut, open, shut, open, shut.

Franz walked faster, stamped around the corner. That's it, fresh air. He slowed up in front of the big show-windows. What do shoes cost now? Patent-leather shoes, dance slippers, must look swell on the foot, how about a nice li'l girl, with dance slippers on. That dumbbell Lissarek, the Bohemian, the old fellow with the big nostrils out there in Tegel, got his wife, or whatever she pretended to be, to bring him a pair of nice silk socks every three weeks, a pair of new ones and a pair of old ones. Makes me giggle. And if she had to steal 'em, he was bound to have 'em. Once they caught him with the socks on his dirty legs, what a fool, and now he pipes his legs and gets all worked up looking at 'em, and his ears get all red, the fellow makes me giggle. Furniture on the installment plan. Kitchen furniture in twelve monthly installments.

Biberkopf continued walking in a happy mood. Only here and there was he obliged to look at the pavement. He examined his steps and the nice firm asphalt. But then his glance slipped with a jerk up the house-fronts, examined them, made sure they were standing still and did not stir, although really a house like that has lots of win-

dows and could easily bend forward. That might get the roofs started, carry them along with it; they are liable to start rocking. They might begin to shake, to rock, to jolt. The roofs could slide down, obliquely like sand, like a hat falling down from a head. Why, they're all, yes, all of them, standing obliquely over the roof-tree, along the whole row. But they're nailed down fast, strong beams below and then the roofing, the tar. Firm stands and true, the watch, the watch on the Rhine. Good morning, Franz Biberkopf, here we are walking erect, chest out, back straight, old boy, along the Brunnenstrasse. God has mercy on all men, we are German citizens, just like the prison director said.

A man with a leather cap and a flabby white face scratched a little boil on his chin with his index-finger, his lower lip hanging out the while. Another man with a broad back and baggy pants-bottom stood leaning over beside him; they barricaded the way. Franz walked around them. The one with the leather cap poked into his right ear.

He noticed with satisfaction that people were quietly walking along the street, the drivers were unloading, the authorities were inspecting the houses, there comes a call like thunder's peal, well then, we can walk here, too. A poster kiosk at the corner, on yellow paper there stood in black Roman letters: "Have you lived on the beautiful Rhine." "The King of Football Centers." Five men stood in a little circle on the asphalt, swung hammers, split the asphalt, we know the one in the green woolen jacket, that's sure, he's working all right, we can do that,

too, later on maybe, you hold it tight with your right hand, lift it up, grasp it; then bang, down with it. That's us, the working men, the proletariat. Right high, left swing, heave, right high, left swing, heave. Danger. Building site. Stralau Asphalt Company.

He was walking leisurely along the rattling trolley-line, look out, don't get off while the car is in motion! Wait till the car stops! The cop regulates the traffic, a letter-carrier wants to get across quickly. I'm not in a hurry, just want to go to the Jews. They'll still be there. What a lot of dirt you get on your shoes, but then they weren't shined anyhow, for who's going to shine 'em, that Schmidt woman perhaps, she doesn't do anything (spider webs on the ceiling, sour heartburn, he sucked his palate, turned his head towards the window-panes: Gargoyle Mobiloil Vulcanizing, Bobbed Hair Shop, Water Waves, against a blue background, Pixavon, refined tar product.) Wonder if stout Lina could shine his shoes? Now he had already acquired a speedier tempo.

That crook Lüders, the woman's letter, I'll box you a knife in the guts. Olordolord, say, leave that alone, we'll take care of ourselves, you bums, we won't do anybody dirt, we've already done time in Tegel. Let's see: custom tailoring, gent's furnishings, that first, then in the second place, mounting rims on carriage wheels, automobile accessories, important, too, for quick riding, but not too fast.

Right foot, left foot, right foot, left foot, marching slowly in step, don't crowd, Miss. Careful! Cop and a crowd! What's that? Make haste and you get laced. Hoo-

hoohoo, hoohoohoo, the roosters crow. Franz was happy, the faces all looked nicer.

Joyously he meditated on the street. A cold wind was blowing, mixed, according to the houses, with warm cellar smells, native and Southern fruits, gasoline. Asphalt doesn't smell in winter.

At the Jews' Franz sat on the sofa for a whole hour. They talked, he talked, he was wondering, they were wondering, a whole long hour. What was he wondering about, sitting on the sofa, while they were talking and he was talking? That he was sitting here and talking and they were talking, and above all he was wondering at himself. Why was he wondering at himself? He knew and noticed it himself, he established it as an accountant does a miscalculation. He established something in his mind.

It was decided, he was wondering at the decision which he had arrived at. This decision said, while he looked into their faces, smiled, questioned, answered: Franz Biberkopf, they may say what they please, they've got the preacher's outfit, but they're not preachers, it's a caftan; they're from Galicia, near Lemberg, they're clever, but they can't tell me anything. I'm sitting here on the sofa and I won't do business with 'em. I've already done what I can.

The last time he had been here he had sat with one of them on the carpet below. Git, skidoo, I'd like to try it. But not today, that's all over. We sit here nailed on our bottoms and look at the ole Jews.

Man can't give any more, he's not a machine. The eleventh commandment says: Don't let 'em bluff you. A

nice place, these guys have, simple, in bad taste, and no show. They won't knock Franz flat with that. Franz can hold his own. That's over with. To bed, to bed, if you've got one, or if you haven't, you must all go to bed, to bed. We won't work any longer. The old boy's gone on a strike. When the pump gets stuck in the sand you can work on the old thing as much as you want. Franz gets a retiring allowance without pension. How's that, he thought maliciously, and looked down the edge of the sofa. Retiring allowance without pension.

"And when a man has the strength you have, a strong fellow like you, he should thank his Creator. What can happen to him? Does he have to drink? If he isn't doing one thing, he's doing another. Goes to the public market, stands in front of the shops, stands around the railroad station: what do you think one of those fellows took from me the other day when I came back from Landsberg, I was away one day, and what do you think he took from me? Just guess, Nachum, a man as big as that door, a Goliath, God save me. Fifty pfennigs. Yes sir, fifty pfennigs, I'm telling you, fifty pfennigs. For a small trunk from here to that corner. I didn't want to carry it myself, it was Shabbes. To think that fellow took fifty pfennigs from me. But I gave him a look. Well, you could also— I know something for you. Isn't there something open at Feitel's, the grain dealer's, say, you know Feitel, don't you?" "Not Feitel, his brother." "Well, he carries grains, too. Who is his brother?" "Feitel's brother, told you." "Do I know everybody in Berlin?" "Feitel's brother. A man with an income that's . . ." He shook his head in

despairing admiration. The red-haired man raised his arm, ducked his head. "You don't say so? And from Czernowitz." They had forgotten all about Franz. They both were thinking intensely about the wealth of Feitel's brother. The red-haired man walked around in great excitement, then gave a snort. The other one purred, streamed delight, smiled sardonically behind him and clicked with his nails: "Yep." "Great. You don't say so!" "Everything that family touches is gold. Gold is not the word. GOLD." The red-haired fellow wandered around, then sat down by the window, deeply moved. What he saw going on outside filled him with contempt, two men in their shirt-sleeves were washing a car, an old car. One of them had his suspenders hanging down, they dragged along two pails of water, the courtyard was streaming with water. With a meditative look, dreaming of gold, he contemplated Franz: "What do you think of that?" What can he say, he's a poor, half-crazy fellow, what does a poor devil like that understand about Feitel's money in Czernowitz? He wouldn't let that one clean his shoes. Franz answered his look. Good morning, Preacher, the trolleys keep on tinkling along, but we know what that means, a man can give only so much. They're not working any more, and even if all the snow melts, we won't lift a finger, we'll make ourselves scarce.

The serpent had rustled down from the tree. Thou art cursed above all cattle, upon thy belly shalt thou go and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life. And I will put enmity between thee and the woman. In sor-

row thou shalt bring forth children, Eve. Adam, cursed is the ground for thy sake, thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field.

We won't work any more, no use, and even if all the snow melts, we won't lift a finger.

It was the iron crowbar which Franz Biberkopf held in his hands, with which he sat and went through the door later on. His mouth said something or other. Hesitatingly he had sneaked in, he had been discharged from Tegel prison a few months before, he had been riding in the trolley, sh-sh-sh-along the streets, past the houses, the roofs slipping by, he had eaten with the Jews. He got up, let's move on, I went to see Minna that time, what's keeping me here, let's go see Minna, let's look at everything accurately and just the way it was.

Off he went. He trailed up and down in front of Minna's house. Li'l Mary sat upon a stone, all alone, on a stone. What do I care about her? He snooped around the house. Let her be happy with her old man. Sauerkraut with beets, they drove me away, if mother had only cooked meats, I would have stayed all day. The cats here don't stink any different from other places. Li'l rabbit beat it, yes, like the sausage in the press. Am I going to stand around here with the blues looking at the house. And the whole bunch hollering cock-a-doodle-doo.

Cock-a-doodle-doo. Cock-a-doodle-doo. Thus spake Menelaus. And, without meaning to, he made Telem-

achus's heart so sad that the tears rolled down his cheeks, so that he had to draw his purple mantle with both hands firmly before his eyes.

In the meanwhile Princess Helen strolled from out the women's apartments, like unto a goddess in beauty.

Cock-a-doodle-doo. There are many kinds of chickens. But if anyone asks me, on my honor and conscience, which I like best, I answer freely and frankly: Broiled chickens. Pheasants also belong to the gallinaceous birds, and in Brehms's Animal Life it says: The little dwarf moor-hen differs from the little prairie-hen, apart from its smaller size, through the fact that both sexes in spring wear an almost identical coat. Explorers in Asia know also the monial or monal, which is called by the scientists glossy pheasant. It is difficult to give a description of the splendor of its coloring. One hears it call, a long plaintive note, in the woods at all hours of the day, most frequently before daybreak and toward evening.

But all this takes place very far away, between Sikkam and Bhutan in India, and is a rather sterile bit of library knowledge for Berlin.

For it happens alike with Man and Beast; as the Beast dies, so Man dies, too

The slaughter-house in Berlin. In the northeast part of the city, from Eldenaer Strasse across Thaerstrasse across Landsberger Allee as far as Cotheniusstrasse along

the Belt Line Railway, run the houses, halls, and stables of the slaughter- and stock-yards.

They cover an expanse of 47.88 hectares, equal to 118.31 acres. Not counting the structures behind Landsberger Allee, 27,083,492 marks were sunk into this construction, of which sum the cattle-yards cost 7,682,844 marks, and the slaughter-house 19,410,648 marks.

The cattle-yard, slaughter-house, and wholesale meat-market form an inseparable economic whole. The administrative body is the municipal committee for stock-yards and slaughter-houses, and consists of two members of the city administration, a member of the district office, 11 councillors and three citizen-deputies. There are 258 employees in the organization: among them are veterinaries, inspectors, branders, assistant veterinaries, assistant inspectors, permanent employees and laborers. Traffic ordinance of October 4, 1900: General Regulations governing the cattle-driving, delivery of fodder, scale of fees, market fees, boxing fees, slaughter fees, fees for the removal of fodder-troughs from the pork-market hall.

Along Eldenaer Strasse run the dirty-gray walls topped with barbed wire. The trees outside are bare, it is winter, the trees have sent their sap into the roots, to wait for spring. Slaughter wagons roll up at a smart gallop, with yellow and red wheels, prancing horses in front. A skinny horse runs along behind a wagon, from the sidewalk somebody calls "Emil," they bargain about the old nag, 50 marks and a round for the eight of us, the horse turns, trembles, nibbles at a tree, the driver tears it away, 50 marks and a round, Otto, otherwise we'll let it drop.

The man on the sidewalk slaps the horse: All right!

Yellow administration headquarters, an obelisk for the war dead. And to the right and left longish halls with glass roofs, these are stables and waiting-rooms. Outside black signboards: property of the Berlin Union of Wholesale Butchers, Incorporated. No bill posting without proper authority. The Board of Directors.

In the long halls there are doors, black openings through which the animals are driven, numbered 26, 27, 28. The cattle-hall, the pork-room, the slaughter-rooms: death tribunals for the animals, swinging hatchets, you won't get out of here alive. Peaceful streets nearby, Strassmannstrasse, Liebigstrasse, Proskauer, Public Gardens in which people are strolling about. They dwell snugly side by side, the doctor comes running when one of them gets sick and has a sore throat.

But on the other side, the tracks of the Belt Line Railway stretch over a distance of 10 miles. Live-stock comes rolling up from the provinces, specimens of the genus sheep, hog, ox, from East Prussia, Pomerania, Brandenburg, West Prussia. They bleat and low over the railings of their pens. The hogs grunt and sniff the ground, they can't see where they're going, the drivers follow them with sticks. They lie down in the stables, white and fat, side by side, snorting and sleeping. They have been driven a long time, then well shaken up in the cars; now there's nothing vibrating beneath them, only the flagstones are cold. They wake up and huddle close together. They lie piled one on top of the other. Two of them are fighting, there is room in the pen, they butt their heads

together, snap at each other's necks and ears, turn around in a circle, snort, then at times become quite still, just biting each other. One of them grows afraid and climbs over the bodies of the others, its adversary climbs after it, gives a snarl, and while those underneath grub themselves up again, the two plump down, looking for each other.

A man in a linen smock ambles through the corridor, the pen opens, he steps in between the animals with a stick; then, once the door is open, they rush out, squealing, grunting, and screaming. They crowd along the corridors. Across the courtyards, between the halls, he drives they up, those funny bare creatures with their jolly fat hams, their jolly little tails, and the green and red stripes on their backs. Here you have light, dear little pigs, and here you have dirt, just give a sniff, go ahead and grub a while, for how many minutes longer will it be? No, you are right, one should not work by the clock, just go on sniffing and grubbing. You are going to be slaughtered, there you are, take a look at the slaughter-house, at the hog slaughter-house. There exist old houses, but you get a new model. It is bright, built of red brick, from the outside you might take it for a locksmith's workshop, for a machine-shop, an office-room, or a drafting-room. I am going to walk the other way, dear little pigs, for I'm a human being, I'll go through this door, we'll meet again, inside.

A push against the door, it rebounds, swings to and fro. Whew, what a lot of steam! What are they steaming? It's like a bath, all that steam, the hogs are taking a

Turkish bath, perhaps. You can't see where you're walking. Your glasses are covered with vapor, you could go naked, sweat out your rheumatism, cognac alone won't do, the slippers go clattering about. Nothing can be seen, the steam is too thick. But a continuous noise of squealing, snorting, clattering, men's voices calling back and forth, tools being dropped, slamming of lids. Somewhere around here are the hogs, they came in from across the way, from the door at the side. This thick white steam! Here they are, the hogs, some of them are hanging up, already dead, they've been cut up, almost ripe for guzzling. A man with a hose is squirting water on the white halves of the hogs. They are hanging on iron posts, head downward: some of the hogs are still whole, their legs are locked in a cross-beam above, a dead animal can't do anything at all, nor can it run. Pigs' feet, hacked off, lie in a pile. Two men arrive out of the fog carrying something, an animal on an iron bar, gutted and slit open. They lift the bar up and put it through the rings. Many of its comrades are dangling there, staring at the flagstones.

You walk through the room in a fog. The flagstones are grooved, damp, covered with blood. Between the posts are rows of white eviscerated animals. Behind there must be the slaughter-pens, there is a sound of smacking, clattering, squealing, screaming, rattling, grunting. Steaming boilers and vats send vapor into the room. The dead animals are dipped in the boiling water, then scalded and taken out very white, a man scrapes off the epidermis with a knife, the animal grows whiter still, becomes quite smooth. Quite soft and white, relaxed as

though after a tiring bath, after a successful operation or a massage, the hogs lie in rows, on benches or planks, they lie quite still in their replete tranquillity, in their new white shirts. They all lie on their sides, on some of them can be seen a double row of teats, a sow has many breasts, they must be fertile animals. But they all have a straight red slit at their throats right down the middle, that's very suspicious.

The cracking sound starts up again, a door is opened in back, the vapor vanishes, they drive in a new lot of hogs, there you run while I walk in front through the sliding door, funny rosy creatures, jolly hams, jolly little curly tails, backs with motley colored stripes. And they sniff in the new pen. It's cold as the old one, but there is still something wet on the floor, something unknown, a red lubricity. They sniff at it with their snouts.

A pallid young man with slick blond hair has a cigar in his mouth. Look here, that's the last man who will occupy himself with you. Don't think ill of him, he is doing his official duty. He has to settle an administrative matter with you. He is dressed only in his boots, trousers, shirt and suspenders, the boots come up over his knees. That's his official garb. He takes his cigar out of his mouth, lays it on a shelf on the wall, takes a long hatchet from out the corner. It is the sign of his official dignity, of his rank over you, like the brass badge of a detective. He'll soon flash it at you. The young man takes a long wooden pole, lifts it up to the height of his shoulders over the squeaking little pigs which are rooting, sniffing and grunting undisturbed down below. The man walks

around, looking down, searching, searching. The problem at stake is an inquiry against John Doe, John Doe in the case of X *vs.* Y.—Bing, one of them has run in front of his feet, bing, another one. The man is quick, he has given an account of himself, the hatchet has whizzed down, plunged into the lot of them with its blunt side, first on one head, then on another. That was a great moment! Kicking, writhing. Flinging from side to side. No longer conscious. Just lying there. What are those legs and heads doing? But the pig isn't doing that, it's the legs that do it, on their own, you might say. And already two men have begun to look across from the scalding room; it's time for them now, they lift a slide onto the killing-pen, drag out the animal, they sharpen their long knives on the stone and kneel down, slash, slash, they thrust them into the throat, zzing, a long slit, a very long slit in the throat, the animal is opened up like a bag, deep, plunging cuts, the animal twitches, kicks, thrashes about, it is unconscious, no more than unconscious now, more's to come, it squeals, and now for the opening of the veins in the throat. It is profoundly unconscious, we have stepped into metaphysics, into theology, my child, you no longer walk on earth, we're wandering now on the clouds. Hurry up with the pan now, the black warm blood streams into it, foams and bubbles in the pan, stir it quickly. The blood coagulates in the body, forms clots and stops up wounds. Now it has left the body, and it still wants to coagulate. Like a child that keeps on crying Mama, Mama, when it lies on the operating table, but there is

no question of Mama, and Mama does not come, but it's suffocating under the mask with the ether, it goes on crying till it can cry no longer: Mama. Zzing, zzing, the veins, right and left. Stir it quickly. That's it. Now the twitching stops. Now you are still. We are through with physiology and theology, physics begins.

The man who was kneeling gets up. His knees hurt him. The pig has to be scalded, gutted, then hacked up; this is done step by step. The boss, looking well-fed, wanders up and down through the steam, puffing at his pipe, glancing from time to time at an open belly. On the wall next to the swinging door hangs a poster: Annual Ball, First Section of Live-Stock Shippers, Saalbau, Friedrichshain, Kermbach Orchestra. Outside are posters announcing boxing matches. Germania Halls, Chausseestrasse 110, Entrance from 1.50 to 10 marks, 4 Qualification Matches.

Supply at the cattle-market: 1399 steers, 2700 calves, 4654 sheep, 18,864 hogs. Market conditions: prime steers firm, otherwise quiet. Calves firm, sheep quiet, hogs opening firm, closing weak, overweights lagging.

The wind blows through the driveway, it is raining. The cattle bleat as several men drive a big, roaring, horned herd into the place. The animals close in on each other, they stop in their tracks, then run in the wrong direction while the drivers chase them with sticks. A bull jumps up on a cow in the middle of the bunch, the cow runs right and left, the bull is after her, hugely he rises up on her again and again.

A big, white steer is driven into the slaughter-hall. Here there is no vapor, no pen like they have for the swarming pigs. The big strong animal, the steer, steps in alone, between its drivers through the gate. The blood-bespattered hall lies open before it with the chopped-up bones, and the halves and quarters hanging about. The big steer has a broad forehead. With sticks and thrusts it is driven up to the butcher. In order to make it stand still, he gives it a slight blow on the hind leg with the flat part of the hatchet. One of the drivers seizes it from below around the neck. The animal stands for a moment, then yields, with a curious ease, as if it agreed and was willing, after having seen everything and understood that this is its fate, and that it cannot do anything against it. Perhaps it thinks the gesture of the driver is a caress, it looks so friendly. The animal follows the tug of the driver's arms, turns its head obliquely to one side, mouth upward.

But then the butcher stands behind it with his hammer uplifted. Don't look around! The hammer lifted by the strong man with both his fists is behind you, above you, and then: zoom, down it comes! The muscular force of a strong man like an iron wedge in its neck! And a second later—the hammer has not yet been lifted—the animal's four legs give a spring, the whole heavy body seems to fly up with a jerk. And then as though it had no legs, the beast, the heavy body, falls down on the floor with a thud, onto its rigidly cramped legs, lies like this for a moment, drops on its side. The executioner walks around the animal from left to right,

cracks it over the head, and on the temples, with another mercifully stunning blow: you will not wake up again. Then the other man beside him removes the cigar from his mouth, blows his nose, sharpens his knife, it is half as long as a sword, and kneels behind the animal's head; its legs have already stopped their convulsive movements. With short twitching jerks it tosses the hind part of its body back and forth. The butcher searches for something on the floor and before using the knife, he calls for the basin to catch the blood. The blood is still circulating quietly inside, little disturbed, under the impulses of a mighty heart. To be sure, the spine is crushed, but the blood still flows quietly through the veins. The lungs breathe, the intestines move. Now he applies the knife, the blood will gush out, I can see it now, in a stream as thick as your arm, black, beautiful, jubilating blood. Then the whole merry party will leave the house, the guests will dance out into the open, a tumult, and gone are the happy pastures, the warm stable, the fragrant fodder, everything gone, blown away, an empty hole, darkness, a new cosmos emerges! Haha! Suddenly we see a gentleman who has bought the house, new streets being laid out, better business conditions, going to tear down everything. They bring the big basin, shove it up to him, the huge animal throws its hind legs in the air. The knife is thrust into its neck near the gullet, look carefully for the veins, they are covered with a tough skin, well safeguarded. And now it's open, another one too, it spurts forth, hot steaming blackness, black red, the blood bubbles out over the knife, over

the butcher's arm, jubilant blood, hot blood, the guests are coming, the transformation act proceeds, from the sun came your blood, the sun hid in your body, now it surges forth again. The animal breathes with huge efforts, it amounts to suffocation, a huge irritation, it snorts and rattles. Yes, the beams are cracking. The flanks heave so fearfully that one of the men helps the beast. If you want a stone to fall, give it a push. A man jumps on top of the animal, on its body, with both legs, he stands up there, bouncing, steps on the entrails, bobs up and down, the blood should come out more quickly, all of it. And the snorting grows louder, it is a long drawn-out panting, panting away, with light defensive blows of the hind legs. The legs quiver gently. Life is going out with a snort, the breathing begins to die down. The hind quarters turn over heavily. That's the earth, that's gravity. The man bobs upward. The other man underneath is already preparing to turn back the hide of the neck.

Happy pastures, damp warm stable.

The well-lighted butcher shop. The lighting of the store and that of the show-window should be made to harmonize. Predominantly direct or semi-indirect lighting should be used. In general, fixtures for predominantly direct lighting are practical, because store, desk, and chopping-block, above all, should be well lighted. Artificial daylight obtained by the use of blue-filter lamps, cannot be considered for butcher shops, because

meat always demands lighting under which the natural meat color does not suffer.

Stuffed pig's feet. After the feet have been well cleaned, they are split lengthways, so that the rind remains whole; then they are laid together and tied with a thread.

—Franz, for two weeks you haven't stirred out of your wretched room. Your landlady is soon going to give you the air. You can't pay her, the woman doesn't rent rooms for the fun of it. If you don't pull yourself together soon, you'll have to go to the poor-house. And then what: well, what? You don't let any air into your hole, you won't go to the barber, you're getting a full brown beard, you certainly could dig up the necessary 15 pfennigs from somewhere.

Conversation with Job, it's up to you, Job, you don't want it

After Job had lost everything, everything men can lose, neither more nor less, he was lying one day in the cabbage garden.

"Job, you are lying in the cabbage garden, by the dog-kennel, just far enough away so that the watchdog cannot bite you. You hear the gnashing of its teeth. The dog barks at every approaching step. When you turn around, when you want to rise up, it growls, lunges forward, tears at its chains, jumps up, slavers and snaps.

"Job, there is the palace, and these are the gardens and the fields you yourself once possessed. You did not even know this watchdog, this cabbage garden, into which you have been thrown; you did not even know them, nor did you know the goats which are driven past you in the morning and which pull at the grass as they pass by and chew on it and stuff their cheeks full. They belonged to you.

"Job, you have lost everything. You are allowed to creep into the barn at night. People are afraid of your sore boils. You rode in splendor over your estate and they crowded about you. Now you have a wooden fence in front of your nose, with little snails creeping up on it. You may also study the earthworms. They are the only creatures which are not afraid of you.

"Only at times do you open your scale-covered eyes, O heap of misfortune, O living morass, that you are.

"What tortures you most, Job? That you have lost your sons and daughters, that you do not possess anything, that you freeze in the night, your sore boils in your mouth, or on your nose? Which is it, Job?"

"Who is asking?"

"I am only a voice."

"A voice comes out of a throat."

"You think I must be a human being?"

"Yes, and that's why I do not want to see you. Go away."

"I am only a voice, Job, open your eyes, as wide as you can, you will not see me."

"Ah, I am raving. My head, my brain, I am now being driven crazy, too, now even my thoughts are to be taken from me."

"And if this happens, will it matter?"

"I don't want it to happen."

"Although you suffer so, and although you suffer so through your thoughts, you don't want to lose them?"

"Don't ask questions, go away."

"But I shan't take them away from you. I only want to know what tortures you most."

"That's nobody's business."

"Nobody's but your own?"

"Yes. Yes. Not yours."

The dog barks, snarls, bites. The voice comes back after a while.

"Is it for your sons you lament?"

"Nobody need pray for me when I am dead. I am poison for the earth. Men must spit after me. Job must be forgotten."

"For your daughters?"

"The daughters, ah. They are also dead. They are well off now. They were wonderful women. They would have given me grandchildren, and now they have been carried off. One after the other they fell, as if God had taken them by their hair, lifted them up, and thrown them down so that they broke in two."

"Job, you are unable to open your eyes, they are glued together, they are glued together. You lament because you are lying in the cabbage garden, and the dog-kennel is the last thing left to you, and your illness."

"That voice, O voice, whose voice are you, and where are you hiding?"

"I don't know the cause of your lamentation."

"Oh, oh."

"You groan and you don't know it either, Job."

"No. I have—"

"I have?"

"I have no strength. That's it."

"That's what you would like to have."

"No more strength to hope, no desire. I have no teeth. I am soft. I am ashamed of myself."

"That's what you said."

"And it is true."

"Yes, you know it. That's the most terrible thing about it."

"So it is already written on my brow. To such tatters have I fallen."

"That's it, Job, that's what you suffer from most. You do not like to be weak, you would like to be able to resist, or rather be full of holes, your brain gone, your thoughts gone, and then become like a beast of the field. Make a wish."

"You have asked me so many questions, O voice, now I believe you may question me. Heal me, if you can. Whether you be Satan or God, angel or man, heal me."

"So you are ready to be healed by anybody?"

"Heal me."

"Job, think it over carefully, you cannot see me. If you open your eyes, perhaps you will be frightened by

me. Perhaps I demand a high and terrible price."

"We shall see everything. You talk as though you were in earnest."

"But suppose I should be Satan or the Evil One?"

"Heal me."

"I am Satan."

"Heal me."

Then the voice retreated, grew weaker and weaker. The dog barked. Anxiously Job listened: He is gone, I must be healed, or else I must die. He screamed. A ghastly night fell. The voice came back once more.

"And suppose I am Satan, how are you going to dispose of me?"

Job screamed: "You don't want to heal me. Nobody wants to help me, neither God, nor Satan, nor angel, nor man."

"And you yourself?"

"What of me?"

"But you don't want it."

"What?"

"Who can help you, if you yourself don't want it?"

"No, no," Job stammered.

The voice facing him: "God and Satan, angels and men, all want to help you, but you don't want it. God, for love, Satan, in order to seize you later, the angels and men, because they are the helpmeets of God and Satan, but you don't want it."

"No, no," Job stammered, and shouted, and threw himself about. He screamed the whole night long. The voice called incessantly: "God and Satan, the angels and

men, want to help you, you don't want it." Job incessantly: "No, no." He sought to choke the voice, it grew in intensity, grew still more in intensity, it was always ahead of him one degree. All night long. Towards morning Job fell on his face. In silence lay Job.

That day his first sores began to heal.

And they all have the same Breath, and Men have no more than Beasts

Cattle-market supply: Hogs 11,543, Beef 2016, Calves 1920, Mutton 4450.

But what is this man doing with the cute little calf? He leads it in alone by a rope; this is a huge hall in which the bulls roar; now he takes the little animal to a bench. There are many benches side by side, next to each one there is a wooden club. He lifts the delicate little calf with both arms, puts it on the bench, it does not protest as he lays it down. Then he grasps the animal from underneath, takes hold of one hind leg with his left hand so it can't kick. Now he grabs the rope with which he led the animal in, and ties it firmly to the wall. The animal is patient and still, there it lies, it does not know what is going to happen, it is lying uncomfortably on the wood, it bumps its head against a stick and does not know what it is: but it is the end of the club which is standing on the ground and with which it will soon receive a blow. That will be its last encounter with this world. And sure enough, the man, the simple old man, who stands there all alone, a gentle old man

with a soft voice—he talks to the animal—takes the butt-end, lifts it lightly, it does not require very much strength for such a delicate creature, and gives the gentle animal a blow in the neck. Quite calmly, in the same way in which he had brought the animal here and said: Now lie still, he gives it a blow in the neck, without anger, without great excitement, but also without melancholy, no, that's the way it is, you're a good animal, you know, of course, that's the way it has to be.

And the little calf: prr-prr, quite, quite stiff and rigid, its little legs stretched out. The black velvet eyes of the little calf grow suddenly very big, stand still, are edged with white, now they turn towards the side. The man knows all about that, well, that's the way animals look, but we still have lots to do today, we must be getting on, and he looks under the little calf on the bench, his knife is lying there, with his foot he pushes the receptacle for the blood into place. Then zzing, the knife is drawn straight across the neck, through the throat, through all the cartilage, the air escapes, the muscles are slashed sidewise, the head is entirely severed, then clatters downward towards the bench. The blood spurts, a dark, red, thick, bubbling liquid. Well, that's over with. But he keeps on cutting calmly and more deeply, his peaceful expression unchanged, he seeks and gropes in the depths with his knife, pushes through between two vertebræ, it is a very young, soft tissue. Then he takes his hand off the animal, the knife clatters down onto the bench. He washes his hands in a pail and goes off.

And now the animal lies alone, wretchedly, on its side, just the way he tied it. All over the hall there is gay noise, people are working, dragging things around, calling to each other. The severed head hangs frighteningly by the hide, between the two table-legs, running over with blood and saliva. The tongue, thick-blue, is squeezed between the teeth. And terribly, terribly, the animal rattles and groans on the bench. The head quivers on the hide. The body on the bench becomes convulsive. The legs palpitate, jerk; childishly thin, knotty legs. But the eyes are quite fixed, blind. They are dead eyes. This is a dead animal.

The peaceful old man stands by a pillar with his little black notebook, looks across at the bench, and writes down figures. Living's expensive these days, difficult to calculate, hard to keep going, what with all the competition.

Franz's Window is open, funny Things, too, happen in the World

The sun rises and sets, there come bright days, the baby-carriages roll along the street, it is February 1928.

Franz Biberkopf, with his loathing of the world and his disgust, boozes right into February. He spends everything he has on drink, doesn't care what's going to happen. He had wanted to be respectable, but there are rascals and skinflints and four-flushers in the world, and so Franz Biberkopf no longer wants to see and hear anything of the world, and even if he should get to be

a real bum, he is going to booze until he's spent his last pfennig.

February finds Franz Biberkopf still raging, and then one night he is awakened by a noise in the courtyard. In the back there is a wholesale house. He looks down in his woozy condition, opens the window, and shouts across the courtyard: "Get the hell away from there, you saps, you jackasses!" Then he lies down, thinks no more about it, the fellows back there have left in a flash.

A week later, the same thing happens. Franz is about to pull the window open and throw down a chunk of wood, when he remembers: it's one o'clock now, he'll take a good look at those boys. What on earth are those birds doing there at one in the morning? What are they up to, do they really belong in the house, let's have a peep at this!

Yes, that's it; there is a lot of cautious hustling back and forth going on down there, they glide along the wall, up above Franz is craning his neck. One man is standing at the courtyard door, he's the look-out, they're getting ready to pull off a job, they're tinkering with the big cellar door. Three of them are at it. Funny, they're not afraid of being seen. Now there's a creaking sound, the door's open, they've swung it, all right, one of them stays in the courtyard, in the doorway; the other two have gone down in the cellar. It's mighty dark here, that's what they wanted.

Franz gently shuts his window. The air has cooled his head off. That's the kind of thing people do, all day long and even at night, that's the way they go about

their crooked business, I ought to take a flower-pot and lam it down into the courtyard. What business have they got in the house I live in? None at all.

Everything is quiet, he sits down on his bed in the darkness, then he has to go back to the window and look down: what are those fellows after in my house, anyway? He lights a candle, looks for the brandy bottle, and, when he finds it, does not drink. One ball wing'd by death came flying, is it sent for me or thee?

But when noon comes around, Franz goes down into the courtyard. A lot of people are standing around. Gerner, the carpenter, is also there, Franz knows him, they talk together: "They've been hooking something again." Franz nudges him: "I saw the rats, I won't give 'em away, but if they come again to this courtyard where I'm living and sleeping and where they got no business, I'll come down and as sure as my name's Biberkopf they'll have to pick up the pieces, even if they're three of 'em." The carpenter clings to Franz: "If you know anything, there are some detectives here, go ahead and talk to 'em, you might earn something." "Leave me alone with those fellows. I ain't never squealed on anybody. Let 'em do their own work, ain't they paid for it?"

Franz beats it. While Gerner is still standing there two detectives come up to him and insist on knowing where Gerner lives, that is to say, himself. I'm scared stiff. The man turns pale down to his corns. Then he says: "Let's see, Gerner, he's the carpenter, ain't he, I can show you." And says not a word, rings his own doorbell, the wife opens the door, the whole bunch piles in

after him. Finally Gerner pushes his way through, gives his wife a shove in the ribs, a finger on his lips, she doesn't know what's the matter, he mixes in with the others, his hands in his trousers pockets. There are two other men in the party, gentlemen from the insurance company, they take a good look at his home. They want to know how thick the walls are here and how about the floor, they knock on the walls and measure and take notes. As a matter of fact, it's getting to be a bit thick, these burglaries in this wholesale house, these crooks have some nerve, they tried to break through the wall, because there's a bell system by the door and on the stairs, they knew that all right. Yes, the walls are dreadfully thin, the whole structure is ramshackle, a kind of magnified Easter egg.

They march back to the courtyard, Gerner, playing the dumbbell, sticks by them. Now they study the two new iron doors in the cellar, Gerner standing nearby. And then, as chance would have it, he steps back a pace, he wants to make room for somebody, but, chance would have it, he steps on something, something overturns, and as he makes a quick grab for it, it turns out to be a bottle, but it happens to have fallen on some paper, so nobody has heard anything. There's a bottle standing here in the courtyard, they must have left it behind, we'll take it along, why not, the big fellows won't lose anything by that. And he leans down, as if he wanted to lace his shoes, with that he grabs the bottle along with the paper. And thus Eve gave Adam the apple, and, if the apple had not fallen from the tree, Eve would

not have touched it, and the apple would not have reached Adam's address. Later, Gerner puts the bottle under his coat, and off with it across the courtyard, to the old lady at home.

Whatcha say, old lady? She beams: "Where did ye get that, August?" "Bought it when nobody was there." "You don't say so!" "Danziger Goldwasser, whatcha say to that?"

She beams and beams, as if she came from Beamville. She pulls the curtains to: "Man alive, some of 'em are still standing over there, you got it from over there, didn't ye?" "Found it standing by the wall, those fellows would have taken it along with 'em." "You'll have to give that back." "Since when does a man have to give up Goldwasser when he finds it? When did we ever treat ourselves to a bottle of cognac, old lady, with times as bad as they are? That would be a fool trick wouldn't it, old lady?"

In the end that's her opinion, too, she's not that kind, a bottle, a little bottle, what difference does it make with such a big firm and then, old lady, when you get down to it, it doesn't belong to the firm anyway, it belongs to the burglars, and do you expect me to throw it after 'em? That would be a criminal offense. And they take a nip, then they tipple, another little nip, yes, you have to keep your eyes open in this world, not everything has to be made of gold; silver, too, has its value.

On Saturday the burglars come and a funny thing happens. They notice a stranger sneaking around in the

courtyard, or rather the one who is standing by the wall notices it, and already the others, with dark lanterns, like gnomes from a pit, make full speed ahead towards the courtyard door. But there stands Gerner, and they leap like greyhounds over the wall to the next-door yard. Gerner runs after them, they rush off. "Cut it out, I won't do anything to you, God, what saps." He watches them climb over the wall, his heart is near breaking, two have already made their get-away: "Fellers, don't act like fools." Only the last man, astride up there on the house-wall, turns his dark lantern on his face: "What's the matter with you?" A rival, maybe, gummed the game for us. "Why, I'm with ye," says Gerner. What's the matter with him anyway? "Of course, I'll work with you, why do you beat it?"

And after a while he creeps down from the wall, alone, takes a look at the carpenter, that man looks tight. But old Fatty is courageous, because the carpenter is fuddled and smells of hooch. Gerner gives him his hand. "Shake, pard, coming along?" "Is this a frame-up?" "How's that?" "Maybe you think I'm goin' to bite?" Gerner is insulted, grieved, the other does not take him seriously, if he only doesn't run off, that Goldwasser was really too good, his wife would give him the deuce, Lord, wouldn't she now, if he came home looking like a damned fool. Gerner starts begging: "Ah, say, what do you mean, go on in, here's where I live." "Who?" "Why, man, I'm the Superintendent here, can't something come my way once in a while?" Then

the thief reflects; he finds that O. K., that would really be great, if the other fellow were in on it, if it's only not a trap, well, we've got a gun with us.

And he leaves his ladder standing against the wall, walks off with Gerner across the courtyard, the others have already made their get-away, probably think I've hit a snag. Gerner then rings the down-stairs bell. "Heh, whatcha ringing for, who lives here?" Gerner proudly: "Me. Watch it." Then he lifts the latch and opens the door noisily: "Well, is it me or not?"

And he switches on the light, his wife's already at the kitchen door, trembling. Gerner jovially makes the introductions: "This is my wife, and here's a pal of mine, Gusta." She shakes in her shoes, stays inside, suddenly she nods solemnly, smiles, why, that's a nice man, ain't that a young, handsome lad! Then she comes out, there she is: "But, Paul, you can't let the gentleman stay out here in the hallway, won't you kindly step up, sir, and take your cap off."

The stranger would like to beat it, but the other two won't give in, he is astonished, can this be possible, why those are respectable people, in bad straits probably, the lower middle-class is hard hit, inflation and so on. The little woman keeps looking at him lovingly, he gets warmed up on punch, then off he goes, never quite sure what it's all about.

At any rate, this youngster, obviously sent by his gang, comes to Gerner's next morning after breakfast, and inquires minutely as to whether he had left anything there. Gerner is not home, only his wife, who

receives him amiably, almost humbly in fact, even offers him a brandy, which he deigns to accept.

To the regret of the carpenter, the burglars stay away the whole week. A thousand times Paul and Gusta discuss the situation, whether they hadn't scared the boys off maybe, but neither can find anything to cause self-reproach. "Maybe you were too rough with 'em, Paul, you sometimes have a funny way with you." "Nope, Gusta, it's not my fault, it's more likely yours, you made a face as if you were the preacher himself, and that drove him off, they don't feel at home with us, it's terrible, what are we going to do about it?"

Gusta has begun crying; if only one of them would come again; to think she should have to go on listening to these reproaches, and, really, it wasn't her fault.

But sure enough, Friday is the great moment. There's somebody knocking. I think there's somebody knocking. And as she opens, even though she does not see anything as yet, because in her excitement she forgot to switch on the light, she knows at once who it is. And it is the tall fellow, who always plays the gentleman, he wants to talk to her husband, and he is very serious and cool. She is frightened, has anything happened? He reassures her: "No, it's purely a matter of business." Then he talks about different places and how nothing can come out of nothing, and so on. They sit in the sitting-room, she is happy, now she has got him inside, and Paul can no longer say that she chased him, and she says, that's what she always said, and the opposite is right, from nothing, nothing can come. Follows a long

debate over this problem, and it turns out that both have at their disposal quite a few sayings from their parents, grandparents, uncles, and aunts to this same effect: from nothing, nothing can come, never, you can always take an oath on it, it's that sure, and they were of the same opinion. They brought up one example after another, from their own past, from the neighborhood, and were still right in the midst of it, when the bell rang and two men stepped in, who turned out to be detectives, accompanied by three insurance officials. One of the officials addressed the visitor without much ado: "You are Herr Gerner, you'll have to help us a bit, it's with regard to all those burglaries over there, I would like you to join us in a special surveillance. The gentlemen of the wholesale firm, as well as the insurance company, will, of course, pay your expenses." They talk for ten minutes, the woman listens to everything, at twelve they leave. And the two who stayed behind became so excited and gay that around one o'clock something unspeakable happened between them, beggaring description, something of which both were indeed ashamed. For the woman was thirty-five and he perhaps twenty or twenty-one. But it was not only the difference in their ages—and he being 6 feet 3 inches and she just 5 feet —but that such a thing could happen, it somehow developed between their talk and the excitement and their mocking at the policemen, and on the whole it was not so bad, only embarrassing afterwards, at least for her, nevertheless, it will pass over. At any rate, at two o'clock Herr Gerner found a situation confronting him and a

general coziness that were indescribable, he had never imagined anything so nice. So he sat down with them at once.

They were still sitting together at six o'clock, and he listened quite enraptured, as did also his wife, to everything the tall fellow told them. Even if it were only partly true, they were first-class lads, and he was astonished to hear such reasonable ideas about life from a young man of today. He himself was already a decrepit old thing, the scales fell from his eyes by the pound. Yes, after the youngster had gone and they had hit the hay around nine, Gerner said he didn't know how such bright boys could have anything to do with him—there must be something, Gusta would have to admit it, there surely must be something about him, he certainly had something to offer. Gusta was of the same opinion, and the old boy stretched himself contentedly.

And early in the morning, before he got up, he said to her: "Gusta, my name's Jake if I go back to work as a polisher. I had a business of my own and now it's gone and that's no work for a man who has been his own boss, and they would like to kick me out, anyway, because I'm too old. And why shouldn't I make something out of the wholesalers back there. Just look how clever the boys are. If you're not clever today, you go under. That's what I say. What do you say?" "Always said that myself." "You see, I'd like to live like a prince and not freeze my toes off." She embraced him happily, grateful for everything he offered her, and would offer her. "You know what we ought to do, old lady, you and

me?" He pinched her legs till she cried out. "You'll lend us a hand, old lady." "Nope, nothin' doin'." "And I say, yes. You mean we can get along just as well without you, old lady?" "Being as you are five already, all strong men." And how strong! "Want me to be a lookout?" she continues jabbering. "Can't do it. I got varicose veins."

"And help you, what could I do?" "Are you afraid, old gal?" "Afraid, what do you mean? Suppose *you* had varicose veins and then tried to run? Why a dachshund could outrun you! And if they catch me, you certainly would get into trouble, 'cause I'm your wife." "Is it my fault you're my wife?" He pinched her leg, with emotion. "You better stop, Paul. It gets you all excited." "You see, old lady, you'll be a different woman once you get out of this damned hole here." "Why, I'd like to all right, ain't my mouth waterin' for it?" "Just you wait, old lady, that small stuff, that wasn't nothing, take the cotton out of your ears. I'll work the game alone." "Sakes alive. And the others?" What a fright.

"Why, that's just it, Gusta. We'll ditch 'em. Y'know, partnership never works in business, that's an old saw. Well now, am I right or not? I'm goin' to be my own boss. After all, we're the first-comers, living here on the ground-floor, and the courtyard belongs to our house, don't it?" "But I can't help you there, Paul, I really got varicose veins." And it was also too bad in other respects. The old girl agreed bitter-sweetly with her lips, but inside, where the feelings are, she says: No, and keeps saying: No.

And in the evening, since all the firm had left the basement at two o'clock and Gerner had let himself be locked up there with his wife, and it is now nine, and nothing is stirring in the house, and he is just about to start working, and the watchman is probably now patrolling before the house-door, what happens? There is a knock at the basement door. A knock. I think there's a knock. Who could be knocking here anyway? I don't know, but there was a knock. Nobody has any business knocking here now. The store is closed. Somebody knocked. Another knock. Both of them dead silent, not stirring, not saying a word. Again there's a knocking. Gerner nudges her: "Somebody knocked." "Yes." "What is it anyway?" Curiously enough she is not at all afraid, but says: "Likely it isn't anything, they're not goin' to kill us." Nope, he won't kill us, the chap who's coming, I know him, he won't kill me, he's got two long legs and a wee bit of a mustache, and if he comes, I'd be glad, I would. But then the knocking grows insistent, though soft. For Lord's sake, that's a signal. "That's somebody who knows us. That's one of our boys. Been thinkin' that for a long time, old lady." "Then why don't you say so?"

Hello! Gerner's already on the stairs, how did those chaps find out we're here anyway, they've surprised us: the man outside whispers: "Open that door, Gerner."

And whether he wants to or not, he has to open it. It's a lousy trick, goddamned swinishness, I could smash the whole world to smithereens. He has to open the door, it's the tall fellow, alone, her beau. Gerner notices

nothing, she has double-crossed him, after all she would like to show her gratitude to her beau. She beams on him once he's downstairs, she can't help it, her husband looks like a bulldog, he curses: "Whatcha grinning for, you?" "Why, I was so afraid it might 'a' been somebody in the house or the watchman." Now lets get to work and divvy up, cursing won't change things either, damned swinishness.

When Gerner tries it for the second time, and leaves the old woman outside, growling that she brings him bad luck, there comes a knocking again, but now there are three of them and they even act as if he had invited them, and there's nothing to be done about it; a fellow is not even master in his own house, nothing doing against foxy lads like that. Then Gerner says to himself, checkmated, stinking mad: For today I'll work with them, caught together, hanged together, but tomorrow nothing doing, if those dirty fools come again into my house where I'm the superintendent, and mix up in my affairs, then they'll find out how fast the coppers'll get here. Regular profiteers they are, blackmailers!

So they work and work in the basement for two whole hours, carrying most of the stuff into Gerner's place, everything in bags, coffee, dried currants, sugar, they make a clean sweep of things, then cases of alcohol; all kinds of brandy and wine, they drag away half the stock. Gerner is raging that he has to divide all this up with them. At home the old woman pacifies him: "Why I wouldn't 'a' been able to carry so much, me with my

varicose veins." He's in a poisonous rage, they're still carrying things over: "Your varicose veins, you should have bought yourself rubber stockings long ago, that's what comes from saving, always saving and scraping in the wrong place." But Gusta keeps looking at her big boy, and the latter is mighty proud of her in front of the other boys, that's his department, he's smart at that sort of thing.

After they're gone, having worked like brutes, Gerner closes the door of his lodgings, locks himself in and starts to booze with Gusta, that's the least he can have. He can't help trying all the various specimens, the best brands he is going to pass on to a few shopkeepers tomorrow, and both of them are happy at the idea, Gusta too, isn't he her good husband and after all he is her husband, she'll help him do it. From two till five they both sit there trying out all the various kinds, methodically, according to a plan. Deeply contented with the night's work they collapse, both of them, tight to the gills, and fall over flat as logs.

Towards noon they are supposed to open the door. There's a ringing, a tinkling, a pealing of bells. But the Gerners are the very ones who don't open. How can they open in their stupor? But the people outside won't give up, they bang at the door, and then Gusta suddenly notices something, sits up and begins to hammer away on Paul: "Paul, there's someone knockin' outside, you got to open up." First he says: "Where?" Then she pushes him out, they are smashing in the whole door, maybe it's the postman. Paul gets up, puts on his trousers,

opens the door. And then they march past him, three men, a whole gang, what do they want, have the boys come to get their stuff already, nope, these aren't the same people. These are bulls, detectives, and they have an easy job, they're astonished, they're astounded, Herr Gerner, the superintendent, and here's everything stacked up on the floor, in the hallway, in the room, bags, cases, bottles, straw, all jumbled up in a heap. The chief detective says: "I never saw such a beastly thing in all my life."

And what has Gerner got to say for himself? What's he going to say? He doesn't say a word. He only stares at the bulls, he's feeling rotten, the bloodhounds, if I had a gun, they wouldn't get me out of here alive, the dirty bloodhounds. I suppose I ought to work all my life in a building shed, and let the profiteers put my money in their pockets? If they would only let me take another nip. But there's nothing doing, he has to get dressed. "I guess you'll let a man fasten his galluses before you take 'im out."

The woman blubbers and dodders: "But I don't know nothin' about it, chief, we're respectable people, somebody musta trapped us, those cases there, we were sleeping soundly, you musta noticed it, somebody from the house musta played a dirty trick on us, chief, sure enough, heh, Paul, what's this all about?" "You can tell all that at the station." Gerner interrupts: "This time, old girl, they broke into our place, too, during the night, the same gang as was there in the back, and that's why they tell us to go to the station." "You can tell

that story at the station, or at headquarters, later on." "I won't walk to headquarters." "We're going to ride." "My God, Gusta, I didn't hear a sound when they broke in. I was sleeping like a beaver." "Neither did I, Paul."

Gusta tries to snatch two letters out of the chest of drawers, they're from the tall chap, but one of the detectives sees her. "Let's have a look. No, you can put them back. We'll search the house later."

She insists with mulish obstinacy: "Go ahead then, oughta be ashamed of yourselves, coming into a body's house like that." "All right, come along."

She cries, does not look at her husband, screams and makes a scene and throws herself on the ground; they have to lift her up. The man curses and swears, but they hold him tight. "Are you going to do violence to that woman now?" Those low-down criminals, those blackmailers, they're gone, and they left me to get caught with that stuff.

Gallop-a-Trot, Gallop-a-Trot, little Horsey starts trotting again

Franz Biberkopf, his hands in his pockets, his collar up over his ears, head and hat between his shoulders, did not take part in the conversation in the hallway or in the courtyard. He just listened and listened around in the crowd. Presently he looked on, as they all lined up on each side of the sidewalk, while the carpenter and his fat little wife were being led through the hall to the street. Now they're off. Once I was marched off like

that, too. But it was dark then. Look at 'em, the way they stare straight ahead. Ashamed. Yes, sir, just go on jibing, you fellows! You know all about how it feels inside a person! They're real stick-in-the-muds, they sit by their stoves, these crooks, but that sort's never caught. Hard to catch up with the smart tricks of them lads. Now they're opening the Black Maria. Well, hop right in, right in, me children, the li'l lady, too, she's probably stewed, and she's right I ain't blamin' her. All aboard, we're off.

The people put their heads together. Franz Biberkopf stood in front of the street-door, it was bitter cold. He looked at the door from the outside, looked across the street, what am I goin' to do now, what could he do? He stood first on one foot, then on the other. Damned cold, goddamned cold. I won't go upstairs. What'll I do now?

There he stood, moving back and forth—and did not realize he was so keenly alive. He had nothing to do with that jibing crowd. I'll go look somewhere else. Can't stand that bunch. And smartly he jogs off, down Elsasser Strasse, by the subway kiosk to the Rosenthaler Platz, just anywhere.

Thus it happened that Franz Biberkopf crept forth from his diggings. The man who had been made to run the gauntlet, the dumpy slightly tingled woman, the burglary, the Black Maria, all accompanying him. But when a saloon hove in sight, just before the corner of the Platz, things began to hum. His hands automatically went into his pockets, and no bottle to fill. Nothing. No

bottle. Slipped his mind. Left it upstairs. On account of that nonsense. When the rumpus had started, into that overcoat was all he had thought, downstairs, forgetting the bottle. Damn it! Hoof it back? Then things started inside him. No, yes, yes, no. Such a lot of switching back and forth, swearing, giving in to it, shoving, well what is it, leave me alone, I want to go in there, such a thing hadn't come over Franz for an eternity. Shall I go in, shall I not go in, am I thirsty, but then mineral water will do, if you go in, all you want to do is to swill, old boy, yes, sir, I am hellishly thirsty, immensely, enormously thirsty, God, wouldn't I like to booze now, you better stay here, don't go into that dump, otherwise you'll soon be lying on your nose, and then you'll get stuck up at the old landlady's again. And then there came back the Black Maria and that carpenter couple and bang to the right, nope, we won't stay here, maybe somewhere else, farther on, keep moving, just keep moving.

Thus Franz, with 1.55 marks in his pockets, kept on walking as far as the Alexanderplatz, gulping down nothing but air, and running. Then he took hold of himself, and, though he hated it, had a meal in a restaurant, a good meal, ate really for the first time in weeks, veal stew with potatoes. Afterwards his thirst grew less intense, 75 pfennigs left, he rubbed them between his fingers. Shall I go to see Lina, what'll I do with Lina, don't want her. His tongue grew dull and bitter, his throat burned. I'll have to pour down another seltzer.

And then—just as he was gulping it down, swallowing

the lovely cool water with the tickle of the soda—he knew where he wanted to go. To see Minna, he had sent her the cutlet, and she hadn't accepted the aprons. Yes, that's the thing.

Let's get up. Franz Biberkopf tidied himself in front of the mirror. But the man who wasn't at all edified, when he saw his pale sluggish pimply cheeks, was Biberkopf. What a mug that fellow has, welts on his forehead, wonder what the welts come from, from his cap, and that nose like a cucumber, boy, gee what a thick red smeller he's got, but that doesn't have to be on account of the booze, it's cold today, only those ghastly old goggle-eyes like a cow's, wonder where I got those calves' eyes from, and that vacant stare, as if I couldn't blink 'em. As if somebody had poured glue over 'em. But that doesn't make any difference to Minna. I'd better brush my hair a bit. That's that, he'll go to see her. She'll give me a few pfennigs till Thursday, and then we'll see what we'll see.

Out of the dump into the cold street! A lot of people. What a huge lot of people there are on the Alex, all busy! Seems they can't do without it. Now that Franz Biberkopf was stepping out, he cast his eyes right and left. Just like an old nag that has slid on the wet pavement and gets a kick in the belly with a boot, that's how Franz gets up, prances off and runs like mad. Franz had muscles, he was once a member of the athletic club; now he trotted through Alexanderstrasse and noticed the kind of steps he was taking, firm and solid, like a soldier

of the Kaiser's Guard. Here we go, right in step with the others.

Weather forecast at noon today: Weather prospects are somewhat more favorable. To be sure, there is still a strong cold spell prevailing, but the barometer is rising. The sun is shining again, although intermittently. We may expect a rise in temperature in the immediate future.

All those who own an NSU 6-cylinder car and drive it themselves are enthusiastic about it. 'Tis there, 'tis there, beloved, with thee, my heart longs to roam.

And when Franz reaches her house and stands before the door, there is a bell. He tears his hat off with a jerk, pulls the bell, and who opens the door, who do you think—here we curtsy, when a girl has a man, well, who do you think—tickle, tickle—bing: a man! Her man! It's Karl. Karl, the locksmith. But it doesn't matter. Just go on looking glum, old boy, I don't care.

"So it's you, is it? Whassa matter?" "Well, you can let me come in, Karl, I won't bite anybody." And he is already inside. So here we are. What a dumbbell, this is a nice thing to happen to a fellow.

"Dear Honored Herr Karl, even if you are a master locksmith and I'm only odd-job worker, you needn't look so high and mighty. You might give me a howdy when I say howdy." "Whatcha want, you? Did I let you in? Whatcha mean by pushing through that door?" "Well, then, is your wife in? Maybe I can say howdy to her." "Nope, she's not in. And certainly not for you. Nobody's in for you." "Is that so?" "Yes, nobody."

"Well—you're still in, Karl." "Nope, I'm not in, either. I only came to get myself a sweater, I've got to go down in the store right away." "Business going as grand as that?" "Yes, sir." "That means you're giving me the air, eh?" "Did I let you in? Say, what do you want here anyway? Ain't you ashamed to come up here and compromise me where everybody in the house knows you?" "Let 'em chatter, Karl. That ain't nothin' much to worry about. I wouldn't like to take a look into their rooms, either. Y'know, Karl, you needn't worry on account of those people. Why, today, they took one of 'em away in my house, the coppers did, a skilled carpenter and superintendent of the house, he was. Imagine it. With his wife, too. And they pinched everything they could get hold of. Did I steal? Well, did I?" "Listen I'm going downstairs. Get out. What's the use of me standing here with you? If Minna gets a look at you, watch out, she'll take a broom and whack you one." Little does he know about Minna. So that old husband with his goat horns is trying to put me wise! I have to laugh myself sick. When a girl's got a man that she loves—ain't it gran'! Karl steps towards Franz. "What do you keep standing there for? We're no kin to you, Franz, none and more than none. And if you're out of the jug now, you'll have to look out for yourself, see?" "Did I ask anything from you?" "Nope, and Minna hasn't forgotten her sister Ida yet, a sister is a sister and to us you're the same man you were before. You're done for with us." "I didn't kill Ida. That could happen to

anybody, a slip of the hand when he's mad." "Ida's dead, you'd better go on your way now, we're respectable people."

That dirty dog, with the horns on his head, a regular poison bag, I'd just as lief tell him all about it, I'll just take his wife out of his bed alive. "I've done my four years to the minute, so you needn't try to act any bigger than the law." "I don't care about your law. Now off with you. Once and for all. This house don't exist for you any more. Once and for all." Wonder what he's after, his honor the locksmith, maybe he's going to start something with me?

"I just wanted to tell you, Karl, I want to make my peace with you now that I've done my time. And I give you my hand on that." "Then I won't take it." "That's just what I wanted to know. (Quickly now, get hold of the fellow, grab him by the legs, fire him against the wall.) Now I know as good as if it was in writing." He put his lid on with the same flourish as before: "Then good-bye, Karl, Karl, the master locksmith, Esq. Give my best to Minna, tell her I was here, just called to see how's tricks. And you, you dirty cur, you're the lousiest bastard in the world. Write that behind your ears and take a good look at my fist if you want something, and don't you come near me. I'm sorry Minna's gotta put up with a hunk o' tripe like you."

Off. Quietly off. Slowly and quietly down the stairs. Let him follow me, bet he won't do it. And opposite the house, he took just one brandy, a hot cordial. And maybe

he'll come after me, anyway. I'll wait. And Franz went his way contentedly. I'll get money somewhere else, don't worry. And he felt how thick his muscles were, and I'll get something in my belly again, never mind!

"You want to stop me on my way and throw me down. But I have a hand that can strangle you, and you are impotent against me. You crush me with your mockery, you want to pour contempt over me, no, not me, not me, I am very strong. I can ignore your sneer. Your teeth cannot penetrate my armor, against vipers I am charmed. I do not know who gave you the power to assail me. But I can resist you surely. The Lord has set mine enemies against me with their necks.

"Go on talking. How well birds can sing once they have escaped the polecat! There are many polecats, but just let the birds keep on singing. You are still without eyes for me. You do not yet need to look at me. You listen to the babbling of men, to the noise in the street, the roaring of the street-cars. Just take a breath! Just listen! In addition to all these sounds, you will listen to me some day."

"To whom? Who is speaking?"

"I will not say. You shall see. You shall feel it. Gird up your heart, then I will speak to you. Then will you see me. Your eyes will give forth tears alone."

"You can go on talking like that for a hundred years. I only laugh at it."

"Don't laugh. Don't laugh."

"Because you do not know me. Because you do not know who I am. Who Franz Biberkopf is. He's not afraid of anything. I have my fists! Just look at what muscles I have!"

FIFTH BOOK

A quick recovery, our man stands again where he stood before, he has not understood anything, nor learned anything more. Now the first heavy blow falls on him. He is dragged into a criminal case, it's against his will, he defends himself, but the issue he must face.

Fiercely and bravely, with hand and foot, he tries to win the race, but it's no use, he's beaten, the issue he must face.

Rencounter on the Alex, cold as the Devil. Next Year, 1929, it'll be colder still

Boom, boom, the steam pile-driver thumps in front of Aschinger's on the Alex. It's one story high, and knocks the rails into the ground as if they were nothing at all.

Icy air, February. People walk in overcoats. Whoever has a fur piece wears it, whoever hasn't, doesn't wear it. The women have on thin stockings and are freezing, of course, but they look nice. The bums have disappeared with the cold. When it gets warmer, they'll stick their noses out again. In the meantime they nip a double ration of brandy, but don't ask me what it's like, nobody would want to swim in it, not even a corpse.

Boom, boom, the steam pile-driver batters away on the Alex.

A lot of people have time to spare and watch the pile-driver whacking away. Up on top there is a man who is always pulling on a chain, then there is a puff on top, and bang! the rod gets it in the neck. There they stand, men and women, especially youngsters, they love the way it works, as if it were greased, bang! the rod gets it in the neck. After that it grows small as the tip of your finger, but it gets another blow and it's welcome now to do whatever it pleases. Finally it's gone, Hell's bells, they've given it a nice drubbing, the people walk off satisfied.

Everything is covered with planks. The Berolina statue once stood in front of Tietz's, one hand outstretched, a regular giantess, now they have dragged her away. Maybe they'll melt her and make medals out of her.

People hurry over the ground like bees. They hustle and bustle around here day and night, by the hundreds.

The street-cars roll past with a screech and a scrunch, yellow ones with trailers, away they go across the planked-over Alexanderplatz, it's dangerous to jump off. The station is laid out on a broad plan, Einbahnstrasse to Königstrasse past Wertheim's. If you want to go east, you have to pass police headquarters and turn down through Klosterstrasse. The trains rumble from the railroad station towards Jannowitz Brücke, the locomotive puffs out a plume of steam, just now it is standing above the Prälat, Schlossbräu entrance a block further down.

Across the street they are tearing down everything, all the houses along the city railroad, wonder where they get the money from, the city of Berlin is rich, and we pay the taxes.

They have torn down Loeser and Wolff with their mosaic sign, 20 yards further on they built it up again, and there's another branch over there in front of the station. Loeser and Wolff, Berlin-Elbing, A-1 quality for every taste, Brazil, Havana, Mexico, Little Comforter, Lilliput, Cigar No. 8, 25 pfennigs each, Winter Ballad, package containing 25 at 20 pfennigs, Cigarillos No. 10, unselected, Sumatra wrapper, a wonderful value at this price, in boxes of a hundred, 10 pfennigs. I beat

everything, you beat everything, he beats everything with boxes of 50 and cardboard packages of 10, can be mailed to every country on earth, Boyero 25 pfennigs, this novelty has won us many friends, I beat everything, but I never beat a retreat.

Alongside the Prälat there is lots of room, there are wagons standing there loaded with bananas. Give your children bananas. The banana is the cleanest of fruits, because it is protected from insects, worms as well as bacilli, by its skin. We except such insects, worms, and bacilli as are able to penetrate the skin. Privy Councillor Czerny emphatically pointed out that even children in their first years. I beat everything to pieces, you beat everything to pieces, he beats everything to pieces.

There is a lot of wind on the Alex, at the Tietz corner there is a lousy draft. A wind that blows between the houses and through the building excavations. It makes you feel you would like to hide in the saloons, but who can do that, it blows through your trousers pockets, then you notice something's happening, no monkey business, a man has got to be gay with this weather. Early in the morning the workers come tramping along from Reinickendorf, Neukölln, Weissensee. Cold or no cold, wind or no wind, we've gotta get the coffee pot, pack up the sandwiches, we've gotta work and slave, the drones sit on top, they sleep in their feather-beds and exploit us.

Aschinger has a big café and restaurant. People who have no belly, can get one there, people who have one already, can make it as big as they please. You cannot cheat Nature! Whoever thinks he can improve bread and

pastry made from denatured white flour by the addition of artificial ingredients, deceives himself and the consumer. Nature has her laws of life and avenges every abuse. The decadent state of health of almost all civilized peoples today is caused by the use of denatured and artificially refined food. Fine sausages delivered to your house, liverwurst and blood-pudding cheap.

The highly interesting *Magazine,* instead of 1 mark, now only 20 pfennigs; *Marriage,* highly interesting and spicy, only 20 pfennigs. The newsboy puffs his cigarettes, he has a sailor's cap on, I beat everything.

From the east, Weissensee, Litchtenberg, Friedrichshain, Frankfurter Allee, the yellow street-cars plunge into the square through Landsberger Strasse. Line No. 65 comes from the Central Slaughter-House, the Grosse Ring, Weddingplatz, Luisenplatz; No. 76 from Hundekehle via Hubertusallee. At the corner of Landsberger Strasse they have sold out Friedrich Hahn, formerly a department store, they have emptied it and are gathering it to its forbears. The street-cars and Bus 19 stop on the Turmstrasse. Where Jürgens stationery store was, they have torn down the house and put up a building fence instead. An old man sits there with a medical scale: Try your weight, 5 pfennigs. Dear sisters and brethren, you who swarm across the Alex, give yourselves this treat, look through the loophole next to the medical scale at this dump-heap where Jürgens once flourished and where Hahn's department store still stands, emptied, evacuated, and eviscerated, with nothing but red tatters hanging over the show-windows. A dump-heap

lies before us. Dust thou art, to dust returnest. We have built a splendid house, nobody comes in or goes out any longer. Thus Rome, Babylon, Nineveh, Hannibal, Cæsar, all went to smash, oh, think of it! In the first place, I must remark they are digging those cities up again, as the illustrations in last Sunday's edition show, and, in the second place, those cities have fulfilled their purpose, and we can now build new cities. Do you cry about your old trousers when they are moldy and seedy? No, you simply buy new ones, thus lives the world.

The police tower over the square. Several specimens of them are standing about. Each specimen sends a connoisseur's glance to both sides, and knows the traffic rules by heart. It has putties around its legs, a rubber mace hangs from its right side, it swings its arms horizontally from west to east, and thus north and south, cannot advance any farther, east flows west, and west flows east. Then the specimen switches about automatically: north flows south, south flows north. The copper has a well-defined waist-line. As soon as he jerks around, there is a rush across the square in the direction of Königstrasse of about 30 private individuals, some of them stop on the traffic island, one part reaches the other side and continues walking on the planks. The same number have started east, they swim towards the others, the same thing has befallen them, but there was no mishap.

There are men, women, and children, the latter mostly holding women's hands. To enumerate them all and to describe their destinies is hardly possible, and only in a few cases would this succeed. The wind scatters

chaff over all of them alike. The faces of the eastward wanderers are in no way different from those of the wanderers to the west, south, and north; moreover they exchange their rôles, those who are now crossing the square towards Aschinger's may be seen an hour later in front of the empty Hahn Department Store. Just as those who come from Brunnenstrasse on their way to Jannowitz Brücke mingle with those coming from the reverse direction. Yes, and many of them turn off to the side, from south to east, from south to west, from north to west, from north to east. They have the same equanimity as passengers in an omnibus or in street-cars. The latter all sit in different postures, making the weight of the car, as indicated outside, heavier still. Who could find out what is happening inside them, a tremendous chapter. And if anyone did write it, to whose advantage would it be? New books? Even the old ones don't sell, and in the year '27 book-sales as compared with '26 have declined so and so much per cent. Taken simply as private individuals, the people who paid 20 pfennigs, leaving out those possessing monthly tickets and pupils' cards —the latter only pay 10 pfennigs—are riding with their weight from a hundred to two hundred pounds, in their clothes, with pockets, parcels, keys, hats, sets of artificial teeth, trusses, riding across Alexanderplatz, holding those mysterious long tickets on which is written: Line 12 Siemensstrasse D A, Gotzkowskistrasse C, B, Oranienburger Tor C, C, Kottbuser Tor A, mysterious tokens, who can solve them, who can guess and who confess them, three words I tell you heavy with thought, and the

scraps of paper are punched four times at certain places, and on them there is written in that same German in which the Bible and the Criminal Code are written: Valid till the end of the line, by the shortest route, connection with other lines not guaranteed. They read newspapers of various tendencies, conserve their balance by means of the semicircular canals of their internal ear, inhale oxygen, stare stupidly at each other, have pains, or no pains, think, don't think, are happy, unhappy, are neither happy nor unhappy.

Rrrr, rrr, the pile-driver thumps down, I beat everything, another rail. Something is buzzing across the square coming from police headquarters, they are riveting, a cement crane dumps its load. Herr Adolf Kraun, house-servant, looks on, the tipping over of the wagon fairly fascinates him, you beat everything, he beats everything. He watches excitedly how the sand truck is always tilting up on one side, there it is up in the air, boom, and now it tips over. A fellow wouldn't like to be kicked out of bed like that, legs up, down with the head, there you lie, something might happen to him, but they do their job well, all the same.

Franz Biberkopf has his knapsack on again and is selling newspapers. He has changed his beat. He has left the Rosenthaler Tor and is now on the Alexanderplatz. He is feeling entirely O. K. again, 5 feet 10½ inches tall, his weight is down, that makes it easier to carry. On his head he wears the official newspaper cap.

Danger of a crisis in the Reichstag, talk of March elec-

tions, probably April elections, which direction, Joseph Wirth? The Central German fight continues, they may appoint an arbitration commission, man attacked by bandits in Tempelherrenstrasse. He has his stand at the Alexanderstrasse subway exit, opposite the Ufa movie-house, on the same side where Fromm, the optician, has built a new business. Franz Biberkopf looks down Münzstrasse as he stands for the first time in a crowd and thinks to himself: Wonder how far it is to the two Jews', they don't live far from here, that was when I was having my first troubles, maybe I'll call on them one of these days, they might buy a copy of the *Völkischer Beobachter* from me. Why not, if they want it, I don't care, as long as they buy it. He grins foolishly at the thought, that very old Jew in those funny slippers was really too comical for words. He looks around, his fingers are stiff, next to him stands a little cripple with a crooked nose, probably broken. Talk of crisis in the Reichstag, No. 17 Hebbelstrasse evacuated owing to danger of collapse, murder on a fishing boat, mutineer or madman.

Franz Biberkopf and the cripple blow through their fingers. Business before noon is slack. A thin, elderly man, looking seedy and down at the heels, comes up to Franz. He has on a green felt hat and asks Franz how the paper business is going. Franz, too, had once asked that. "If it's for yourself, pardner, who can tell?" "Yes, I'm fifty-two." "Well that's just it, don't the rheumatiz start around fifty? When I was in the Prussian army, we had an old reserve captain, he was only forty, from Saarbrücken, a lottery-cashier—I mean, that's what he

said, he was probably a cigar salesman—he had the rheumatiz at forty already, in the small of his back. But he pulled himself together, he did. He walked like a broomstick on roller-skates. He always had himself rubbed with butter. And when there was no more butter to be had, around 1917, only Palmin, first class plant-oil, and rancid at that, he had himself shot dead."

"What's the use? The factories won't take you any more either. And last year they operated on me, in Lichtenberg, Hubertus Hospital. One testicle is gone, it was supposed to be tubercular. I tell you, I still have pains." "Well, you better look out, otherwise the other one'll get it too. Maybe it's better to work sitting down, why not be a hack-driver." The Central German struggle continues, negotiations without results, attack aimed at the Tenants' Protection Law, Wake Up, Tenants, or they'll take the roof from over your head. "Yes, pardner, it's all right to sell newspapers, but you've gotta be able to get around, and you've gotta have a voice, how's the chest, robin redbreast, can you sing? Well, y'see, that's the main thing with us, we've gotta know how to sing and get around. We need good barkers. The loudspeakers do the best business. A bunch of tough birds, I'll tell ye. Look, how many groschen is that?" "Four, as far as I can see." "Righto, for you it's four. That's the point. For you. But when one of these chaps is in a hurry, and then looks around in his pockets, and he's got a half-groschen piece and a mark or ten marks, go ahead and ask those boys, yes, sir, they can all make change. Clever, I should say so, they're real bankers,

they are, they understand all about making change, they deduct their own percentage, but ye don't notice anything, that's how fast they work."

The old man sighs. "Yes, you're fifty years old and rheumatiz along with it. If you can put up a bold front, old boy, you won't be by yourself, hire a couple o' youngsters, have to pay 'em of course, they get half maybe, but you'll have to mind the business, you can save your legs and your voice. You've gotta have connections and a good stand. When it rains, it's wet. For business to be good you must have prize fights and changes in government. At Ebert's death, they tell me, people grabbed the papers away from you. Don't make such a face, old fellow, things are only half as bad as they look. Just watch that pile-driver over there, imagine that falling on your head, then what's the use in worrying about all that?" Attack aimed at the Tenants' Protection Law. Discharge for Zörgiebel. I resign from the party of traitors to their principles. British censorship concerning Amanullah, India must be kept in the dark.

Opposite, in front of the little Web Radio Store—till further notice free charging of batteries—there stands a pale young woman, her hat pulled down over her face, she seems to be thinking intensely. The chauffeur of the big black and white taxi standing nearby thinks to himself: Is she wondering now whether she ought to take a taxi, and if she has enough with her or is she waiting for somebody. But what she does is to twist about in her velvet coat as if her body were being wrenched, then she

starts up again, she's unwell, that's all, and has the cramps, as usual. She is about to take her teacher's examination, today she would have liked to stay at home with a hot-water bottle, it'll go better tonight anyway.

For a long while Nothing, Rest Hour, back to a normal Basis

On the evening of February 9, 1928, when the Labor government fell in Oslo, and it was the last night of the six-day bicycle races in Stuttgart—the winners were Van Kempen–Frankenstein with 726 points, 2440 kilometers—the situation in the Saar Valley appeared more critical, on the evening of February 9, 1928, a Tuesday (one moment please, now you will see the mysterious face of the strange woman, the question asked by this beautiful woman concerns everybody, even you: do you smoke Garbaty Kalif?), that evening Franz Biberkopf stood on the Alexanderplatz before a poster column studying an invitation of the truck-gardeners of Treptow-Neukölln and Britz to a meeting of protest in Irmer's Assembly Hall, order of the day, the arbitrary notices of dismissal. Underneath was the advertisement: the torture of asthma and masks for rent, large assortment for ladies and gentlemen. Suddenly little Meck stood beside him. Meck, why we know that fellow. Up he comes a-shaking, long steps he is taking.

"Well, well, Franz, old boy." Meck was delighted, how delighted he was! "Franz, old fellow, who woulda thought it, seeing you again, you've been like a dead man.

I'd 'a' sworn—" "Now what? Can imagine it all right—I've done something again. Nope, nope, old boy." They shook hands, shook each other's arms up to the shoulders, shook each other's shoulders down to the ribs, slapped each other on the shoulder-blades till their bodies began to wobble.

"That's the way it is, Gottlieb. We never see each other any more. Why, I'm in business around here." "Here on the Alex, Franz, you don't say, why, I should have run into you sometimes. Here I go past a fellow and don't see him." "That's true, Gottlieb."

And arm-in-arm they wander down the Prenzlauer Strasse. "Didn'cha once want to sell plaster heads, Franz?" "I ain't got the brains for plaster heads. You need culture for plaster, I ain't got that. I'm selling newspapers again. You can make a living out of that. And how about you, Gottlieb?" "I'm over there on Schönhauserstrasse peddling men's wear, leather jackets and pants." "And where do you get those things?" "Still the same old Franz, always gotta ask where from. That's what the girls ask when they want alimony." Franz toddled silently along beside Meck with a gloomy expression on his face: "You fellows will keep on swindling till you get it in the neck." "What do you mean get it in the neck, what do you mean by swindling, Franz, a fellow has to be a business man, he's got to know something about buying."

Franz did not want to walk along any farther, no, he didn't want to, he was recalcitrant. But Meck wouldn't give in, kept on gabbling and wouldn't give in: "You

come along with me to the café, Franz, you might meet the cattle dealers, you remember 'em, don't you, the ones with the law-suit going on who were sitting with us at the table at the meeting when you got your membership card. They certainly got themselves in trouble with their suit. Now they've gotta take an oath and they've gotta get witnesses to take the oath. Boy, they're gonna get a nice fall, but with their heads first." "Nope, Gottlieb, I'd rather not come along."

But Meck did not give in, he was his good old friend and the best of them all at that, except of course Herbert Wischow, but he was a pimp, and he didn't want to have anything to do with him, nope, never again. And arm-in-arm, down Prenzlauer Strasse, the distillery, textile factories, candy, silk, silk, I recommend silk, something amazingly smart for the well-built woman!

When eight o'clock came around, Franz was sitting with Meck and another man who was mute and had to talk in signs, at a table in the corner of a café. And things went on in great style. Meck and the mute were astonished how completely Franz thawed out, with what joy he ate and drank, two pig's feet, then baked beans, one mug of Engelhardt after the other, and he paying for it. The three of them propped their arms one against the other so that no one could come near the small table and disturb them; only the thin proprietress was allowed to clear the table off and get things straightened up and bring the new orders. At the table next to them sat three men who from time to time stroked each other's bald heads. Franz, his cheeks bulging, smiled, the slits of

his eyes roved towards the group. "What are they doing there, anyway?" The proprietress pushed the mustard towards him, his second pot: "Well, I guess they're in love." "Yep, I can believe that." And they laughed and guffawed, smacking their lips and gulping away, the three of them. Again and again Franz announced: "Gotta fill yourself up. A man must eat to be strong. If your belly ain't full, you can't do anything."

The animals come rolling along from the provinces, from East Prussia, Pomerania, West Prussia, Brandenburg. They moo and low as they run along the cattle gangway. The pigs grunt and sniff at the ground. In fog you walk. A pale young man takes a hatchet, bing, that was a great moment, it's all over with.

At nine they unlocked their elbows, stuck their cigars in their fat mouths and started belching to give up the warm effluvia of their meal.

Then something began to happen.

First a fresh youngster came into the café, hung his hat and overcoat on the wall and started to bang on the piano.

The place began to fill up. A few men were standing at the bar discussing things. Some sat down by Franz at the next table, elderly men with caps on, and a young man with a derby. Meck knew them, the conversation went back and forth. The younger man, who had black flashing eyes, a smart fellow from Hoppegarten, said:

"What they found when they got to Australia? First of all, sand and heather and fields and no trees and no grass and nothing. Just a desert of sand. And then mil-

lions and millions of yellow sheep. They grow wild there. Those are the ones the English lived off of at first. And they exported them too. To America." "That's where they *would* need sheep from Australia." "South America, of course." "That's where they have so many jackasses. Why they don't know what to do with 'em all." "But sheep, the wool. When there are so many Negroes in the country, and all of them freezing. Well, I guess the English know where to send their sheep, don't they? You needn't worry about the English. But what became of the sheep afterwards? Nowadays you can go to Australia, a fellow told me, as far as you can see, not a sheep. Everything smooth as a billiard ball. And why? Where are all the sheep?" "Wild animals." Meck shook his head: "What d'y mean wild animals? Epidemics. That's always the greatest misfortune for a country. They die off, and there you are." The youngster with the derby was not of the opinion that epidemics had been decisive. "It may have been epidemics. Where there are so many animals as that some of them die anyway, then they rot and diseases come. But that's not the reason. Nope, they all trotted into the ocean at a gallop, when the English came. The sheep, all over the country were scared to death, when the English came and began to catch them and put them in freight cars, so the poor beasts ran away by the thousands, into the ocean." Meck: "Let 'em be. That's all right. Let 'em run. Of course there were ships waiting for 'em. That's how the English saved railroad expenses." "Railroad expenses, that's how much you know about it. It went on like that a long time

till the English began to notice something. They naturally sticking to the interior and catching and driving them around and right into the freight cars, such a big country too, and no organization, it's always like that in the beginning, and later on it's too late, too late. The sheep, of course, all skedaddled to the ocean where they swilled that dirty salt." "And then what?" "Whatcha mean, what? Suppose you're thirsty and nothing to eat and then swill dirty salt yourself like them sheep." "Drowned and dead as a doornail." "Why sure. They say they were lying in that there ocean by the thousands, and stinking away, and off they go." Franz agreed: "Animals are sensitive. With animals it's sort o' funny. A man's gotta be able to deal with 'em. If you don't get 'em right, better keep your hands off of 'em."

They all drank in their amazement, exchanging observations about wasted capital and the way things happen, how even in America they let the whole wheat harvest rot, all sorts of things can happen. "Nope," explained the man from Hoppegarten, the fellow with the black eyes, "there's nothing in the papers about it, and they don't write anything, can't say why, perhaps on account of the immigration, otherwise nobody'd go there, maybe. They say they got a kind of lizard, a regular antediluvian kind of lizard, several yards long, they won't even show it in the Zoo, the English wouldn't allow it. One of 'em was caught, by some sailors, they've been showing it around in Hamburg, but it was prohibited right away. Nothing doing. They live in pools, in stagnant water, no one knows what they live on. Once

a whole automobile caravan sank, they didn't even dig for them, to see where they got to. Nothing. Nobody would dare go near 'em. Yep." "I'll be jiggered," observed Meck. "And how about gas?" The youngster reflected: "Might try that. Trying don't hurt." That seemed clear enough.

An elderly man sat down behind Meck, his elbows on Meck's chair, a short, under-sized fellow, fat face, red as a lobster, protuberant big eyes shiftily glancing here and there. They made room for him. And soon Meck and he started whispering together. He wore high shiny boots, carried a linen duster over his arm, and seemed to be a cattle dealer. Franz was talking across the table with the youngster from Hoppegarten, whom he liked. At that moment Meck tapped him on the shoulder, signaled to him with his head, they got up, the small cattle dealer, who was laughing good-naturedly, went along with them. The three of them stood away from the others near the iron stove. Franz thought it was on account of the two cattle dealers and their law-suit. He'd certainly like to keep out of that. But it was quite pointless really, their standing around like that. The small fellow only wanted to shake hands with him and know what business he was in. Franz tapped his newspaper case. Well, maybe he might occasionally want to do something in fruit; his name is Pums, he says, fruit dealer, and sometimes he might need a man to peddle with a wagon. Franz answered by shrugging his shoulders: "Depends on the profits." Whereupon they sat down. Franz thought how

cleverly that small man talks: to be used with caution, shake after using.

The conversation continued, with Hoppegarten, as usual, in the lead; they were in America now. The Hoppegarten lad had his hat between his knees: "Well, that guy marries a woman in America and don't think much about it. And it's a Negress. 'What' says he, 'you're a Negress?' Bang, out she goes. Then the woman had to undress herself before the judge. In a bathing suit. Of course she don't want to at first, but they tell her to stop that bunk. Her skin was all white. Because she was a mestizo. The man says: 'She's a Negress, I'm telling you.' And why? Because her finger-tips are tinted brown instead of white. She was a mestizo, ye see." "Well, and what did she want? Divorce?" "Nope, damages. After all, he married her, and perhaps she lost her position. Nobody wants a divorced woman, anyway. She was snow-white, that woman, pretty as a picture. Descended from Negroes, maybe from the seventeenth century. Damages."

A fight was going on around the bar. The proprietress was hollering at an excited chauffeur. He was contradicting her: "I'd never take the liberty of monkeying with food." The fruit dealer yelled: "Keep quiet there." Whereupon the chauffeur turned around angrily, and looked at the stout chap, the latter smiled him out of countenance, however, and there followed a vicious silence around the bar.

Meck whispered to Franz: "The cattle dealers are

not coming today. Got everything fixed up. They're all set for the next session. Take a look at that yellow chap, he's a big boy around here."

All evening Franz had been watching the yellow-faced man whom Meck had pointed out to him. Franz felt tremendously attracted by him. He was slim, wore a shabby army coat—wonder if he's a communist—and had a long, thin, yellowish face; what struck you most about him were the deep wrinkles on his forehead. Surely the man was only in his early thirties, but he nevertheless had gaping hollows on both sides of his face, from his nose to his mouth. Franz kept on looking intently at the man's nose; it was short, blunt, and planted in a very business-like way. His head was leaning on his left hand in which he held a burning pipe. He had high, black, upstanding hair. When he went over to the bar later on—he dragged his legs behind him as if his feet were sticking to something—Franz noticed that he wore miserable yellow shoes, and his thick gray socks were hanging overboard. Wonder if that fellow's a consumptive? He ought to be put in a hospital, Beelitz or somewhere, to think they let him run around like that. What's he doing anyway? The man came ambling along, his pipe in his mouth, in one hand a cup of coffee, in the other a lemonade with a big tin spoon. Then he sat down at the table, took one swallow of coffee and then of lemonade. Franz couldn't take his eyes off him. What sad eyes the fellow has! Probably been doing time. Say, look here, he probably thinks I've been doing time, too. So I did, Tegel, four years, now you know it, what about it?

Nothing else that evening. But Franz began to go to Prenzlauer Strasse more frequently now and soon he made up to the man in the old army coat. He was a fine fellow, only stuttered a lot, and it took a long time for him to get something out, that's why he had such big pathetic eyes. It turned out, however, that he had not yet done time, only he had been mixed in politics once, when he almost blew up a gas works. Somebody had squealed on the gang, but they didn't catch him. "And what are you doing now?" "Selling fruit and things like that. Helping around. If that doesn't bring it in, then the dole." Franz Biberkopf has got in with a suspicious bunch, funny, most of them here were selling fruit, doing well with it, too; the little man with the beet-red face supplied the stock, he was their wholesaler. Franz kept his distance, and so did they, as far as he was concerned. He couldn't quite make it all out. He said to himself: I'd rather sell papers.

Spirited White Slavery

One evening the man in the soldier overcoat, Reinhold was his name, got to talking, or rather stuttering, more freely, it went more quickly and even smoothly, he was damning the women. Franz laughed himself sick, the young man really took women seriously. He wouldn't have suspected that about the fellow; so he was cuckoo, too, they were all cuckoo in this place, one here, the other there, none of them was entirely right. The lad was in love with the wife of a helper on a beer-truck; she had

already run away from her husband on account of him, and the trouble was, now Reinhold didn't want her any more, no, sir, not at all. Franz rattled through his nose with delight, this boy was really too funny: "Why, let 'er run!" The other stuttered, a terrible look came into his eyes: "That's what's so hard. These damned women don't understand anything, even if you give it to 'em in writing." "Well, Reinhold, did ye write her about it?" The latter stuttered, spat and turned around: "Told her a hundred times. She says she doesn't understand. I'm probably crazy. She just won't understand. So I suppose I'll have to keep her till I croak." "Maybe so." "That's what she says, too." Franz laughed heartily, Reinhold got angry: "Say, don't get foolish." No, Franz couldn't get that, a nice smart fellow like that who could put dynamite in the gas works, and now he's sitting here, tooting a funeral march. "Take her off my hands," stuttered Reinhold. Franz thumped on the table from sheer joy. "And what'll I do with her?" "Well, you can give her the slip." Franz was overjoyed. "I'll do you this favor, you can depend on me, Reinhold, but—they'll put you in diapers one of these days." "First take a good look at her and then let me know."

Next day Fränze came tripping up to Franz's place at noon sharp. When he heard her name was Fränze, he was happy right away; that's fine, they certainly did fit together, his name was Franz, as it happened. She was supposed to bring Biberkopf a pair of heavy boots from Reinhold, that's his Judas blood-money, laughed Biber-

kopf to himself, ten pieces of silver. Fancy her bringing it to me herself! Reinhold certainly is a nervy skunk. One good deed deserves another, he thought, and he went with her to look for Reinhold in the evening, but, according to plan, he wasn't to be found anywhere, whereupon there followed an outbreak of fury on Fränze's part, and a duet of pacification in his room. Next morning the truck-loader's wife turned up at Reinhold's place, he didn't stutter a word: No, sir, he needn't bother, she didn't need him, she'd get another fellow. But who it is, she won't tell him that, no, sir. And she has hardly left when Franz comes to see Reinhold with his new boots on; they aren't too big now, for he has put on two pairs of woolen socks, the two fall into each other's arms slapping each other's backs. "Sure, I'm glad to do you a favor," says Franz and he refuses all awards of merit.

The truck-loader's wife fell head over heels in love with Franz; she had, in reality, an elastic heart, a fact she hadn't known up to that time. He was happy that she should feel possessed of this new strength, for he was a friend of all men and knew the human heart. He observed with delight how quickly she felt at home with him. That was just the department he really knew best, at first women are interested in underwear and socks to be mended. But that she always shined his boots in the morning, and Reinhold's boots at that, roused him daily to a regular laughing concert. When she asked why he laughed, he said: "Because they're too big, why, they're

too big for any one man. We could both get into them." Once, they even tried to get into one of the boots together, but that was exaggeration, it didn't work.

Now Reinhold, the stutterer, Franz's true friend, had a new girl. Cilly was her name, at least that's what she said. Franz Biberkopf didn't care whether it was or not, and occasionally he saw Cilly in Prenzlauer Strasse. But he became darkly suspicious when Reinhold asked him four weeks later about Fränze, and if he had gotten rid of her. Franz was of the opinion that she was a spicy jane and he didn't understand at first. Then Reinhold averred: Hadn't Franz promised him to get rid of her soon? Which Franz denied. However, it was a bit early yet for that, wasn't it? He hadn't intended to get a new girl till spring. He had seen that Fränze didn't have any summer clothes, and he couldn't buy her any either, so she'd have to get out in summer. Reinhold opined disparagingly that Fränze was beginning to look rather shabby, she wasn't wearing real winter clothes anyway, more between seasons, not at all the thing for the weather just now. Whereupon there followed a long conversation about temperature and the barometer and weather prospects, they looked it all up in the papers. Franz insisted you could never know ahead of time about the weather, but Reinhold foresaw a sharp frost. Only then did Franz realize that Reinhold now wanted to get rid of Cilly, too, who was wearing an imitation rabbit coat. He kept on talking about that pretty imitation rabbit fur. What have I got to do with his rabbit stew,

thought Franz, that man certainly can get you going. "Why, you must be off your nut. I certainly can't take on a double load, when I already got one hanging around, and business ain't exactly flourishin' either. Where shall I beg, borrow, or steal it from?" "Why, you don't need to have two girls. Did I say two ? Would I expect a man to saddle himself with two? Are you a Turk?" "That's what I told you." "All right, I didn't say you were, either. When did I ever tell you to take on the two of 'em? Why not three, then? No, why don't you chuck the one you got—or haven't you got somebody?" "What d'ye mean somebody?" What's he up to now, that lad's always got some bee in his bonnet. "Couldn't somebody else take Fränze off your hands?" Here our Franzeken was overjoyed and he prodded the other in the arm: "Boy, I hand it to you, but you've been to college, that's why, by God, I take my hat off to you. We'll do a kind of chain business, like they did during the inflation." "Well, why not, there are too many dames in the world, anyway." "Far too many. By God, Reinhold, but you're a card, I still can't get my breath." "Well, what about it then?" "All right, everything's O. K. I'll go look for somebody. I'll find somebody all right. Say, I feel like a dope beside you! I'm still gasping for air."

Reinhold looked at him. He's got a little screw loose somewhere. He sure is one big dub, this Franz Biberkopf. Did he really mean to saddle himself with two dames at the same time?

Franz was so enthusiastic about the business that he left at once to go and see Ede, the little cripple, in his

den: wonder if he'd like to take a girl off his hands, he had a spare one, and he'd like to get rid of her.

That suited Ede to a T, he wanted to stop working for a while anyway, he had a little sick-pay and could afford to nurse himself a bit; she could go shopping for him and call at the office for his sick-pay. But if she wants to settle down here with me, he said right away, no, sir, nothing doing.

The very next day, at noon, before starting out on the street again, Franz started a hell of a row over nothing at all with the truck-loader's wife. She went up in the air. He kept cheerfully screaming at her. An hour later it was all fixed up; the hunchback helped her pack her things, Franz had gone off in a rage, and the truck-loader's wife took up quarters at the hunchback's place, because she didn't know where else to go. Then the hunchback hurried off to his doctor to ask to be put on the sick-list, and in the evening both of them together cursed and damned Franz Biberkopf.

But then Cilly turned up at Franz's room. Whatsa matter, babykins? Got a li'l' pain somewhere, what's hurting my baby? Lord, O Lord! "I only came to bring you a fur collar." Franz admiringly takes the fur collar in his hands. Grand all right. Wonder where the boy gets all those nice things from. The last time it was just a pair of boots. Cilly, who has no idea what it's all about, piped up innocently: "You must be a good friend of my Reinhold's, aren't you?" "God, yes," laughed Franz, "he sends me food and clothes from time to time, when he has any to spare. Last time he sent me some boots.

Just a pair of boots. Wait a minute, you might give me your opinion about them." If only that fool Fränze, the fathead, hasn't dragged them along with her, where are they anyway, aha, here they be. "Y'see, Fräulein Cilly, he sends me these the last time. Whatcha say to these gun-boats? Why three men could get into them. Go ahead and put your little pins in them." And there she goes, gets into them, sniggering away, she's dressed nice, a sweet little creature, that was tempting enough to eat, I'll say so, she looks terribly neat, too, in her black coat with the fur trimming, what a sap Reinhold is, to think he's giving her the air, wonder where he's always digging up such nice girls. And there she stands in the gun-boats. And Franz thinks of the previous situation, why, it's just as if I had a season ticket for a change of women and wardrobe every month! Then he slips his shoe off and puts his foot into the boot from behind her. Cilly shrieks, but his leg gets in all right. Then she tries to run away, but they both go hopping about, and she has to take him along. Once beside the table, he plunges into the other boot. They're swaying now. They tip over, there's a scream, hold on to your imagination, lady, just leave those two merrily together, they're having a private reception, for ordinary members of the sick-fund the reception hour is from five to seven.

"But Reinhold is waiting for me, Franz, you won't tell him anything, please, please." "Of course, I won't, my li'l darling." And then in the evening he saw her all by himself, the little weeping-willow. At night they spend their time damning things up and down, and she

turns out to be a very nice little girl with pretty clothes, that coat, for instance, is almost new, a pair of dancing slippers, too, she brings everything along with her right away, say, boy, Reinhold gave you all that, he must be buying on the installment plan.

It is with joy and admiration that Franz meets his Reinhold now. Franz's work is not easy, his dreams are already oppressed by thoughts of the end of the month, when Reinhold, who has now become quite taciturn, will start talking again. And one evening Reinhold, who is standing by him at the subway station in Alexanderplatz, in front of Landsberger Strasse, asks him what he is going to do that evening. Oho, the month isn't over yet; what's up, and, as a matter of fact, Cilly is waiting for Franz; but to be allowed to walk with Reinhold, of course, he jumps at the chance. And there they go strolling along—where do you think they're going—down Alexanderstrasse, they wander to the Prinzenstrasse. Franz keeps on asking, till he finds out where Reinhold wants to go. "Shall we go to Walterchen's and shake a foot?" He wants to stop by the Salvation Army in the Dresdener Strasse! He'd like to hear what they've got to say. What an idea! That's just like Reinhold! Funny notions he has. And that's when Franz Biberkopf has his first experience of an evening with the Salvationists. It certainly was funny, he couldn't get over it.

At half past ten, when the calls for the penitents' bench were starting, Reinhold began to act quite strange and

stormed out, as if someone was after him, come on, let's beat it, what's the matter anyway. He cursed and swore on the stairs and said to Franz: "You gotta watch your step with those babies. They work on you till you get all out of breath and you say yes to everything." "Well, well, not with me, got to get up earlier than that." Reinhold was still cursing away, when they arrived at Hackepeter's in the Prenzlauer Strasse and then bang, it went off all at once and everything came out: "Franz, I want to get away from the dames, I don't want to go on with it." "Lord, and I was already looking forward to the next one!" "Do you think it's a joke for me to come and ask you again next week to take Trude off my hands, y'know the blonde? Nope, on that basis . . ." "No trouble, as far as I am concerned, Reinhold, why should there be? You can depend on me all right. You can send me ten of your dames and I'll take care of 'em all, Reinhold." "To hell with the janes. But suppose I don't want to, Franz?" Can't make head or tail out of this, he gets so excited. "Nope, if you don't want the dames, then it's quite simple, then you simply leave 'em alone. We'll get rid of them any time. I'll take the one you got now off your hands and that'll be the last of it." 2 times 2 is 4, if you can calculate, you'll understand me, there's nothing to look so goggle-eyed about, what's he goggling at me for? If you want to, you can keep the last one, too. Well, what's up now, that fellow is certainly funny, now he's getting his coffee and lemon-juice, can't stand booze, shaky on his pins, and those skirts all the time. Then

Reinhold didn't say anything for a long time; only after he had drunk three cups of his slop did he start to unload again.

No one seriously contests the fact, I suppose, that milk is a highly valuable food for children, especially for little children and babies; furthermore, for sick people it is entirely to be recommended as a strength-builder, especially when served with a meal of nutritive quality. One of the sick-diets generally recommended by leading medical authorities, though unfortunately unappreciated, is, for instance, mutton. Of course, this is no argument against milk. Only this propaganda must not be pushed to crude or perverted extremes. At any rate, Franz thinks: I'll stick to beer, when it's good lager beer, there's nothing to be said against it.

And Reinhold turns his lamps towards Franz—the boy looks all in, if he only don't start blubbering away now. "I've been twice to the Salvation Army, Franz, I've already talked to one of them, I tell him 'yes,' I'm goin' to stick to the straight and narrow, and then I topple off." "Well, what's up now?" "Y'know I get tired of the dames very quick. You can see that, can't you? Four weeks, and that's all. I don't know why. Don't like 'em any more. And up to that time I was crazy about 'em, you ought to see me, completely gone, enough to put in a padded cell, that's how crazy I get. And afterwards—nothin', out they go, can't see 'em. I'd throw money after 'em if only I didn't have to see 'em." And Franz is astonished: "Well, old boy, maybe you really are crazy. Wait a minute . . ." "Didn't I go to the Sal-

vation Army, told 'em about it and then I prayed with a fellow . . ." Franz grew more and more astonished: "Y'mean, prayed?" "Boy, suppose, that's the way you feel and you don't know where to turn to for advice." Well, I'll be damned. What a man, never saw the likes of him. "Helped a bit, too, for six or eight weeks, a fellow thinks of other things, you get a hold of yourself, it gets you going all right, all right." "Well, Reinhold, maybe you'd better go to the Charité Hospital. Or maybe you oughtn't to've rushed away like that up there at the hall. You might of sat down quietly on the bench in front. Needn't be ashamed before me." "Nope, don't want to any more, and it don't help me, any more, anyway and it's all a lot of bunk. Why should I be crawling around up there in front and praying, when I don't believe anyway?" "Yes, I can understand that. If y'don't believe, it won't help anything." Franz looked at his friend, who was staring glumly into his empty cup. "Whether I can help you, Reinhold, me?—well, I don't know about that. I'll have to study over that a little, first. They ought to try and give you a real disgust for the dames, or something like that." "I could puke already at the sight of that yellow-haired Trude. But tomorrow or day after tomorrow you just ought to see me when Nelly or Gusta or whatever her name may be, comes along, boy, you ought to see little Reinhold. His ears bright red. All I want is her, and if I gotta spend all my money, I gotta have her." "What is it you like especially about the dames?" "You mean how they get me? Well now, what shall I say? With nothing at all.

That's it, really. One of 'em has—how do I know?—maybe she has bobbed hair, or she cracks a joke. Well, I like her, Franz, I never know why. The dames, ask 'em, they wonder about it, too, when all at once I begin to goggle at them like a bull and keep sticking around. Ask Cilly. But I can't help it, I just can't help it."

Franz is still watching Reinhold.

There is a mower death yclept. Hath power which the Lord hath kept. When he 'gins his scythe to whet, keener it grows and keener yet, soon will he slash, man must endure the gash.

A funny chap. Franz smiles. Reinhold doesn't smile at all.

There is a mower death yclept. Hath power which the Lord hath kept. Soon will he slash.

Franz thinks to himself: you need a good shaking up, m'boy. We'll push your hat a few inches farther down on your neck. "All right, that's what I'll do, Reinhold, I'm going to ask Cilly about it."

Franz meditates on White Slavery and suddenly he is off of it, he wants Something Else

"Cilly, not on my lap now. And don't start beating me right away. You're my li'l darling. Now guess who I was with today?" "Don't want to know." "Babykins, my little snookums, who do you think? With—Reinhold." The little girl grows spiteful, I wonder why: "Reinhold—is that so, what did he have to tell you?" "Well, a lot of things." "That's so. And you let him tell you all that,

and you even believe him, don't you?" "Why, no Cilly, li'l girl." "Well, I might as well get out then. First I wait up for you exactly three hours and then you come with all this bunk and try to tell me all about it." "Why no, I don't, little girl" (she's nutty) "it's you who ought to tell me all about it. Not him, of course not." "Whatsa matter? I don't understand nothing." And then it started. Cilly, the little black-haired thing, got into a rage so that at times she was unable to tell her story, what with all the steam she got up, and Franz squeezed her while she was talking, because she looked so pretty, such a shining cherry-red li'l bird, and then she started crying as it all came back to her. "So that man Reinhold, he's no lover and no mack either, why he's not even a man, just a scoundrel. He goes around the streets like a sparrow, says peck, peck, and snaps up the girls. There's dozens of us could sing a song about that fellow. You don't suppose I was his first or his eighth, either, do you? Maybe the hundredth. If you ask him, he never knows how many he's had before. But how's he had 'em? Now, listen, Franz Biberkopf, if you squeal on that criminal, you'll get something from me, no, I got nothing, but you can go to police headquarters and get yourself a reward. He doesn't look it, when he sits around like that and broods and drinks his chicory, which is nothing but slop. And then a girl comes along and he bites." "He told me all that." "And you think to yourself first, what does the guy want, he ought to try some flop-house, so he can take a good long nap. Then back he comes again, a snappy lad, a fine buck, I tell you, Franz, you hold your head,

what's happened to him, has he got himself some monkey-glands since yesterday? That's a fact and he starts talking and the way he can dance . . ." "What, Reinhold can dance?" "I guess, maybe. Where'd I get to know him? On the dance floor. Chausseestrasse." "He certainly must shake a mean hoof." "He picks 'em out, Franz, wherever they are. And if it's a married woman, he won't let go, he gets her." "Fine buck, all right." Franz laughed and laughed. Don't swear you'll be true, For oaths I don't care, It's always the new that makes me dare. Never peace in a warm heart dwells, There's ever a fresh inspiration that wells, Don't swear you'll be true, I like to change, too, Just like you.

"Now you're laughing, huh? Maybe you're one of those fellows, too?" "Why no, Cilly, old girl, only the guy's really too funny and he's always bellyaching to me that he can't keep off of women." Can't keep off, can't keep off, I just can't keep off of you. Franz took off his coat. "Now he's got that little blonde, Trude, and perhaps, what d'ye say, shall I take her off his hands?" How that tart does screech! She certainly can screech, that tart! She roars, Cilly does, like a wild tigress! Tears Franz's coat off and throws it on the floor, maybe she thinks I bought it on the installment plan, she'll tear it to pieces in a minute, she certainly could do it. "Franz, say, they must have been handing you lollipops. What was that, what's that about Trude, say that again." She screams like a tigress run amuck. If she goes on screaming like that, they'll call the cops who'll think I'm turning her gas off. Keep calm, Franz! "Cilly, now don't

throw my clothes around like that. Them's objects of value and nowadays difficult to procure. That's it, let's have 'em. Did I bite you?" "No, but you sure are a soft one, Franz." "Fine, suppose I am. But if he's my friend, Reinhold, and is in trouble, and even trots out to Dresdener Strasse to the Salvation Army and wanted to say his prayers, imagine it, why, a fellow has to put up with him, when he's his friend, or don't he. Shouldn't I take Trude off his hands?" "And how about me?" With you, I'd like to go fishing with you. "Well, we'll have to talk it over some time, might have a drink or two and decide how to do it. Where the deuce are those boots, those big boots? Take a peep at 'em." "Leave me alone, won't you?" "I just want to show you the boots, Cilly. I got those, why, I got 'em from him, too. You remember, you brought me a fur collar that time. All right then. And before that, one of the girls brought me these boots." Tell her quietly, why not, don't keep anything back, everything comes out right if you're only frank.

The girl sits down on the footstool, and looks at him. Then she bursts out crying, doesn't say anything. "So that's the way it is. That's his scheme. I helped him. He's my friend. And I won't lie to you." The way that gal can stare. And what a rage she gets in: "Dirty common dog, low common skunk that you are! Y'know, if Reinhold is a scoundrel, then you are worse—worse than the worst pimp." "No, I'm not that kind." "If I were a man . . ." "All right, good thing you're not a man. But you needn't work yourself up, Cilly, old girl, I told you what happened. I've thought it all over while I was look-

ing at you. I won't take Trude off his hands, you can stay here with me." Franz gets up, takes his boots, throws them on top of the wardrobe. This thing won't do, he's ruining human beings, I won't go along with him in that. Something has got to be done about it. "Cilly, you stay here today, then early tomorrow morning, after Reinhold is gone, you go to Trude and talk to her. I'll help her, she can depend on me. Tell her, wait a minute, tell her to come up here, we'll talk things over between us."

And when the little blonde, Trude, comes to see Franz and Cilly at noon, she looks very pale and sad, and Cilly tells her right off the bat that Reinhold gets on her nerves and he doesn't care about her, either. All that's true. Trude keeps on crying, but doesn't know what they want with her, so Franz explains: "The lad's not a scoundrel. He's my friend. I won't let anything be said against him. But it's downright torture, like hurting an animal, the things he does. It's cruelty." She shouldn't let him force her out, and moreover, he, Franz, well, he's going to see about it.

That night Reinhold calls on Franz at his stand, it's cold as hell. Franz lets himself be invited for a hot grog. He listens calmly to Reinhold's preface and then Reinhold pounces directly on the situation about Trude, how he's sick and tired of her and he wants to get rid of her today.

"Reinhold, I suppose you've gone and got another girl." Sure enough he has, and he says so. Whereupon Franz says, he won't get rid of Cilly, she has got used to him now and besides she's a decent sort of a jane;

Reinhold oughta really put on the brakes a bit, like any decent fellow would, things can't go on that way. Reinhold doesn't understand, wants to know if it's on account of the collar, that fur collar. Maybe Trude would bring him, well, what, a watch maybe, a silver watch, or a fur cap with ear-muffs. Franz might need them, now. Nope, nothing doing, only cut that stuff out. I'll buy all that myself. And now Franz would certainly like to talk to Reinhold as friend to friend. So he tells him what he has been thinking today and yesterday. Reinhold should keep Trude now, no matter if everything goes to hell. He should get used to her, then it'll go all right. A human being is a human being, a skirt is, too, otherwise he might just as well buy a whore for three marks, who is perfectly happy if she can trot off the moment it's over. But to begin by coddling a girl with love and a lot of soft stuff, and then push her off like that, and one girl after another, no sirree.

Reinhold listens to all this in his own way. He slowly drinks his coffee, staring dully in front of him. Then he says calmly, if Franz won't take Trude off his hands, it's all right with him. He got along without him before. Then he dashes off, got no time.

That night Franz wakes up and does not fall asleep till morning. It's ice-cold in his room. Cilly is asleep and snoring beside him. Why don't I fall asleep? Now the vegetable wagons are driving to the market-hall. I wouldn't like to be a horse, running around at night in this cold. In the stable, yes: there it's warm. Funny how

that woman can sleep. She certainly can sleep. Not me. My toes are frozen, how they tickle and itch. There's something inside him, is it his heart, his lungs, his respiration, or his innermost feeling, anyway, the thing inside there is being shoved and pushed on, but by whom? By whom, it doesn't know. It can only say it's sleepless.

A bird sits on a tree, a snake has just glided past it in its sleep, the bird wakes up at the rustling sound and sits there with ruffled feathers, it hadn't sensed the snake. Well, just go on breathing quietly taking in the air. Franz tosses about. Hatred of Reinhold weighs on him, wrangles with him. It penetrates the wooden door and wakes him up. Reinhold, too, is lying in bed, lying beside Trude. He sleeps soundly. In his dream he commits murder, in his dream he frees himself.

Local News

It was the second week in April, when the weather in Berlin is sometimes spring-like, and, as the press unanimously stated, this splendid Easter weather lured people out-of-doors. In Berlin, at that time, Alex Fränkel, a Russian student, shot and killed Vera Kaminskaya, aged twenty-two, arts-and-crafts worker, in their boarding-house. Tatiana Sanftleben, same age, a governess, who had agreed to join in the suicide pact, became afraid of this decision at the last moment and ran away when she saw her girl-friend lying on the floor. She met a squad of police to whom she told the story of her terrible experience of the last few months, and led the officers to

the place where Vera and Alex were lying mortally wounded. The criminal police were called in and the homicide commission dispatched its officers to the spot. Alex and Vera had planned to get married, but economic conditions did not permit their conjugal union.

Furthermore, the investigation into the question of responsibility for the street-car disaster in Heerstrasse is not yet completed. The examination of the victims and of Redlich, the conductor, is still proceeding. The opinions of the technical experts have not yet been received. Only after their receipt will it be possible to enter upon an examination of the question whether there is any culpability on the part of the conductor, because he applied the brakes too late, or whether it was a concatenation of unfortunate circumstances that caused the disaster.

Quiet conditions prevailed in the stock market; open stock prices were steadier in view of the Reichsbank statement about to be published, which is said to show a very favorable state of affairs with a reduction in the banknote circulation of 400 millions and a reduction in the exchange situation of 350 millions. Quotations on April 18 around 11 o'clock were: I. G. Dye Stuffs 260½ to 267, Siemens & Halske 297½ to 299, Dessauer Gas 202 to 203, Waldhof Cellulose 295. Bids for German Oil at 134½.

To return once more to the street-car disaster in Heerstrasse, all those seriously injured in the accident are improving.

On April 11, Herr Braun, editor, was liberated from Moabit prison by an armed party. It was a regular Wild

West scene. A search is being made for them. The Acting President of the Criminal Court immediately made a report on the matter to the superior authorities. Meanwhile, the examination of eye-witnesses and the officials involved continues.

The Berlin public at this time is not much interested in the desire of one of the most important American automobile factories to obtain offers from financially strong German firms to act as sole representatives for six- and eight-cylinder cars on a monopoly basis for Northern Germany.

A word to the wise. To the residents of the Steinplatz telephone area in particular: In the Renaissance Theater, Hardenbergstrasse, the 100th performance of "Cœur-Bube," that charming comedy in which agreeable humor is united with a deeper meaning, was given with appropriate honors. The residents of Berlin are urged by means of bill-posters to help this play to reach a still higher commemorable record. We have to consider here, of course, several different things: Collectively, Berliners may be asked to do this, but it may also happen that, through various circumstances, they will be prevented from obeying the call. In the first place, they may be away on a trip and so not know anything about the existence of the play. Or, they may be in Berlin, but have no occasion to see the announcement of the play on the poster column, perhaps because they are ill in bed. In a city of four millions, that must apply to a considerable number of people. At any rate, it may be that they are notified through the advertising news of the radio, at

6 p. m., that "Cœur-Bube," that charming Parisian comedy, in which agreeable humor is united with a deeper meaning, is now being played at the Renaissance Theater for the 100th time. The announcement, however, may have no effect other than to make them regret not being able to travel to Hardenbergstrasse, for the journey is out of the question, supposing they are really sick abed. According to reliable information, no arrangements have been made in the Renaissance Theater for the reception of sick-beds, which perhaps might be temporarily transported there by ambulances.

Nor can we ignore another possibility: there may be people in Berlin (and there doubtless are such) who read the poster of the Renaissance Theater, but doubt its truth, not the truth of the existence of the poster, but the truth and also the importance of its contents, as reproduced by the printed type. They may read with a feeling of discomfort, disgust, and reluctance, even with anger, the statement that the play "Cœur-Bube" is a charming comedy. Whom does it charm, what does it charm, with what does it charm, how do they contrive to charm me, I needn't let myself be charmed. It might cause them to make a wry face when they think that in this comedy agreeable humor is united with a deeper meaning. They do not want agreeable humor, their attitude toward life is serious, their emotional state is sad, but lofty, there having occurred a recent bereavement in their family. Nor will they let themselves be bamboozled by the information that a deeper meaning is connected with this regrettably agreeable humor. For in their opinion

agreeable humor can in no case be made innocuous or neutralized. Deeper meaning must always stand alone. Agreeable humor is to be eliminated, as Carthage was eliminated by the Romans, or as the same thing befell other cities, in other ways which they can no longer remember. Some people don't believe at all in the deeper meaning that lies in the play "Cœur-Bube," praised by the poster columns. A deeper meaning: why a deeper and not a deep one? Does deeper mean more deeply than deep? Thus they argue.

It is obvious that in a big city like Berlin, many people doubt a lot of things and carp and cavil considerably. And so it happens that they may also criticize the wording of that poster which has been placed there at such great expense by the producer. As a matter of fact, they are not interested in the theater. And even if they don't carp at it, and even if they love it, especially the Renaissance Theater in Hardenbergstrasse, and even if they admit that in this play there is a union of agreeable humor with a deeper meaning, they do not want to participate in it, simply because they have other plans for tonight. Thus the number of people who will stream towards Hardenbergstrasse, and might perhaps force simultaneous performances of the play "Cœur-Bube" in adjacent theaters, would be considerably diminished.

After this instructive excursion into public and private events in Berlin we will now return, in April 1928, to Franz Biberkopf and Reinhold with his plague of girls. It may be assumed that for this news, too, there exists only a small circle of people who are interested. We prefer not

to explain the reasons for this. But this shall not prevent me from following the traces of my little man in Berlin, Center and East; each of us does what to him seems necessary.

Franz has made a devasting Resolution. He does not notice that he is sitting on Nettles

Things did not go well with Reinhold after his conversation with Franz Biberkopf. Reinhold hadn't it in him, at least not up till now, to be rough with women, the way Franz was. He always needed somebody to help him, and now he was in trouble. The girls were after him, Trude, who was still with him, Cilly, the last, as well as the penultimate one, whose name he had already forgotten. All of them were spying round him, either worried and anxious (the last specimen), or seeking revenge (the penultimate specimen), or greedy for more love (the antepenultimate specimen). The very latest to appear on his horizon, a certain Nelly, from the Central Market, a widow, had fallen in love with him, but had fallen out again at once, when, one after the other, Trude and Cilly and finally even, as chief witness, a man, a certain Franz Biberkopf, himself a friend of Reinhold's, had appeared at her place and warned her. Yes, that's what Franz Biberkopf did. "Frau Labschinsky—that was, of course, Nelly's real name—I'm not doing this in order to blacken my friend or whoever he is. Not on your life. No, I don't never mix up in other people's dirty linen. No, but what's right must stay right. To

push one woman after the other into the street, that's not my idea of things. And it's not true love, either."

Frau Labschinsky permitted her bosom to heave contemptuously: Reinhold, well, he mustn't put on airs on account of her. She ain't a beginner with men either. Franz continued: "I'm glad to hear it, that's enough for me. So now you know all there's to know. For you're doing a good deed, and that's exactly what I'd like to do. A fellow feels sorry for women—they're human beings like us, and then for Reinhold himself. He'll go to the dogs, you'll see. That's why he don't drink no beer now and no liquor, only weak coffee, he can't stand a drop. He'd better take care of himself. There's good stuff in him." "That's right, there certainly is." Frau Labschinsky was crying. Franz nodded gravely: "And that's what I'd like to do, he's been through a lot, but it can't go on this way, and that's where we gotta protect him."

Frau Labschinsky gave Herr Biberkopf her vigorous paw when he left: "I depend on you, Herr Biberkopf." She certainly could. Reinhold didn't make a move. He was a sedentary man, but he didn't let anyone look into his cards. He had now been living with Trude three weeks beyond his term; she gave Franz a daily report about it. Franz was exultant. The next one is going to be due soon. That means: watch out! And sure enough: Trude, trembling, reports to him one noon that Reinhold has been out for two nights in his best bib and tucker. The following noon she knew who it was: a certain Rosa, buttonhole-maker, in her early thirties, she hadn't yet

found out the last name, but the address. Well, then, everything's O. K., laughed Franz.

But with destiny's mighty power there's no union that can flower. And fate moves with giant strides. If you have difficulty in walking, wear Leiser's shoes, Leiser's is the biggest shoe-store on the square. And if you don't want to walk you might ride: N.S.U. invites you to a trial ride in a six-cylinder car. That Thursday Franz Biberkopf happened to be walking alone through Prenzlauer Strasse, having remembered that he wanted to look up his friend Meck, whom he hadn't seen for a long time, just for general reasons; and then, too, he wanted to tell him about Reinhold and the janes, and Meck ought to just watch and admire him, how he, Franz, can bring a fellow like that to his senses, and how he makes him turn about face and he has gotta get used to law and order, and we'll swing it, all right.

And sure enough, as Franz ambles into the café with his newspapers, whom do the apples of my eyes behold? Meck. There he is sitting with two others, jabbering away. So Franz sits down beside them right away and starts to jabber too, and, after the others are gone, they allow themselves to be treated, at Franz's invitation, to a couple of big tankards, and Franz, gurgling and gulping away, tells him a lot of things, and Meck, gurgling and gulping too, hears from his lips, hears with amazement and satisfaction, what kind of people there are in the world. Meck is going to keep it all to himself, sure, but it's really a crazy story. Franz beams as he tells of his

own achievements in the matter, how he got Nelly, who was a Frau Labschinsky, away from Reinhold, and how he had to stay with Trude three weeks after the term, and that now there is a certain Rosa, a buttonhole-maker, but we'll sew that buttonhole together again for him. And so Franz sits there with his tankard, feeling his oats, he's sitting pretty. Rejoice, all ye young choiring throats, round our table rings a roundelay, hey-dey-dey-hey-dey-dey, round our table rings a roundelay. Three times three is ni-i-ine, we swig our drinks like swi-i-ine, three times three and one is ten, let's swig another one like men—two, three, four, six, seven.

Who is that standing at the milling-bar, the swilling-bar, the rilling-bar, who is that smiling into the smoky stink-hole? The biggest of all big swine, Herr von und zu Pums. He smiles, what he calls smiling, y'know, but his little pig's eyes are looking for something or somebody. He'll have to get a broom and crack a hole in this reeking fume, if he wants to see anything. Three of them are climbing towards him now. That's so, those are the boys who are always doing partnership business with him, queer birds they are, too. Birds of a feather flock together. Better end young on the gallows, than have to go grubbing for cigar-butts in your old age. The four of them scratch their heads, clack and drone together, they're looking for something or other. They'll need a broom, if they want to see anything here, or perhaps a ventilator would help. Meck nudges Franz: "Still someone missing. They need more people to handle their stuff, Fat there can't never get enough people."

"He tried to sound me, too. But I won't join in. What would I do with fruit anyway? Must have a lot of stuff, hasn't he?" "How do I know what kind of goods he carries? Fruit—that's what he says. Better not ask too many questions, Franz. But it won't hurt to stick to him, there's always something might fall your way. He's a clever bird, the old duck, and so are the others."

At twenty-three minutes, seventeen seconds after eight, another man steps up to the bar, the milling-bar, the swilling-bar, a fellow—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, all good children go to heaven—who might it be? You say it's the King of England? No, it's not the King of England, driving in grand style, to the opening of Parliament, as a symbol of the English nation's sense of independence. It's not he. Then who is it? Is it a delegate of the nations who signed the Kellogg Pact in Paris, surrounded by 50 photographers, the proper ink-well could not be brought in because of its enormous size, they had to content themselves with a Sèvres set? No. It's only—in comes slouching, gray woolen socks a-dangle—our Reinhold, that quite insignificant figure, a mouse-gray lad in mouse-gray. The five of them scratch their heads, look around the place. Have to get a broom, that's certain, to see anything here; or a ventilator would do. Franz and Meck, from their table, watch these five fellows intently, what're they up to, the way they sit down at the table.

A quarter of an hour later Reinhold will fetch himself a cup of coffee and some mineral water, glancing keenly round the room at the same time. And who is going to

smile at him from the wall or nod at him? Dr. Luppe, Burgomaster of Nürnberg? Not on your life, for that morning he had to deliver the address of welcome at the Dürer Festival; after him spoke Dr. Keudell, Minister of the Interior, and Dr. Goldenberger, the Bavarian Minister of Education; this circumstance prevented them from being present on this occasion. Wrigley's Chewing Gum for good teeth, pure breath, better digestion. It's only Franz Biberkopf grinning all over his face, he's mighty glad, when Reinhold arrives. Why, he's his educational object, he's his pupil, he might serve him up to his friend Meck now. Just watch him as he comes along. We've got a check on him. Reinhold marches up with his coffee and water, sits down beside them, shrivels into himself and begins to stutter a bit. Franz, his curiosity aroused, would like to draw him out affectionately, so that Meck can hear it: "Well, how's everything at home, Reinhold, everything all right?" "Well, yes, Trude's still there, a person gets used to it." He says this very slowly, letting it trickle out like a plugged-up waterpipe. Well, Franz is certainly happy. He almost jumps up, he's that glad. He fixed it, all right. Who else did it but me? He beams on his friend Meck, who doesn't withhold his admiration. "What do you say, Meck, we'll create law and order in this world, we'll smash this thing, let 'em come, if they want anything out of us." Franz pummels Reinhold's shoulder, it twitches. "Y'see, old boy, you've gotta get ahold of yourself, then everything'll go all right in this world of ours. That's what I always say: a fellow has gotta get ahold of himself

and stick it out, then let 'em come on." And Franz can't get over being happy about Reinhold. A penitent sinner is better than 999 just men.

"And what does Trude say, ain't she astonished that everything's going so peacefully now? And you, m'boy, ain't you glad you're rid of all this worry about the janes? Women are all right, Reinhold, and can give us lots of pleasure. But y'see, if you ask me what I think of 'em, then I say: not too few of 'em, and not too many. If it's too many, it gets dangerous, hands off. I can tell you a thing or two about that." That story about Ida, Paradiesgarten. Treptow, canvas shoes, and then Tegel. Victory. All that's dead and gone, sunk in the deepest ocean, let's take a drink. "I'll help you all right, Reinhold, so there won't be any trouble about them women. You needn't go to the Salvation Army, we'll do all that a lot better. Well, Reinhold, here's how, you can take one glass at least, can't you?" Reinhold quietly clinked with his coffee cup: "What can you do about it, Franz, why, how can you do anything?"

Hell, that's where I almost spilled the beans. "I just mean you can depend on me, oughta get used to liquor, how about a light Kümmel?" The other quietly: "Maybe you'd like to play doctor with me?" "Why not? That's where I'm at home. Y'know, Reinhold, didn't I help you with Cilly, and the time before? Don't you think I'll be able to help you now? Franz is still a friend of men. He knows which way the road goes."

Reinhold looks up, staring at him with his sad eyes: "So you know all that?" Franz quietly endures his look,

won't allow his happiness to be ruffled by it, let 'im notice something if he wants to, it'll do him a lot of good if he notices that others don't let people flatten 'em out. "Yes, Meck here can confirm it, we've got experience behind us and we're building on that. And then that thing about the booze; Reinhold, if you can stand it, we'll celebrate right here at my expense. I'll pay the whole shebang." Reinhold continues to look first at Franz, who is sticking out his chest, and then at little Meck who is gazing at him with curiosity. Reinhold lowers his eyes and searches around in his cup: "Maybe you'd like to fix me up as an old family man, who maybe can't do nothing for his wife?" "Hurray for Reinhold, the old family man, three times three is ni-i-ine, we swig our drinks like swi-i-ine, come on, Reinhold, now sing, the first ten years are the hardest, friend, but without 'em there never would be any end."

Company, halt! Form fours! By the right, march! Reinhold leaves his coffee cup. Pums, of the fat red face, is standing beside him, whispering something to him. Reinhold shrugs his shoulders. Then Pums blows through the thick smoke and starts to croak merrily: "I've asked you once before, Biberkopf, how things are going with you, do you want to go on forever running around with that paper junk of yours? What profit do you get out of it, two pfennigs a copy, five pfennigs an hour, don't you?" And then there's a lot of pushing back and forth. Franz ought to take over a fruit and vegetable wagon. Pums furnishes the merchandise, the profits are splendid, Franz wants to, and then again he doesn't want to, all

those birds around Pums don't quite suit him, they're liable to give me the dirty end of the stick. Reinhold, the stutterer, remains silent in the background. When Franz asks him what he thinks about it, he notices that Reinhold has been looking at him all the time and only now looks back into his cup. "Well, what do you think about it, Reinhold?" The latter stutters: "Yes, I'm going to join up, too." Meck says, why not, Franz, but Franz wants to think about it; he doesn't want to say yes or no, he'll come back tomorrow or day after tomorrow and talk the situation over and see how the merchandise is handled and about fetching it, billing it, and which section of the town is the best for him.

All of them are gone, the place is almost empty. Pums is gone, Meck and Biberkopf gone, alone at the bar stands a street-car employee, discussing with the proprietor wage-reductions, which he finds exorbitant. Reinhold, the stutterer, is still in his seat. Three empty soda bottles stand in front of him, one of them half filled, and a coffee cup. He doesn't want to go home. At home Trude is sleeping. He thinks about it and wonders. He gets up, drags his feet across the room, his woolen socks hanging overboard. He looks a pitiable sight, pale yellow, gaping lines round his mouth, terrible wrinkles across his forehead. He takes another cup of coffee and lemonade.

Cursed be the man, says Jeremiah, that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. For he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh; but shall

inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, in a salt land and not inhabited. Blessed, blessed, blessed, is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit. The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked: who can know it?

Water in the dense black forest, black and terrible waters, you lie so dumb. In terrible repose you lie. Your surface does not move, when there is a storm in the forest and the firs begin to bend, and the spider-webs are torn between the branches and there is a sound of splitting. Then you, black waters, lie there below in the hollow place; and the branches fall.

The wind tears at the forest, to you the storm does not come. You have no dragons in your domain, the age of mammoths is gone, nothing is there to frighten anyone; the plants decay in you; in you move fish and snails. Nothing more. Yet, though this is so, although you are but water, awesome you are, black waters, and terrible in your repose.

Sunday, April 8, 1928

"Are we going to have snow? Perhaps we will see white again in April." Franz Biberkopf sat at the window of his little place, his left arm on the window-sill and his head in his hand. It was in the afternoon, Sunday, warm

and comfy in the room. Cilly had lighted the stove at noon, now she was sleeping back there in bed with her little cat. "Are we going to have snow? The air's so gray. It would be nice."

And as Franz closed his eyes, he heard bells ringing. For several minutes he sat in silence, listened to them ringing: Boom, bim, bum, boom, bim, bam, bum, bum, bim. Then he raised his head from his hand and listened: Two deep bells and one shrill one. Then they stopped.

Why are they ringing? he asked himself. Then all at once they started again, very loud, eager, roaring. A frightening crash. Then they stopped. Everything was suddenly quiet.

Franz lifted his arm from the window-sill, stepped into the room. Cilly was sitting on the bed, a little mirror in her hand, her curl-pins between her lips, humming a friendly little tune, when Franz came up. "What's on today, Cilly? Holiday?" She was busy with her hair. "Why, yes, Sunday." "Not a holiday?" "Maybe a Catholic holiday, don't know." "Because the bells are ringing like mad." "Where?" "Just now." "Didn't hear anything. Did you hear anything, Franz?" "Why yes. It was crashing and banging around here like anything!" "You musta been dreaming." I'm scared. "No, I wasn't dreaming, I was sitting over there." "Maybe you were dozing." "Nope." He stuck to it, felt all numb, moved slowly, sat down at his place at the table. "Funny the way a man dreams. But I heard it, all right." He poured down a swallow of beer. The scared feeling didn't leave him.

He glanced towards Cilly, who was beginning to look

tearful. "Who knows, Cilly, m'darlin', if something didn't happen to somebody just now." Then he asked for the paper. She was able to laugh. "It didn't come, never on Sundays, didn't you know that?"

He picked up the morning edition, looked at the headlines. "Only small stuff. Nope, that's all nothing. Nothing has happened." "If you hear ringing, Franz, that means you'll be going to church." "Oh, leave me alone with them sky-pilots. Not for me. Only it's funny: a fellow hears something and when you look around afterwards, there's nothing." He meditates on this, she stood beside him now, caressing him. "I'll go down and get some air, Cilly. Just for an hour or so. Want to hear what's happened. In the evening there's the *Welt* or *Montag Morgen.* I'll have to look into that." "Oh, Franz, always speculating. It probably says in the papers: a garbage truck had a breakdown at the Prenzlauer Tor and all the garbage spilled out. Or, wait a minute: a paper-seller had to change some money and gave the right amount by mistake."

Franz laughed: "Well, I'm off. Bye-bye, Cilly."

"Bye-bye, Franzeken."

Then Franz went slowly down the four flights of stairs, and he never saw Cilly again.

She waited in the room till five. When he didn't come, she went out in the street and asked for him in the cafés as far as the Prenzlauer corner. He hadn't been seen anywhere. But hadn't he wanted to read in the paper about his silly story, she thought, that thing he had dreamed? He must have gone somewhere. At the Prenz-

lauer corner the proprietress said: "Nope, he hasn't been here. But Herr Pums asked for him. So I told him where Herr Biberkopf lived, that's probably where he went." "Nope, nobody's been to our home." "Maybe he didn't find the place." "Perhaps." "Or maybe he met him in front of the door."

Cilly sat there till late in the evening. The café began to fill up. She kept looking towards the door. Once she went home and came back again. Meck was the only one who came, he consoled her and entertained her with jokes for a quarter of an hour. He said: "He'll come back, that boy is used to his three squares. Don't you worry, Cilly." But while he was saying this, he remembered how Lina had once come and sat beside him, and she had been looking for Franz, too, that time, when he had the trouble with Lüders and the shoe-laces. And he almost went along with Cilly when she went out into the dark muddy street again, but he really didn't want to make her afraid, it was probably a lot of bunk anyway.

Cilly suddenly got furious and went to look for Reinhold; maybe he had talked Franz into getting another jane and simply giving her the go-by. Reinhold's place was locked, not a soul there, not even Trude.

She went slowly back to the café, Prenzlauer corner, back again into the café. It was snowing, but the snow had begun to melt. On the Alex the newsboys were calling *Montag Morgen* and *Welt am Mittag*. She bought a paper from a strange boy, even looked at it. Wonder if anything has happened, if he was right this afternoon.

Oh well, a railroad accident in the United States, in Ohio; a clash between communists and swastika-men, nope, that's not Franz's idea of a fight, big damage by fire in Wilmersdorf. What do I care. She sauntered past Tietz's bright store-front, crossed towards the gloomy Prenzlauer Strasse. She had no umbrella and got soaked to the skin. In Prenzlauer Strasse in front of the little confectionery shop, a group of street-girls stood under umbrellas, barring the passage. Right behind them a fat man with no hat approached her, as he stepped out of the hallway of a house. She walked quickly past him. I'll take on the next one, what's that boy thinking about anyway. That was the meanest trick anybody had ever played on her.

It was a quarter past nine. A terrible Sunday. At that hour Franz was already lying on the ground in another section of the city, his head in the gutter, his legs on the pavement.

Franz goes down the stairs. One step, another step, another step, step, step, step, four flights, always down, down, down, and still down. A fellow gets dizzy, all dopy in the head. Y'cook soup, Fräulein Stein, got a spoon Fräulein Stein—got a spoon, Fräulein Stein cook soup, Fräulein Stein. . . . Nope, nothing doing in that line; how I sweated with that tart. Gotta get some air. Banisters, no decent lighting arrangements here, could hurt yourself on a nail.

A door opens on the second floor and a man waddles heavily along behind him. He must have *some* belly, to

puff like that, and walking downstairs, too. Franz Biberkopf stands in front of the door, the air is soft and gray, it'll soon be snowing. The man from the staircase puffs beside him, a flabby little man with a bloated white face wearing a green felt hat. "A bit out of breath, neighbor?" "Yes, it's because I'm so fat, and then walking up and down the steps like that." They walk down the street together. The man with the short breath is puffing away. "Been up and down four flights of stairs five times today. Just figure out for yourself: twenty flights, with an average of thirty steps each, winding stairs are shorter, but it's harder to walk up, so we'll count thirty steps, five flights make a hundred and fifty steps. Up. And down." "As a matter of fact, it's three hundred. Because I see you use up a lot of strength walking down, too." "You're right, going down as well." "If I was you, I'd look for another job."

Heavy flakes of snow are now falling. They turn around, it's a pretty sight. "Yes, I follow the ads, and I've got to keep at it. There's no weekday and Sunday about it. Sunday even more than weekdays. Most people advertise on Sundays, they expect better results that way." "Yes, because people have time to read the paper. I understand that blindfolded. That's in my line." "You in advertising, too?" "Nope, I only sell papers. Now I'm goin' to read one myself." "Well, I've read 'em all. What weather! Did ye ever see anything like it?" "April, yesterday it was still nice. I tell you tomorrow it'll be all white again. What you bet?" He begins to puff again, the street-lamps are lighted already, under a

lamp he takes out a little notebook without a cover, holds it far away from him, reads. Franz surmises: "You'll get your book wet." The other does not hear him and puts the book back, the conversation is finished, Franz thinks, I'll be off. At that moment the little man looks at him from under his green hat: "Listen, neighbor, what do you live on?" "Why do you ask, I'm a newsvender, a free-lance newsvender." "That so. And that's how you earn your money?" "Well, I manage it somehow." What's he want anyway, funny bird. "Yep. Look here, I've always wanted to do something like that, earn my money on my own. Must really be nice, a man does what he wants and if you're good at it, you earn enough." "Sometimes you don't. But you run around just about enough already, neighbor. Today being Sunday, and in such weather, there ain't many running around like that." "Right you are, right you are. I've been dashing around half the day. And there ain't nothin' comin' in, nothin' comin' in. People are hard up these days." "Whatcha trading in, neighbor, if I may ask?" "I got a little pension. Y'see I wanted to be a free man; work and earn my money. Well, I've had my pension for three years now, was in the postal service before, and now I do nothing but hoof it all the time. Y'see it's like this: I read the paper and then I go there and take a look at what people advertise." "Furniture, perhaps?" "Anything, second-hand office fixtures, Bechstein grands, old Persian rugs, pianolas, stamp collections, coins, clothes left by dead people." "Lot's of people die?" "By the truck-loads. Well, then I go up and look at the stuff, and

sometimes I buy something." "And then you sell it again, I getcha."

Whereupon the asthmatic man grew silent and hunched himself into his coat, as they sauntered along through the soft snow. At the next street-lamp he took a package of post-cards out of his pocket, looked sadly at Franz and pressed two into his hands. "Read this, neighbor." On the card was written: "Sir (or Madam), Dated as per post-mark. I regret to state that I am obliged to cancel the agreement made with you yesterday on account of untoward circumstances. Respectfully yours, Bernard Kauer." "So Kauer's your name?" "Yep, that's me. That's done with a copying-machine which I once bought. It's the only thing I ever did buy. I do my own copying with it. Can do up to fifty an hour." "Ye don't say so? Well, what's it all about?" The fellow's not right in his upper story and then he cocks his eyes so funny, too. "Why don'tcha read it: cancel . . . on account of untoward circumstances. I buy something and then maybe I can't pay for it. People won't let you have it without payment. Can't blame 'em, can ye? So I keep rushing up all the time and buy the stuff and make an agreement and I'm glad, and the others are glad, too, because the business went off so smoothly, and I think to myself, I'm a lucky fool I am, there are so many nice things in this world, magnificent coin collections, I could tell you a thing or two about it, people who suddenly got no money: so then I come up, take a look at everything, and they tell me right away what's up. What misery people do have, if they could only get hold of a few pen-

nies. Bought something in your house, too, they need it *that* badly, I tell you, a washing machine and a little ice-box, they're glad to get rid of 'em. And then I go downstairs, I'd really like to buy everything, but downstairs I get to worrying a lot: no money and still no money." "But then you get somebody to take the stuff off your hands, don't you?" "Never mind that. That's why I bought that copying-machine, I pull off the post-cards with it. Each post-card costs me five pfennigs; that goes on the expense account, and that's all there is to it."

Franz opened his eyes wide. "Well, I'll be doggoned, neighbor. You don't mean it." "The expenses, well, I manage to reduce them sometimes, I save five pfennigs by throwing my card in the people's letter-box just as I go out." "And you run your legs off and get all out of breath, but what for?"

They had reached Alexanderplatz.

There they saw a crowd gathered, they went near it. The small man looked furiously up at Franz. "Suppose you try to live on eighty-five marks a month and can't make both ends meet?" "But listen, man, you gotta look out for your sales. If you want me to, I'll inquire among my acquaintances." "Rot, did I ask you to do this, I do my business alone, I won't go into partnership." They were right in the midst of the crowd, it was a common brawl. Franz looked around for the little man, he was gone, vanished. To think of his running around like that! Franz wondered at it, amazed, you could knock me down with a feather. Now where did that trouble of mine really happen? He stepped into a little café, took a Küm-

mel, thumbed the pages of the *Vorwärts* and the *Lokalanzeiger*. Not much more in 'em than in the *Mottenpost*, there's a big horse-race on in England, Paris, too; they probably had to shell out a lot of dough for that. May mean a big stroke of luck, when your ears ring like that.

He is about to go home and make a right-about-face. But he can't help crossing the street to see what's happening in the crowd. Try our big bock sausage with salad! Here you are, young man, the great and only bock sausage! *Montag Morgen, Die Welt, Die Welt am Montag.*

Look at those two guys; they've been at each other for half an hour now, beating the stuffing out of each other, and for no reason at all. Say, I'm goin' to stick around here till tomorrow. Heh, you, maybe you think you've subscribed to a standing-room ticket—you need a lot of room, don't you? Nope, when you're a flea, you don't need so much. Ouch, what a whack, look at 'im, he's knockin' 'im for a goal.

And when Franz has pushed his way through the crowd, till he gets up in front, who do you think is fighting there with whom? Two lads, why, he knows 'em, they're Pums's boys. Now what do ye think o' that! Bang, the tall fellow's got the other in a stranglehold; bing, he's got him eating dirt. Boy, you let that fellow kick you around like that; why, you're no good. What's this pushin' here, heh there! Oh baby, the cops, the bulls. Cheese it, the cops, the cops, beat it. Two coppers in their rain-capes are making their way through the crowd.

Wow! one of the pugilists is on his feet, in the crowd, off he flies. The other one, the tall chap, he can't get up right away, he's got a punch in the ribs, and a good one, too. At that moment Franz pushes himself through, right to the front. Why, we can't leave that man lying around here, what a bunch of boobs, nobody touches 'im! So Franz takes him under his arms, and walks right into the crowd. The cops are looking around. "What's the matter here?" "Two guys've been fighting." "Get a move on, now, beat it!" They're always bawling and just the same they're always a day too late. Move on, we're going all right, sergeant, only don't get yourself all worked up.

Franz is sitting with the tall lad in a badly lighted hallway in Prenzlauer Strasse; only two numbers farther down is the house from which some four hours later a fat man without a hat will step out and try to pick up Cilly; she walks on, she'll certainly take on the next man, he's a scoundrel Franz is, that was a mean trick.

Franz sits in the hallway trying to rouse the lazy Emil. "Well now, my lad, get a hold of yourself, we gotta get along to the café. Don't carry on so, can't you stand a little punch, brush yourself up, why, you're carrying half the pavement along with you!" They cross the street. "Now I'm going to leave you in the first good café we go into, Emil. I gotta go home, my girl's waiting for me." Franz shakes hands, then the other fellow turns towards him again. "You might do me a favor, Franz, I'm supposed to go fetch some goods with Pums today. Go ahead and stop at his house, it's just a few steps from here, on the

same street. Go ahead now." "How can I, man, I ain't got no time." "Just tell him, I can't today, he'll wait. He won't be able to do anything today."

At which Franz curses, goes off, what weather, go along, old boy, I wanta get home. I can't let Cilly sit around and wait, can I. He's a reg'lar monkey, I guess I didn't steal my time. He starts running. Beside a street-lamp there stands a little man, reading in a notebook. Who is that anyway, why, I know him. At that moment the other man looks up, walks towards Franz. "Heh, neighbor. You're the one from the house where the washing machine and the ice-box were, aren't you. Yes. Here, you might leave this card there later, when you go home, it'll save me postage." He presses the post-card into his hand, cancel on account of untoward circumstances. Whereupon Franz Biberkopf wanders quietly on, he'll show the card to Cilly, no hurry about it. He is happy about that crazy fellow, the little mail hound, who's always running around buying things and has no money, but he's got a dickey bird in his belfry, and no common ordinary birdie either, that's a big grown chicken that a whole family could live off of.

"Evenin', Herr Pums, even'. Maybe you're wondering what I've come for. Wait a minute—what's that I'm supposed to tell you? I was walkin' across the Alex. There's a fight goin' on on Landsberger Strasse. Thinks I to myself, well, let's go see. And who's fightin' there? Guess. Your Emil, the tall fellow, with a little chap, got a name like me, Franz, you know who I mean." Pums answers: he'd been thinking about Franz Biber-

kopf anyway, he'd already noticed at noon that there was something up between those two. "So big old Emil isn't coming. You'll help me out, won't you, Biberkopf." "What d'you want me to do?" "It's around six now. We've gotta fetch that stuff at nine, today's Sunday, Biberkopf, you've got nothing to do, anyway, I'll pay your expenses and then some more—well, let's say, five marks an hour." Franz hesitates: "Five marks?" "Well, I'm up against it, those two left me ditched." "The little fellow's goin' to show up." "All right, shake, five marks and your expenses, all right, make it five-fifty, what do I care!"

Franz has a good laugh to himself as he walks downstairs behind Pums. This is certainly a lucky Sunday, a thing like this don't come your way every day, so it's really true, the bells did mean something. I'm goin' to clean up on this, well, fifteen or twenty marks on Sunday and I ain't got any expenses, anyway. He is happy, the mail-grifter's card crackles in his pocket, he starts to say good-bye to Pums in front of the street-door. But the latter looks astonished: "What's this? I thought we'd fixed that up, Biberkopf?" "Sure we did, it's all right, y'can depend on me. But I just gotta run over home, y'know, heehee, I got a girl, Cilly, maybe y'know her through Reinhold, he had 'er before me. Why, I can't leave the gal up in that place alone all day Sunday." "Now listen, Biberkopf, I can't let you go now, afterwards everything'll be all messed up, and I'll be left in the lurch. No, for the sake of a dame, imagine it, Biberkopf, that won't do, we're not going to let business

go to pot on account of that. She won't run away from you." "I know that all right, that's where you said one true word, that gal, I can rely on her all right. But that's just it. Can I let her sit around there all by herself, and she don't hear nothing or see nothing or know nothing? What'll I do?" "Now just come along, it'll be all right."

"What'll I do?" thought Franz. They went off. Once more on the corner of Prenzlauer Strasse. Here and there the street-girls were already standing about, the same girls Cilly is going to see a few hours later, when she runs around looking for Franz. Time progresses, all kinds of things are collecting around Franz; soon he will be standing on a car, they will take hold of him. Now he wonders how he might quickly deliver the crazy man's post-card and perhaps make a dash up to Cilly for a minute or so, the gal's waiting.

He walks with Pums along the Alte Schönhauser Strasse up to the side wing; that's his office, says Pums. There's a light up there, the room really does look like an office, with a telephone and typewriters. An elderly woman with a severe face comes frequently into the room where Franz is sitting with Pums. "That's my wife, Herr Franz Biberkopf, he's going to help us out a bit today." She goes out as if she hadn't heard anything. While Pums is busying himself at his desk, just wants to look up something, Franz reads a copy of the *B.Z.* which is lying on the chair: 3000 nautical miles in a canoe, by Günther Plüschow, vacation cruises, Lania Sale, Piscator Stage in the Lessing Theater. Piscator himself directing. What's Piscator, what's Lania? What's

envelope and what's contents, in other words, drama? No more child-marriages in India, a cemetery for prize cattle. News in brief: Bruno Walter will conduct his last concert this season, Sunday, April 15, at the Municipal Opera. The program will include the Symphony in E-flat major by Mozart, the net profits will go to the fund for the Gustave Mahler Monument in Vienna. Chauffeur, 32, mar., Driver's License 2a, 3b, wants place, private business or truck.

Herr Pums is hunting for matches on the table to light his cigar. At that moment the elderly woman opens a wallpaper door, and three men walk slowly in. Pums does not look up. So those are all Pums's men. Franz shakes hands with them. The woman is about to go out again, when Pums nods to Franz: "Hey, Biberkopf, didn't you want to get a letter delivered? Clara, you take care of it." "Say, that certainly is nice of you, Frau Pums, to do me that favor. Well, it ain't a letter, only a card, and to my girl." And he tells her exactly where he lives, writes it down on one of Pums's business envelopes, they are to tell Cilly not to worry, and he'll be home around ten o'clock, and then the post-card.

Well, now everything's straightened out, he feels as if a load had been taken off his shoulders. Once in the kitchen the thin, evil-looking hussy reads the address on the envelope, and puts it in the fire: she crumples the card up and throws it in the dustbin. Then she moves up close to the stove and goes on drinking her coffee, doesn't think of anything: just sits and drinks, it's good and warm. Biberkopf's joy is tremendous, when who

should come shuffling in, wearing a béret and a heavy green soldier's outfit, but—well, who do you think? Who is it slouches along as if he were dragging first one leg and then the other out of the thick mud? Why, it's Reinhold. Franz feels at home now. Well, that's fine. "With a man like you, Reinhold, I'm Johnny on the spot, no matter what happens." "What, you're going to be in on this?" Reinhold sniffles and snoops around. "That's some decision you made." And then Franz starts to tell him about the brawl on the Alex and how he helped Emil along. They listen avidly, all four of them, Pums is still writing; they nudge each other, then they start to whisper, two by two. One of them sticks close to Franz the whole time.

At eight o'clock the ride begins. All of them are well wrapped up, and Franz, too, gets an overcoat. He says, beaming, he'd like to keep it, and that lambskin cap as well. Oh Baby. "Why not?" they say. "But you'll have to earn it."

Off they go, outside it's pitch-dark, a lot of mud. "What are we going to do anyway?" asks Franz, when they reach the street. They reply: "First we'll go get a taxi or two. And then we'll fetch the stuff, apples, and whatever there is." They let a lot of taxis pass by; there are two standing in Metzer Strasse which they take, hop in, and they're off.

For about half an hour the two taxis ride along one behind the other, can't make out the district very well in this darkness, probably Weissensee or Friedrichsfelde.

The boys say: The old man will most likely have to attend to something first. And then they stop in front of a house, it's a wide street bordered with trees, Tempelhof probably, the others say they don't know it either, they're all smoking a lot.

Reinhold is sitting next to Biberkopf. Strange how different this Reinhold's voice is now! He no longer stutters, but talks quite loudly, and sits straight as a captain; the boy even laughs, the others in the car listen to him. Franz takes him by the arm. "Well, Reinhold, old boy" (he whispers it to him in the nape of his neck under his hat) "well, whatcha got to say, now? Wasn't I right about the dames? Heh?" "Well, maybe, everything's O. K., everything's O. K." Reinhold slaps him on the knee, the lad has a punch, gee whiz, that boy's got some fist. Franz blusters: "Are we goin' to get excited on account of a gal? That jane isn't born yet, is she?"

Life in the desert is often very difficult.

The camels search and search and find nothing, and one day we come upon their bleached bones.

The two taxis drive through the town without stopping, after Pums had gotten back in with a suitcase. It's just about nine when they step on the Bülowplatz. And from now on they go on foot, separately, two by two. They cross under the arch of the city railway. Franz says: "Why, we'll soon be at the market." "Yes, here we are. But we gotta fetch the stuff first and then take it across."

Suddenly the men in front have become invisible, they're on Kaiser-Wilhelm Strasse, right next to the city

railway, and then Franz, too, disappears in a black hallway with his companion. "Here we are," says the one next to Franz. "You can throw your cigar away now." "What for?" The other presses his arm, jerks the cigar out of his mouth. "Because I'm tellin' you, see." He is off across the dark courtyard, before Franz can do anything. Didja see that? I'll be damned, leave a fellow standing here in the dark, where's the rest of 'em anyway? And as Franz stumbles across the courtyard, there's a gleam from a pocket flashlight in front of him, he's blinded, it's Pums. "Heh there, whatcha doing? You're not supposed to be here, Biberkopf, you stand in front, you're to watch out. Better go back." "Gosh, I thought I was supposed to get something here." "Back, go back, didn't anybody tell you anything?"

The light goes out, Franz stumbles back. Something is trembling in him, he gulps: "What's all this about anyhow, where are those guys?" He is back in front of the big door when two of them come from the rear—murder, thief, they're pinching things, they're breaking into this place, I want to get away, away from here, oh, for an ice pond, a sliding-board, and away we go on the shoot the chutes, over the water and back to Alexanderplatz—but they hold him back, Reinhold among them, he's got an iron claw: "Didn't they tell you nothin'? You stand here and keep an eye out if there's any trouble." "Who? Who says that?" "Listen now, no nonsense, we're up against it. Ain't you got any backbone? Don't try to put on airs. You stand here and whistle if

anything is up." "Me . . ." "Hold yer trap, you hear me." A blow crashes down on Franz's right arm with such force that he shrinks back.

Franz is standing alone in the dark hallway. He is trembling all over. What am I standing here for anyway? They've put one over on me, all right. That dirty dog beat me. They're swiping something back there, who knows what they're swiping, why, they're no fruit dealers, they're just plain burglars. The long road of black trees, the iron gate, after closing-time all the prisoners shall go to bed, in summer they are permitted to stay up till dark. That's a gang of burglars with Pums as their leader. Shall I go away, or shall I not? Shall I, what'll I do anyway? They lured me here, the crooks. They put me here as a lookout.

Franz stood there, trembling and nursing his bruised arm. Prisoners are not to conceal diseases, nor shall they malinger; both offenses are punishable. Deathly silence in the house; from the Bülowplatz comes a tooting of automobile horns. Back in the courtyard there is a sound of cracking and bustling, occasionally the gleam of a flashlight, sh . . . sh . . . One of them has gone down in the cellar with a bull's-eye lantern. They've locked me up in here, I'd rather have dry bread and boiled potatoes than stand here for such crooks. Several pocket-lamps flashed in the courtyard, Franz remembered the man with the post-card, a funny chap, really a funny chap. And he couldn't move from the spot, felt glued to the ground; since Reinhold had hit him, that's when it started, he's been stuck here ever since. He wants to,

would have liked to, but it didn't work, it wouldn't let him go. The world is made of iron, you can't do anything about it, it comes rushing up at you like a steamroller, nothing to be done about it, there it comes, it rushes on, there they sit on the inside, that's a tank, inside a devil with horns and flaming eyes, they tear your flesh to pieces. And it rushes on and nobody can escape. Now it twitches in the dark; when light comes, we'll be able to see it all, how it lies there, what it was like.

I'd like to get away from here, I'd like to get away, those crooks, the dirty hounds, I don't want anything like that. He tugged at his legs, now wouldn't that be a joke, if I couldn't get away. He tried to move. Just as if somebody'd thrown me into a lot o' dough and I couldn't get out of the stuff. But it began to work, it was working. It was working with difficulty, but working nevertheless. I'll get out o' here, somehow, let 'em go ahead and swipe that stuff. I'm goin' to make myself scarce. He took off his overcoat and went back to the courtyard, slowly and anxiously. He would have liked to throw the overcoat into their faces, instead of which, he threw it into the darkness behind the house. The light flashed again, two men ran past him laden with overcoats, whole bundles of them. Meanwhile the two autos had stopped in front of the gateway; in passing him one of the men struck Franz on the arm, it was an iron blow. "Everything all right there?" It was Reinhold. Now two more men came rushing past him with baskets, and then two back and forth without a light, past Franz, who could do nothing but gnash his teeth and clench his fists. They toiled and

labored away like savages in the courtyard and across the hallway, back and forth, in the darkness; otherwise they might well have been frightened by Franz. For it was no longer Franz who was standing there. Without his overcoat and cap, his eyes bulging out, his hands in his pockets, lying in wait to see if he could recognize a face, who's that, who's that, anyway, no knife at hand, just you wait, maybe in my coat, well, m'laddies, y'don't know Franz Biberkopf, you'll find out a thing or two when you grab that boy. Then all four started to run out laden with bundles, one after the other, and a small tubby fellow took Franz by the arm. "Come on, Biberkopf, we're off, everything's O. K."

And so Franz is stowed away between the others in a big car. Reinhold sits next to him, pressing Franz closely beside him, that's the other Reinhold. They travel without any lights on the inside. "Whatcha pushing me for?" whispers Franz; there ain't any knife around here.

"Hold yer trap, feller; not a peep out of anybody!" The first automobile is racing along; the chauffeur of the second looks back to the right, steps on the gas, and shouts back through the open window: "Somebody's after us."

Reinhold sticks his head out of the window: "Cheese it, get around the corner!" The other car is still after them. Reinhold sees Franz's face in the light of a streetlamp; Franz is beaming, his face is happy. "Watcha laughin' at, you monkey, what's the matter, you crazy or somethin'?" "Can't I laugh; none of your business." "If you laugh?" The lazy hound, the good-for-nothing

bum! Suddenly something flashes over Reinhold, something he hadn't thought of during the whole ride: that's that fellow Biberkopf, who left him in the lurch, who gets his janes to leave him, he's got the goods on him, the fresh, fat sucker and I told him something about myself once, yep. And by this time Reinhold has forgotten about the ride.

Water in the black forest, you lie so mute. In terrible repose you lie. Your surface does not move, when there is a storm in the forest, and the firs begin to bend, and the spider-webs are torn between the branches, and there is a sound of splitting. The storm does not penetrate you.

This chap, thinks Reinhold, is sitting in clover, maybe he thinks that car back there is going to catch up with us, and here I sit, and him lecturing me, the jackass, about women, and how I should control myself.

Franz keeps laughing to himself, he looks backward through the little window to the street, yep, the car's after them all right, the jig's up, wait, that's your punishment, and even if I do get it in the neck along with the rest of you, they mustn't make a fool of me, those crooks, those scoundrels, that gang of criminals.

Cursed be the man, saith Jeremiah, that trusteth in man; he shall inherit the parched places in the wilderness, in a salt land, and not inhabited. The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked: who can know it?

At that moment Reinhold gives a secret signal to the man opposite him, darkness and light alternate in the car, there's a hunt on. Unperceived, Reinhold has slipped his

hand to the latch on the door, just beside Franz. They are racing into a wide thoroughfare. Franz is still looking back. All of a sudden someone grabs him by the chest and wrenches him forward. He tries to get up, strikes Reinhold in the face; but the latter is terribly strong. The wind roars into the car, snow comes flying in. Franz is thrust right across the bundles, against the open door; with a yell, he grabs Reinhold around the neck. At that moment someone at his side strikes his arm with a stick. The second man in the car gives him a jerk and a whack on his left thigh, and, as he rolls down off the bundles of clothing, Franz is poked through the open door; he tries to catch hold with his legs wherever he can. His arms cling to the running-board.

Then a stick comes crashing down on the back of his head. Crouching over him, Reinhold throws his body out into the street. The door slams to. The pursuing car races over the man. Hunters and hunted vanish into the blizzard.

Let us be happy when the sun rises and its beautiful light is here. Gas light may go out, electric light, too. People get up when the alarm clock rattles, a new day has begun. If it was April 8th yesterday, it is the 9th today, if it was Sunday, it is now Monday. The year has not changed, nor the month, but a change has occurred nevertheless. The world has rolled ahead. The sun has risen. It is not certain what this sun is. Astronomers concern themselves a great deal with this body. According to

them, it is the central body of our planetary system; for our earth is only a small planet, and what, indeed, are we? When the sun rises like that and we are glad, we should really be sad, for what are we, anyway; the sun is 300,000 times greater than the earth; and what a host of numbers and zeros there still are, and all they have to say is this: We are but a zero, nothing at all, just nothing. Simply ridiculous, isn't it, to be happy over that.

And yet, we are glad when the beautiful light is here, white and strong, and when it comes into the streets; and in the rooms all the colors awaken, and faces are there, human features. It is agreeable to touch shapes with one's hands, but it is a joy to see, to see, to see, to see colors and lines. And we are glad, now we can show what we are, we act, we live. We are also glad in April for that bit of warmth, how glad the flowers are that they can grow! Surely that must be an error, a mistake, those terrible numbers with all the zeros!

Just rise, sun, you don't frighten us. We don't care about your many miles, your diameter, your volume. Warm sun, just rise, bright light, arise. You are not big, you are not small, you are just happiness.

At this moment she has just stepped, beaming, out of the Paris-Nord Express, that insignificant-looking little person in the fur-trimmed coat with her huge eyes, and her little Pekingese dogs, Black and China, in her arms. Photographers, noise of a cranking film. Softly smiling, Raquel endures it all, patiently, pleased most of all by a

bouquet of yellow roses sent by the Spanish colony; for ivory is her favorite color. With the words: "I am crazy to see Berlin," the famous woman gets into her car and glides away from the fluttering handkerchiefs of Berlin's morning crowd.

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